

September 14, 1960

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



**COLOR
PICTURES
OF ROME
OLYMPICS**

**GET SLIM,
STAY SLIM
DIET**

**SUMMER
PATTERNS**

pages

**COVER
B
CONTEST**

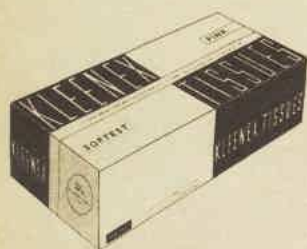


It's Pollen time
— it's runnin' nose time



— it's time for softest
KLEENEX
TISSUES

Lint-free — and that's important
whatever your allergy.
Extra-soft, soothing to tender
noses. Always use big, strong
Kleenex tissues. Avoid
unpleasant hankie washes!



Use Softest Kleenex
all the time!

Wonderful for removing
make-up. So absorbent!
So soft against the skin!

Pink, Aqua, White



Keep KLEENEX Wet-Strength
tissues handy for 1001 uses
in the car and kitchen.
Stronger! Cost no more!

*Registered Trade Marks.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 188 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1880, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 135 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1960

Vol. 28, No. 15

CONTENTS

Special Features		Fiction	
Olympics—In Color	8, 9	The Durable Dictator, Robert Standish	16, 17
The Australian Women's Weekly		Only A Green Shutter, Cledwyn Hughes	18
Diet	12, 13	Hidden Treasure, Jane Kempton	21
Four-page Pattern Pull-out—		Sweet Night For Murder (serial, part 2), Margot Neville	25
Pre-Summer Dressmaking	35 to 38	Regular Features	
Home and Family		It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	10
£2860 Baby Contest	33	Your Bookshelf	18
25 Sandwich Spreads	39, 40	Worth Reporting	27
Prize Recipes	40	Letter Box	30
When Not To Explain To Children	41	Ross Campbell	30
Man In Apron	41	Social	60, 61
Home Plans	43	Stars	69
Gardening	51	Jacky's Diary	70
Transfers	64	Mandrake, Crossword	71
Entertainment		Fashion	
In Color — "The Merry Widow"	56, 57	Fashion Frocks	47
Films	58	Fashion Patterns	69
TV Color Pin-Up — The Nelson			
Family	62		
Television Parade	63		

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Although Roberta Peterson, daughter of Joy Nichols and Wally Peterson (opposite page), has lived for six of her eight years in Britain, she has developed a full-bloom American accent in two years in the United States.

"ROBERTA is a wonderful mimic," Joy said. "She is just imitating the kids in her school and the people around her."

"When necessary she can revert to her original British accent."

Roberta was responsible for the Petersons' portable swimming-pool in the garden of their New York apartment.

She lived in Los Angeles for six weeks while Joy was appearing there in "Redhead."

Joy said: "Roberta loved California. When we returned to New York, she made me promise to put a Hollywood-type swimming-pool and barbecue in our backyard."

"Since our garden is only a tiny fraction of those in California, we had to settle for a portable pool and a miniature cooking outfit."

"Even though we are surrounded by six-storey walls, we do have a bit of grass, some flowers, and a 'tree of heaven'—the only kind of tree that will grow in this city's backyards."

CYNTHIA STRACHAN, who is reporting the Olympics (pages 5 to 9), says that the chaos in Rome traffic has to be seen to be believed.

As all the policemen in Rome come from Trieste, Naples, and so on, it's little

wonder they don't know where they are and can't direct others.

For the Games, Rome has also imported special police from other countries. One I asked for a direction said he didn't know because he was from Germany on this special relief work.

"How do you know the Rome traffic regulations, let alone the streets?" I asked.

"I don't," he replied. "I just stand here all day and admire the pretty girls. It's a good job, and what's the good of trying to learn the regulations, anyway. Traffic here is so confused."

But who or what isn't in Rome today?

In the Village, Australian distance runner Alby Thomas said thoughtfully, "There's only one circus, and, brother, this is it."

ROBERT STANDISH renews one of his favorite subjects — an eccentric noble English family—for his richly amusing story "The Durable Dictator" (pages 16 and 17).

Robert Standish says he is a cosmopolitan.

His life verifies his statement.

He was born in London's East End. His father was Irish, his mother English-French.

He has worked in 14 countries and now lives in France, with spells in the United States, England, and Africa.

Whatever the shape of your face, there's a hairdo to suit you among the 50 smart hairstyles in a special four-page pull-out in our next issue. Recipes for 22 desserts to give a delicious new flavor to family meals this spring are also in the issue. More about these two big features, page 7.

Our Cover



● Arrangement of Sydney wildflowers, glowing with the colors of spring, is the second cover (it's marked with the letter B) in our £1000 Cover Contest (full details, page 7). The wildflowers (see The Weekly Round) were photographed by Miss V. A. Lhuède, of Sydney.

SYDNEY architect Miss V. A. Lhuède, who took the picture of wildflowers on our cover, told us that she collected all of them—except the waratah, which she bought—on family land at Chatswood, a Sydney suburb.

Part of the estate adjoins the Lane Cove National Park.

The flowers include blue orchid, Sydney wattle, Dillwynia floribunda, Grevillea, ("spider flower"), sage bush, and boronia.

**Next
Week**

JOY NICHOLS' COMEBACK

From GEORGE McGANN, in New York.

● *The Wally Peterson Family could almost be the title, and the model, for one of those show business stories in which Papa, Mama, and Little One win success despite all obstacles.*

THE family: Wally, the actor, from Boston, his wife, Australian radio and vaudeville star, Joy Nichols, and their eight-year-old daughter, Roberta, pupil at the Professional Children's school in Manhattan, and already in demand by Broadway producers.

The family live in the downstairs "garden apartment" of an old brownstone house on New York's West Side, with their cat, Charlie, their portable swimming pool, and arbutus pit under their tree—"the same old of tree that grew in Brooklyn."

Just now they are probably the most elated family in New York.

They are celebrating a wonderful triumph: Mummy's new singing role in the biggest Broadway hit, "Fiorello."

For Joy the role caps a two-year battle for recognition on fiercely competitive Broadway.

When Joy came to America two years ago her career was in the doldrums.

Her former London successes—star of "Kajama Game" for two years at the Coliseum, star of "Follow the Girls," star of "Dick Whittington," Palladium appearances and Command Performances, household word heroine of the B.B.C. comedy show "Take From Here"—meant nothing to the hard-headed American producers.

As for her Australian successes, they didn't have cared less.

Being the kind of person she is, Joy took a chilly reception in her stride—and made the hard way.

The hard way included touring in summer stock companies, minor parts in such Broadway shows as "Redhead," and an endless round of the Broadway casting offices.

"Young Sophie Tucker"

Then came the chance for Joy to step into the part of the legendary Mayor Jimmy Walker's showgirl friend of the 1920s in the long-running Pulitzer Prize musical "Fiorello."

Joy's singing of song-hit "Gentleman Jimmy" drew tremendous applause.

Joy, a comedienne and singer of rare talent, combined both skills in the role of Mizie Travers, the cloche-hatted, short-skirted, cigarette-holder "flapper" of the twenties.

Her original rendering of the role was a sensation, not only with the standing-room audiences but with members of the cast.

One of her fellow members delighted Joy by calling her "a young Sophie Tucker."

Joy was up all night after her first show receiving congratulatory phone calls from London, and even Australia.

"It was just like the old days," Joy said. "I have enough 'ham' in me to still get a tremendous kick out of this sort of thing."

Another call that night was from husband Wally, who was touring in New England with the road company of "Sunrise at Campobello," a drama based on the early life of President Roosevelt. With Wally was daughter Roberta.

"It was a crazy phone call," Joy said. "They were both on the phone at once, and

the three of us made so much noise we could have heard ourselves without a telephone."

Since then life has been busy, hectic, and happy for the Petersons.

"My role in 'Fiorello' is a wonderful showcase," Joy said. "I am being noticed for the first time by influential show people."

"From the moment I went on the stage in this role I felt I had arrived. Now I have a few things in the offing that are so exciting I don't want to mention them now."

"Even if they don't eventuate we are all having so much fun—Wally, Roberta, and I—that we cannot lose, no matter what happens."

Roberta, freckled, friendly, and as pretty as her mother must have been at the same age, is a fine little actress in her own right.

"She was offered the role of an English girl in a new show on Broadway," Joy said. "We turned it down because we didn't want all three working at the same time."

"Someone has to feed Charlie, the cat."

Joy, Wally, and Roberta were last in Australia seven years ago and are all looking forward to going back.

"I don't feel as though I have performed back home since I left for London 14 years ago," Joy said. "The trip home in 1953 was marred by my illness. I want to go back and do a musical, but the part has to be right."



JOY NICHOLS as Mitsie Travers, a flapper of the 'twenties, in the Broadway hit musical "Fiorello." Below, Joy, her husband, Wally Peterson, and daughter, Roberta, 8, in the garden of their West Side, New York, apartment, close to Central Park. The cat's name is Charlie.



SEPPELTS

Sweet Solero



A Sherry with many virtues

Real Sherry grapes, aged slowly and with care . . . these are virtues which make Seppelts Solero Sherry a wine you can trust . . . of which your friends will approve. For your next party, or as an appetiser before dinner this evening . . . try Seppelts sweet Solero Sherry . . . buy a bottle today.



SEPPELTS
Sweet
SOLERO
SHERRY

SEPPELTS — THE SHERRY PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA

HOW MATURE ARE YOU?

Test yourself in this emotion quiz

● How mature are you? If you want to find out, here is a quiz to help determine your *emotional age*.

This test — which was compiled by a doctor of science — is by no means infallible.

BUT it is accurate enough to show your degree of childishness or emotional poise — so that you can see your strong and weak characteristics.

HOW TO SCORE: Write down all the numbers opposite the questions you can honestly

answer with "Yes." Don't dodge or fool yourself or try to figure out the scoreboard first.

After checking off all the "Yes" questions, add up the numbers opposite them and divide by the number of questions to which you have answered "Yes."

This is your score of "grown-upness" — what the psychologists call "emotional maturity."

What your score means is given in the **SCOREBOARD** below.

MATURITY QUIZ

1. Do you often fly off the handle at something you consider is a personal insult? 10
2. Do you become angry at public graft and injustice? 100
3. Do you want what you want when you want it, regardless of consequences to others or yourself? 10
4. Do you think the customer is always right? 50
5. Do you often feel like a wall-flower at parties? 20
6. Do you often abuse the waiter who brings you cold soup or gives poor service? 10
7. Do you tell a neglectful sales-girl that you will report her to the management? 10
8. Do you feel generally inferior to other people? 30
9. Do you enjoy parties and chatting with friends? 90
10. When the conversation lags at a social gathering of strangers, do you enjoy entertaining them with "bright stories"? 80
11. Have you established a regular savings account? 90
12. Have you taken out life insurance or insisted that someone responsible for your future do so? 100
13. Do you take the initiative in livening up a dull party? 80
14. Do many little things irritate you? 20
15. Do you feel a constant jealousy of your sweetheart or marriage partner? 10
16. Do you feel a general confidence in yourself — that you are equal to life's usual problems? 100
17. Do you feel a great lack of confidence in yourself 20
18. Are there several people you would like to get even with? 10
19. After having a heated argument do you brood about it for hours or days? 30
20. Do you live far beyond your income? 20
21. Do you often say to wife or husband or doctor, "Yes, but you don't understand," "Yes, but you don't appreciate my position," and so on? 10
22. Are you willing to risk spending more than your salary for personal display? 40
23. Do you think several people have a grudge against you? 50
24. Are you constantly afraid you won't make good? 30
25. Do you like very loud clothes? 50
26. Can you talk about sex problems with the same unconcern with which you discuss other problems? 100
27. Do you get a real kick out of being kind to others? 100
28. Do you get a thrill over other people's success? 100
29. Do you indulge in a lot of self-condemnation? 20
30. Do you worry a good deal over not having the "right clothes"? 50
31. Do you often say to some loved one, "Yes, I heard what you said, but I know what you meant"? 10
32. Do you decide things and then worry and decide them over again and wonder if you did the right thing? 30
33. Do you think it commendable to cherish your griefs over the loss of loved ones? 20
34. Do you often feel remorse and deep regret over past mistakes and "sins"? 30
35. Are you strongly opposed to getting into debt? 70
36. Do you enjoy playing practical jokes? 40
37. Do you feel you cannot live without your mother or father? 20
38. If married, do you love your father or mother more than your mate? 20
39. Do you think you have a good sense of humor? 70
40. Are you afraid to ask questions from the audience at a public meeting? 50
41. Do you belong to one, two, or three social organisations? 80
42. Do you belong to no social organisations? 40
43. Do you belong to four or six social organisations? 40
44. Are you nosy about other people's affairs? 20
45. Do you feel you have talents not recognised by other people? 50
46. Do you feel your early home surroundings are still a handicap to your gaining success? 40
47. Do you feel most people cannot be trusted? 30
48. Do you like people in general, and feel a genuine interest in them? 100
49. Is it almost impossible to take a joke on yourself? 10
50. Do you like to talk about the failings and follies of the younger generation? 30

SCOREBOARD

HERE is what your score in the Maturity Quiz means:

- 20-25: This is about as low as anyone will score. It indicates that you should take yourself pretty vigorously in hand, because you are still very childish in many respects.
- 25-35: Still rather childish in many ways.
- 35-45: Considerably better, but still below normal in emotional adjustments and poise.
- 45-55: Normal, with some childishness, but a good deal of maturity.

- 55-65: Improving rapidly, becoming balanced and well-adjusted.
- 65-75: You meet the world on its own terms; you are well-endowed in most directions with self-confidence. (A score of about 75 places you in the extremely poised, well-adjusted, and mature group.)
- 90-100: Are you fooling yourself? This is a little too good to be true — and no one really wants to be perfect, anyway.

The adult attitude, page 32



• Gold-medallist Devitt.



• Gold-medallist Fraser.



• Gold-medallist Rose.



• Gold-medallist Theile.

AND GRACE KELLY, TOO

From CYNTHIA STRACHAN, in Rome

● So many royals and celebrities are here in the Olympic City it would take yards of Roman parchment to list them.

ANY Olympians competing in an unofficial contest for the prettiest girl in the Olympic Village have given up hope—since the visit of Princess Grace of Monaco. For Prince Rainier's blond wife is still as lovely as when she was Hollywood's fêted Grace Kelly. Seeing Grace in the Village was sheer luck, for she arrived

unheralded on a visit to her brother, John Kelly, who is competing in his fourth Olympics in the single sculls division. Princess Grace had arrived in Italy a couple of days earlier with Prince Rainier. They'd sailed to Naples in their yacht Costa del Sole and had immediately set off on a shopping excursion. Along with other European royalty they'd arrived with the object of seeing as much

of the Olympic yachting as possible. But for Princess Grace the rowing events were even more important—and so was a visit to her brother. So the Rainiers moved their yacht to Anzio, half-way between Rome and Naples and the scene of fierce fighting in World War II when the Allied forces landed there. From Anzio Princess Grace made her trip to Rome to see John.

I caught up with her Village visit in the afternoon when she drove her brother home. Despite the temperature, which during the day reached 110 degrees, she looked fresh as a fern when she said, "It's very hot, isn't it? But I like hot weather." Princess Grace, who wore dark glasses, said she was looking forward with great excitement to seeing her brother John row and also to seeing other events during the week she and Rainier would be in Italy.

"We do hope John will be successful, and we think he might," she said. Tall, good-looking John, who won a bronze medal at the Melbourne Games, is a son of the late American millionaire who, in one afternoon, won two Olympic gold medals for sculling in slightly more than an hour—an achievement which still draws looks of admiration from Olympians.

Tradition

Princess Grace said her brother now had his own son—just two months old—and it was hoped he'd carry on the sculling tradition.

"Though it's a bit early to say yet," she said with a gurgling laugh.

Of her own future, Princess Grace said, "Certainly I miss acting. I enjoyed it very much, but I have a full life now which I enjoy even more."

Asked if she perhaps would like to make just one more film, she laughed and said, "That's like asking my brother if he wants to row one more race."

Significant or not, John's answer to this question was: "This Olympic race in Rome will be all."

Grace's Olympic Village visit is only one of many exciting celebrity surprises you run into in Olympic Rome.

There are moments when you think it's almost a pity the Games are on, because they take up so much time—time which could be spent enjoying a reporter's-eye view of one



PRINCESS GRACE with Prince Albert, 2, and Prince Rainier with Princess Caroline, now 3, aboard their yacht on the way to the Games—and Grace's surprise visit to the Olympic Village.

of the greatest gatherings of international high society.

For instance, other royals in Naples for the yachting include Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, and King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, who have a special interest in the yachting events, as their son, Prince Constantine, is a competitor.

You think no gathering of international society would be complete without the incorrigible Elsa Maxwell? Well, this gathering even has Elsa for good measure.

The registers at Rome's posh hotels, such as the Excelsior and the Grand, read like a blending of Debreit and film-land's payroll.

While all these people aren't primarily here for the Olympics, those who aren't are taking the opportunity to go along to as many events as they're able.

For instance, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher flew in to the Excelsior in time to attend the Opening Ceremony.

They were really here in preparation for Liz's next film, "Cleopatra."

Other stars in town include Gregory Peck, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and her mother, Jolie, not to mention Eva Bartok.

Curt Jurgens was here for a day with his wife, Simone.

Other royals in town for the Games included Prince Axel of Denmark, honorary member of the International Olympic Committee, and his wife, Princess Margaretha,

Princess Paola of Liege, and Prince Jean of Luxembourg.

So, whether your favorite joy is collecting athletes' and swimmers' autographs, celebrity hunting, or just being part of a world sizzling with life and atmosphere, Rome is certainly the place to be right now.

Murray's diet paid off

"Murray Rose has thrived on Rome's magnificent fruit, especially the plum-sized grapes he has been eating by the cartload," said Sam Herford, coach of the vegetarian gold-medallist.

"I knew he'd win because he's the fittest man to go into the water during the whole Olympics."

Murray's pre-race diet even included special baby's milk.

Successfully defending his 400-metre, freestyle Olympic title was an exhausting job for Murray—and just about as exhausting for his parents.

After the race Mrs. Rose said she hadn't slept for two nights or eaten for three days.

Murray was delighted by victory, but wasn't really surprised. His horoscope said he'd win.

Olympics also on pages 7, 8, 9.

Dawn's new togs

● Dawn Fraser's gold-medal victory in the 100-metres freestyle event in the Rome Games was won with much greater ease than her pre-race battle against superstition.

FOR years, Dawn has worn a lucky racing costume for all important swims, and she has amassed four Olympic gold medals plus a swag of other trophies while wearing it.

The suit is a featherweight black one which Jon Henricks bought her from the Vancouver Empire Games in 1954, when she narrowly missed selection with the team. Since then, the suit has become threadbare and hole-riddled, but Dawn insisted on wearing it.

Coach Harry Gallagher wanted her to look her savior best on the Rome starting blocks, so he finally persuaded her to let him have the lucky suit copied by a Sydney swimwear manufacturer just prior to the team's departure for Rome. "But I won't promise I'll wear it," said Dawn.

In Rome, Dawn gave a typical Roman reply of "Domani, Domani" (tomorrow) every time Gallagher asked when she would make her decision on the costume she'd wear for the big event.

Finally, on the morning of the race she said she would wear her new costume just to please him.

But by evening she had her usual pre-race butterflies and decided it mightn't be a good idea to interfere with her good-luck tradition.

To please Gallagher she packed both suits when she left the Village for the pool and only at the last minute decided to "let my swimming get me by on its own merits."

And the new suit didn't let her down—for she won the race with ease in the new Olympic record time of 61.2 seconds.

First ever

It was a tremendous victory for Dawn, who became the first swimmer ever to win the women's Olympic 100-metres event at two successive Games.

Dawn, who sobbed with relief on Harry Gallagher's shoulder after the victory ceremony, had only one thought—to "get cracking" on a special broadcast home to her parents and brand-new fiancé Ken Robinson, of Sydney.

"I won it just for them," she said.

Dawn, who on her coach's instructions didn't attempt to break the minute for the race, was so excited afterwards that her knees were knocking as she stood on the victory dais.

A great favorite with the Italian crowd, she was wildly cheered all the way, with shouts of "Dorne, Dorne, Australia!"—and the crowds stamped and cheered with the greatest enthusiasm yet shown at the Rome Olympics when she streaked on to victory.

After the race, Dawn eagerly drank three glasses of cold chocolate and nervously stroked another good-luck mascot—a koala which she took with her to the starting blocks.

"Crackers," Dawn's nickname because she's always cracking records, celebrated her 23rd birthday on Sunday, September 4.

In the 100-metres victory, Dawn defeated America's snowy-haired 16-year-old Christine von Saltza, who shared her pre-race superstitions.

She was in the next lane to Dawn, and alongside Dawn's koala she stood her green frog mascot.



DELIGHT IN THE TOUCH OF THE YOUNG DAY'S FRESHNESS YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER

Yardley Lavender, Lavender Soap, Bath Salts, Talc, Dusting Powder

Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

HE
Ro
g fo
on
nge
r t
anis
rs w
ted.
spe
city
athle
as w
their
the fir
of St
Kobe
guide
ing p
25 ye
the
its
ing,
not
ere a
pdes
run
"ig
This i
ever
ven at
ro
ity, a
darle
ke, an
rily
to ta
cho
ma
to
e Ne
e wa
son,
ston
ing
e the
ace.

UST
oree
Av

Cameras and wisecracks

● Probably every athlete in the Olympic Village has a camera—but no one is more snap-happy than the Australians.

THEIR major job in Rome has been battling for gold medals, but team manager Syd Grange has tried to make their trip fun, too, by organising sightseeing tours when training permitted.

I spent a recent morning on a city tour with a busload of athletes, and their wisecracks were almost as frequent as their camera clicks.

The first stop was the Fountain of Sirens, where we picked up Roberto, an English-speaking guide who has been proudly showing people his historic city for 35 years.

As the bus jolted and buffeted its way through Rome's twisting, narrow streets—often with not enough room to squeeze a gold medal between the sides and the buildings—the fun began.

Tight squeeze

"This is the tightest squeeze we've ever been in since I said women athletes weren't feminine," roared coach Percy Cerutti, and ducked for cover as Marlene Mathews, Gloria Cooke, and Helen Frith temporarily dropped their cameras to take up the argument.

To change the subject, athletics manager Judy Patching asked to be taken to the spot where Nero was fiddling while Rome was sizzling.

"Non, non! That's just a nice story," said Roberto, laughing as though Judy had made the funniest remark since Horace.

After stopping to see the Michelangelo sculpture of Moses, the bus arrived at the Colosseum.

"Is this where they had the chariot races?" asked one athlete from behind a movie camera. "Non, non! This is where the lions were fed with people," said Roberto.

Leaving the Colosseum, Roberto pointed to the Roman numerals above each ancient archway.

No confusion

"They must have been numbered so the spectators would find their places easily, you see," he said. "And then, you see, there was no confusion. No confusion."

The team roared laughing. "Pity those ancient Romans didn't live long enough to give the Olympic Organising Committee a few clues," cracked someone.

"Si, si!" said Roberto, also roaring with laughter and obviously not seeing at all.

Past the Arch of Constantine—the finish of the Olympic marathon—the bus weaved its way through streets and cars in the best tradition of crazy Roman traffic to the Roman Forum.

The next point of interest was the gleaming white Victor Emmanuel monument, which Roberto described as a wedding cake.

"We Romans do not like this," he said. "It doesn't look nice with our ruins."

As the bus crossed the square opposite the monument, the athletes took pictures of the window from which Mussolini made his speeches.

Roberto ignored this. It takes an exceptional Roman to mention the rude word Mussolini.

Mussolini

But it was Mussolini who built or planned most of the magnificent stadiums.

Then, in the century-plus temperature, the bus drove past the 250-year-old Trevi Fountain.

Roberto said the fountain netted about 150 U.S. dollars a week, which went toward maintenance of the city's countless other fountains.

"Phew! That must be the wettest piggy-bank in the world," said Lithgow sprinter Dennis Tipping.

On the four-hour trip the athletes laughed and snapped their way through many other interesting landmarks, including the Pantheon, St. Peter's Square, and the Spanish Steps.

On the way back to the Village they passed the Castel Sant'Angelo, from which, in the opera's last act, Tosca jumps in to the Tiber.

Opposite Castel Sant'Angelo, Roberto waved his arms at "the finest bridge in the world."

Break it down

"Hey, break it down, mate, haven't you heard of Sydney Harbor Bridge?" yelled every Sydneysider in the bus.

"You beaut, Roberto," cried the other Australians.

● Color pictures overleaf



AUSTRALIAN swimmers coming down the Spanish Steps during a shopping spree in Rome. From left, Ilsa Konrads, Rosemary Lassig, Dawn Fraser, Ruth Everuss, and Sandra Morgan.

Keep
saving
our
covers



Our £1000 Cover Contest

● The wildflower cover on this issue—it carries the identifying letter "B"—is the second for you to save in our £1000 Cover Contest.

It's a simple contest. We ask you to save our covers for 16 weeks—beginning with the girl with the pink umbrella on last week's issue—and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P" for the 16 weeks.

An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest. You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our issue dated December 21. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a business girl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes, when their names will be announced.

First prize of £1000 will be awarded to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges, or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £1000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value the prize will be equally divided.

Ten additional awards of £10 will be made to the readers who submit the best ten suggestions for covers.

● Be sure to keep your covers. You will need the full set of 16 to spread out before you when you fill in your coupon.

In our next issue

50 Smart Hairstyles

LIKE a new hairstyle to go with your new-season clothes? You can take your choice of 50 of the newest hairdos from Paris, London, and New York with a four-page pull-out in our next issue.

Every type of hairstyle—from Paris' latest revival of the shingle to ways of making long hair (if you've grown yours this winter) look short—is there to help you make your selection.

Decide the style that suits you, then take the pull-out to the hairdresser and show her or him exactly what you want. It's fun, as well as fashion.

22 Spring Desserts

TWENTY-TWO recipes for desserts that are cool, colorful, and ideal for spring are in a special color-illustrated cookery section in next week's issue.

They'll give a lift to new-season menus. Although glamorous, they are as easy to prepare as old favorites. Enjoy the compliments that will follow when you serve our specially selected spring desserts.

DAY OUT IN ROME



FLAGS of the competing nations flutter bravely over the huge crowd which packed the main Olympic Stadium for the Opening Ceremony.

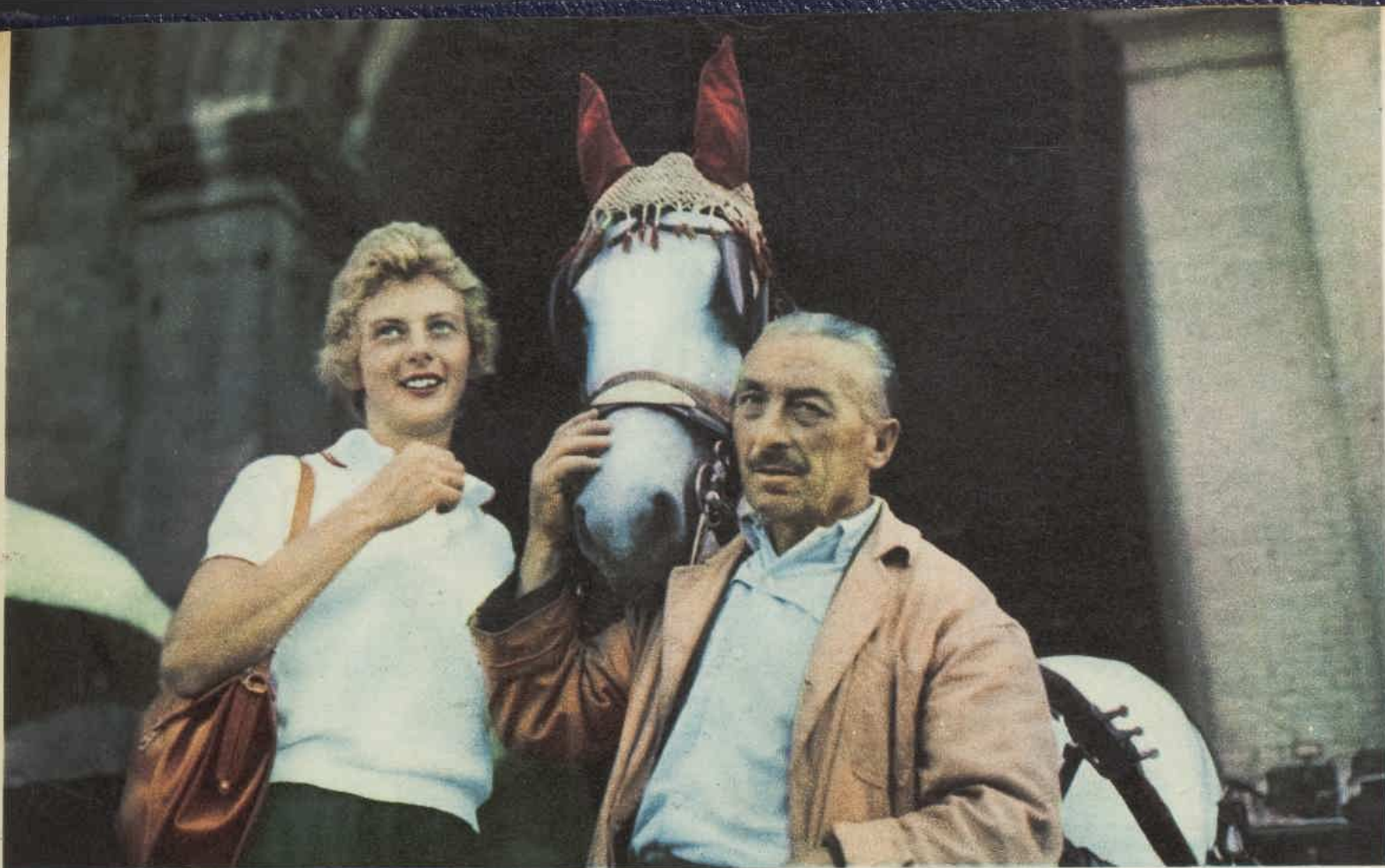
● "You're, how you say, such happy sports," said Roberto, a Roman guide, after he had conducted Australia's Olympic athletes on a four-hour laugh-packed tour of the city's buildings and monuments.

—Pictures by Maurice Wilmott



JAVELIN - THROWER Anna Pazera soon had her camera working when she and sprinter Marlene Mathews visited Rome's Colosseum during the tour.

READY to take off in a carriage outside the Colosseum. From left, Anna Pazera, Helen Frith, Norma Thrower, and Betty Cuthbert. Norma Fleming is in front.



SPRINTER Betty Cuthbert (above) has a fond pat for one of the carriage horses for hire outside the Colosseum.

IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE, Australian swimming sprint gold-medallist John Devitt gives his autograph to a fan.



here's new
featherweight
ironing
ease!



Light as a feather, this streamlined beauty saves you 20 minutes in every ironing hour. No wonder it's the popular choice of modern housewives all over Australia!

Hotpoint
FEATHERWEIGHT IRON



The "Dial-the-fabric" heat control is right at your fingertip... heat stays constant automatically... safe even for the finest fabrics. New "Comfort-Grip" handle is another aid to ironing ease.



27½
SQUARE
INCHES

Only
£6-9-6
with cord set

The 20% larger soleplate covers more ironing surface with each stroke — ironing is so much faster. Special "Buttonooks" let you iron around and under buttons at the same time.

From Hotpoint Retailers Everywhere

Be Happy Buy
Hotpoint



Manufactured and guaranteed by
AUSTRALIAN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES PTY. LIMITED

Prices slightly higher in some areas



"Who told HIM about my rise?"



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.
"You're lucky to know WHAT to worry about. I have so many worries I don't know where to begin worrying."

It seems to me

IDLE thoughts on a far-from-idle Saturday:

The night before I had blanched some almonds, ready to fry. By the time I had squeezed off the last skin I was worn out.

"Dry in cloth," said the recipe, so I decided to postpone the frying. I wrapped the nuts in a clean tea-towel and went to bed.

Next morning, across the white-painted table where the cloth-wrapped almonds were sitting, there was a small procession of those eccentric, minute black ants that live at Kings Cross. They ignore you for weeks, then descend on the unlikely things.

(Note for guests: The tea-towel baffled the ants. There were none in the chicken and almonds.)

It was a lovely sunny day. My cooking was going almost to schedule. It seemed mean to wash the ants down the sink on such a beautiful Saturday. So I unwrapped the almonds carefully and shook the cloth out the window.

Which gave rise to the idle thoughts.

How does an ant feel when dropped from a height of 50 feet?

I started to work out some sums based on a 16th-inch-long ant as compared with a human 5 feet 3 inches tall. These sums, besides being very difficult to do in the head, didn't take the weight of the ant into consideration.

The whole problem was beyond my mathematical equipment. I turned back to the frying almonds — and not a minute too soon.

BEFORE we leave the subject of almonds—there must be a field here for time and motion study.

You've strained them out of the boiling water and plunged them in cold as instructed. You squeeze them and they pop out. But sometimes they pop clear across the room behind the stove, sometimes they're recalcitrant.

So you pinch. Is it better to pinch at the sharp or the blunt end, or on the sides?

I suppose there's an ingrained knack in it and maybe a champion almond blancher is like a champion touch typist. Her fingers have reached an almost involuntary pitch of skill. A diagram would be handy, though.

IT was one of those crowded, smart little lunchtime snack-bars where they serve wine and Italian dishes.

The man and girl who had their heads together over their ravioli looked romantic. Only love, one would think, would offset their discomfort, for there was a strong draught from the door and every incomer and outgoer knocked their chairs.

The man was gazing intently at the girl. She was saying, "But if THEY owe ME the money, then I ought to write THEM the nasty letter, oughtn't I?"

Ah, life.

By



Dorothy Drain

A FAMILY in England has been bothered by a ghost that likes to watch TV.

They didn't mind so much when the ghost stayed quietly in the room and chuckled at the funny bits, but they were disturbed when it started to touch them.

You can understand the family's dismay, yet, in all fairness, you have to consider the ghost's viewpoint.

Life for ghosts is awfully dull — wandering in darkened passageways, towers, and terraces.

In former times where there was company there was light, which banished ghosts.

Rooms darkened for television provide not only company but entertainment — which is the best break ghosts have had in centuries.

"AND now," said the radio announcer the other night, "we will hear Rachmaninoff's song 'Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair'."

Or, as the composer might have titled it, "Oh, Do Shut Up."

ART classes to be held aboard the Mariposa when it sails for San Francisco in October may signpost a new era in sea travel.

Ships still hold their own as a mode of transport. The young seek romance and the old like the peace and quiet.

But in the future adult education may prove a powerful attraction to add to deck quitoes.

You could, for instance, learn a language on the voyage to Europe.

Thinking about those paintings to be brought back by the America-bound voyager gives one a slight quiver. But they'll be no worse than color slides.

REFLECTIONS on the March of Time:

Some used to flinch at greying hair,
As fast the years went flying,
But now that's neither here nor there,
When every age is dyeing.
It's harder far to rise above,
When — be it late or early —
In shops they call you "dirt" and "love,"

And never "miss" or "girlie."
Some feel they've really crossed the hill

When to a seat directed,
But worse will come, that final chill
In knowing you expect it.

VARICOSE VEINS!

Scholl 'Soft-Grip' Elastic Stockings



NEW NYLON SOFT-GRIP TOP Support without constriction. Gives greater comfort, longer wear.

SEAMLESS Invisible when worn under usual stockings.

COOL, LIGHT So light on your legs yet provide 100% correct surgical tension.

NO WRINKLING — SMOOTH FIT Moulds itself to the leg, fits like your own skin.

REINFORCED HEEL Nylon reinforcement makes Scholl Soft-Grip last longer.

SOFT-GRIP AT FOOT Soft-Grip water-thin finish at foot where sticking ends, snug fit in shoe.

Gently and firmly, Scholl Soft-Grip give your tired legs perfect support.

The Secret of Comfort

Scholl Soft-Grip

ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSEBURY All fittings from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Also Scholl NYLON Surgical HosebURY

snuggle-soft

Ingola

the fabric that's warm without weight, tubs time after time, won't shrink, won't fade. In cream and colours.

Ingola

... 15/11 yd. at all leading stores, or look for the swing-ticket on ready-mades. 119.41

IM FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY...



Thanks to

FORD PILLS

Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS



A QUICKSET FOR FOURPENCE! Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10 So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

Helena Rubinstein introduces a revolutionary new

Heart ♥ Shape Lipstick

Six dramatic
new shades

Heart of Hearts

Heart of Pink

Heart of Bronze

Heart of Peach

Heart of Copper

Heart of Mandarin

it shapes as it colours your lips.

Helena Rubinstein creates an amazing new lipstick shape. 'Heart Shape' lipstick is pointed and curved like a heart and shapes and colours your lips in one fluent gesture.

NEW 'Heart Shape' lipstick makes a perfect outline . . . no more blurry or feathery edges . . . no messy outlining. It's so simple to apply clean contours . . . so easy to thin down full lips . . . to build up thin lips . . . to colour corners.

Helena Rubinstein's 'Heart Shape' formula gives a smooth, seductive sheen and never dries the lips. Complete, 14/11; refills, 9/11.

Helena Rubinstein has a nail lacquer to match every shade of 'Heart Shape' lipstick.

'Heart Shape' shades are so subtle they must be seen — inquire at your nearest Helena Rubinstein Cosmetic counter.

'Heart Shape' lipstick is available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.

Baby looks beautiful in lovely

Orem HAND EMBROIDERED BABY WEAR



Babies not only look their best—they feel their best, too, in exclusively fashioned and beautifully designed Orem Babywear, imported from Portugal.

Orem—an exquisite but inexpensive range of sunsuits, frocks, rompers, and all kinds of beautiful Babywear



SEE THEM AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

SYDNEY: David Jones Ltd., Mark Foy's Ltd., Cursons Ltd., Grace Bros Ltd.
MELBOURNE: Myer Emporium Ltd., Buckley & Nunn Ltd., Georges Ltd., Bell & Welch Ltd., Ivy Dickson, The Jade Lantern.
ADELAIDE: Myer Emporium Ltd., Charles Birks Ltd., The Treasure Cot, Bambi Babywear.
BRISBANE: Finney Isles Ltd., Allan & Stark Ltd., Weedman's Ltd., T. C. Beirne Ltd., McWhirters Ltd., Jack & Jill Salon, L. & M. Dixon, The Lantern Gift Store.
PERTH: David Jones Ltd., Foy & Gibson Ltd., Cox Bros. Economic Store, Boats Ltd., Aherns Pty. Ltd., John Allan Ltd., Charme, Pixie Babywear.
NOBART: Andrew Mather & Co., Myer Emporium Ltd., G. P. Fitzgerald & Co. Ltd., Miss Muffett.

and at all leading suburban and country stores throughout Australia.

Trade Inquiries: Rydge Anderson, 250 Pitt Street, Sydney



Use giant Wettek for cleaning your car!

GET SLIM

STAY SLIM

● **Lose nine pounds for summer — or nineteen! Get slim and stay slim on this diet devised specially for our readers. Our own staff have tried the diet. We know it works.**

YOU'VE read, and maybe tried, other diets. But this one has special features.

They are:

- It will reduce by 6lb. to 9lb. in three weeks.
- It's balanced.
- It's strict, but not spartan.
- It isn't dull. We tell you how to introduce variety and new flavors.

We call it the "light and heavy" slimming plan.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday you eat light—filling up on bulky salad meals.

On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday you eat heavy—enjoying standard family meals in small helpings.

For the diet to be successful, all food listed for the light-eating days must be eaten. Nothing must be omitted or left over.

Our diet is designed for people in good health. If you are not, you should consult your doctor before you under-

take it. If you are under 21 you should supplement the diet as suggested.

At the end of three weeks on our diet, sticking to it in its alternating light and heavy day form as shown on the opposite page, you should have lost 9lb.

If the three light days are not possible for you, substitute another three heavy days, and you should lose 6lb. in three weeks.

Varying menus can be worked out from the recipes

below and replacements opposite.

Restrictions in the diet are mainly on fats, vegetables fried or roasted in fat, carbohydrates. It has been designed without alcohol, but alcohol can be included in the heavy eating days if some food is omitted.

Examples: 1 nip gin or whisky or 4oz. beer equals 1oz. cheese, 2 1/2oz. jelly, or 2oz. junket.

There are no restrictions on liquid intake or flavorings.

DIET RECIPES

A REAPPRECIATION of flavor is one of the rewards that make dieting worth while.

Flavorings used with imagination can make a delight of a simple meal. Best for versatility is Angostura bitters.

Bitters are a non-alcoholic aromatic beverage. A few drops make a delightful dressing for fruit salad or any fresh fruit. It adds piquancy to stews, grilled meat, and soup, and in thirsty weather is a wonderful addition to Dieters' Lemonade.

Dieters' Lemonade may sound ghastly, but it's refreshing and much better than iced water.

To make it, add dissolved sweetener tablets to a glass of iced soda-water. For party occasions, put a few drops of bitters in the glass first, add soda and sweetener, a slice of fresh lemon, and a sprig of mint.

Soft drinks and cordials are a trap for unwary eaters. They are pleasant and refreshing, but are very fattening. Three glasses equal three slices of bread.

And, talking of bread, all bread listed in the diet is not more than 1/2 in. thick.

BOUILLON referred to in the menus opposite is made from vegetable or beef extract, dissolved in a cup of boiling water and seasoned to taste. It can be added to your diet whenever you feel like it.

SALAD DRESSING is most dieters' nightmare. Here are some to try:

- Mix 1 cup tomato juice, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 teaspoons mixed

herbs, 1 teaspoon chives, 1 teaspoon parsley.

- French dressing can be eaten with impunity if you substitute liquid paraffin for olive oil.

- Combine skim milk and lemon juice in proportion desired. Add salt, black pepper, and garlic to taste.

- If you prefer it — and with your sharpened palate for flavors you probably will—there is nothing to beat a salad bowl rubbed with a garlic clove and a salad dressed with salt, black pepper, and fresh lemon juice.

SMOKED FISH cooked with a sauce of butter, lemon juice, grated lemon, and cucumber, fresh or tinned, is another flavor treat.

Simmer the smoked fish gently as always, drain, and put fish in casserole. Combine butter allowance with two tablespoons chopped parsley, one medium grated onion, the juice of 1 large lemon, 1 cup diced fresh cucumber. When the sauce is heated, pour it over the fish in the casserole, cover with foil, and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes, basting frequently. Garnish with fresh pineapple wedges.

VEAL, LAMB, OR BEEF CASSEROLE: Make a dressing of 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1 clove minced garlic, 3 slices lemon cut in quarters, 1 small sliced onion, 1/2 cup finely diced celery, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste, 1/2 teaspoon marjoram. Mix all ingredients, put in covered basin, and leave in refrigerator for 24 hours. Cut 2lb. of lean meat of your choice into small pieces, place in casserole, cover with mixed sauce, and cook slowly for

two hours. Eight ounces make replacement dinner.

CHICKEN LIVER KEBABS. Alternate chicken livers, sliced green peppers, onion slices, and mushrooms on skewers. Season with salt and pepper, brush with a mixture of lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Grill, turning frequently, basting with sauce mixture when necessary.

FISH FILLETS AU GRATIN: 1lb. fish fillets (about six) poached in a little salted water and vinegar or lemon juice. Drain and put to one side. Fold 1/2 cup of grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon capers, and 1/2 teaspoon onion or garlic salt into 1 stiffly beaten egg-white. Spread some on top of each fillet. Grill till topping is golden brown.

STEAK ORIENTALE: 1lb. round steak 1/2 in. thick cut into four serving pieces. Put steak in casserole and cover with 1 large sliced onion and two sliced green peppers, 1/2 cup diced celery. Add 1/2 cup stock, salt, 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Simmer in oven, till meat is tender.

PRAWN OMELET: Make a two-egg omelet. When cooked, add two cups shelled prawns, two teaspoons chopped chives, fold over and serve. (Prawns can be replaced with tinned or fresh crab or lobster, with mushrooms, cauliflower, or 2oz. cheese.)

SAUCE for basting grilled chicken, fresh fish, or meat. Mix one tablespoon cooking oil, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon each dried rosemary, thyme, marjoram, 1/2 teaspoon each salt, pepper, garlic (optional).

Stabilise your eating

● When you have lost the weight desired, begin your lifetime eating pattern for seven days a week by eating seven "heavy" days' food as shown in the menus on the opposite page, but add another moderate course to each day's meals.

Watch the scales carefully, because a diet to stabilise weight varies so largely from person to person that only by trial and error can you find out what extra food you can eat without gaining weight.

For instance, you could add two slices of wholemeal bread and butter and a glass of milk to the daily luncheon. You may prefer an extra course at dinner, more breakfast, a small morning and afternoon tea.

Try yourself out, watching the scales carefully, until you establish how much extra you can eat and still retain your new weight.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY DIET

● The success of this diet depends largely on the measurement of the food. To make this easy, your best friend is a household scale, but it is quite easy without a scale and with the co-operation of your tradespeople. Butchers will cut you 4oz. of steak, greengrocers will weigh your vegetables and fruit. Some of the food is measured in fluid ounces — stews, stewed fruit, and fruit salad. You'll need a household liquid measure for this. To vary the meals, and make up your three-weeks menus, see replacements listed below. There are also some estimates that may help you with your food weights.

MONDAY (Heavy Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
Half grapefruit	2½oz. cheddar cheese or 4oz. cream cheese	Large green salad (lettuce, celery curls, radishes, shallots)
1 small lean grilled lamb cutlet	Lettuce, celery, cucumber salad	4oz. grilled steak
Half grilled tomato	2 Vita-Weat biscuits	2oz. potato
1 slice toast	Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)	4oz. French beans (about 16 whole beans)
1 level teaspoon butter		2oz. mushrooms
Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)		5oz. jelly
		4oz. junket
		Black coffee

THURSDAY (Light Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
Standard breakfast (See Tuesday)	4oz. raw cabbage shredded with tomato, celery, grated carrot	1 bowl bouillon (See recipe opposite page)
	2oz. cheese	1 large tomato stuffed with ½ cup boiled potato, chives, and parsley
	1 cup French beans	4oz. grilled steak
	1 cup cauliflower	8oz. French beans
	1 apple	4oz. marrow or boiled onions
		2 slices pineapple
		BEFORE BED
		1 cup bouillon or black tea or coffee
		1 small piece fruit (not banana)

TUESDAY (Light Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
(Standard breakfast)	Tomato and lettuce salad, (½ medium lettuce, 1 tomato), 1 cup beans, or carrots, or cauliflower, or ½ cup boiled potato	Salad (whole lettuce, onion, celery) with diet dressing
1 small orange	1 peach, or 1 apple, or 1 pear, or 4oz. fresh pine- apple	1 large grilled cutlet
1 fresh pear	If under 21, add 3oz. cold lean meat on each light day.	1 small tin asparagus
1 cup coffee or tea		4oz. papaw, or pineapple, or half grapefruit, or 1 apple, or 1 pear
Half cup milk		BEFORE BED
If under 21 or doing heavy work, on each light day add 1 beaten raw egg to juice of orange, squeezed, add sweetener, whip.		1 cup bouillon, or 1 cup tea or coffee.
		1 piece fruit (not banana)

FRIDAY (Heavy Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
3oz. stewed fruit	2 hard-boiled eggs	1 cup pea or tomato soup
1 grilled tomato	Half lettuce	Half pound smoked fish
1 slice toast	1 tomato	4oz. potato
1 teaspoon butter	2 big sticks celery	2oz. butter
Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)	1 piece fruit	Cucumber, pineapple, parsley, and onion
		3oz. fruit salad with Angostura bitters
		Black coffee

WEDNESDAY (Heavy Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
Glass tomato juice	4oz. tongue	1 bowl clear vegetable soup
1 egg, boiled, poached, or scrambled	1 tomato, half lettuce	8oz. beef, lamb, or veal stew
1½ slices toast	1 piece fruit	2oz. potato
1 teaspoon butter	Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)	4oz. brussels sprouts
1 level teaspoon marmalade	1 plain sweet biscuit	3oz. beans
Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)		1 Vita-Weat biscuit
		1oz. cheese or 3oz. fruit salad
		Black coffee

SATURDAY (Light Day)

BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
Standard breakfast (See Tuesday)	3 8in. sticks celery filled with 1½oz. seasoned cot- tage cheese	1 bowl bouillon
	Half lettuce	Large salad of lettuce, shredded carrot, half tomato, radishes
	4 sticks asparagus	4oz. steak
	1 tomato	1 cup cabbage
	1 cup cooked mushrooms (no sauce)	1 cup French beans
	1 pear	Black coffee
		BEFORE BED
		1 cup bouillon or 1 cup tea or coffee
		1 piece fruit (not banana)

REPLACEMENTS

HALF GRAPEFRUIT. — This can be replaced by a ½oz. serving of rockmelon, watermelon, papaw, orange, cubarb, mandarin, apple, apricots, nectarines, peaches, pears, pineapples, blackber- ries, raspberries, strawberries; by 3oz. serving of cherries, grapes, plums, prunes.	EGGS. — A good replacement is cheese; 1oz. cheddar cheese equals 1 egg, or 1oz. lean meat, or 2oz. cream cheese.	or raw cabbage, celery, cucum- bers, radishes, sauerkraut, squash or marrow, asparagus, cauliflower.
SUGAR. — Substitute sweetener to be used in all beverages or for fruit, fresh or stewed.	Eggs can be cooked in any way without fat. If you must have one fried, use butter allowance of 1 level teaspoon, eat dry toast.	DRENCHED STRAWBER- RIES. — These (or any other fresh fruit) are the fruit washed, hulled, and placed in a screw- top jar. Dissolve four sweet- ening tablets (or the number preferred) in half a cup of water. Pour over strawberries, place screw lid on jar, and shake fruit and liquid till the fruit is bruised by the jar. Stand for 20 minutes.
MAIN DINNER DISHES. — These can be replaced by 1oz. veal, lamb, or beef cass-	MUSHROOMS. — Alternatives are 4oz. cooked	

SUNDAY (Heavy Day)

BREAKFAST	DINNER	TEA
3oz. stewed fruit	8oz. chicken (roasted)	Bowl consommé
1 grilled tomato	1 tablespoon breadcrumb and herb seasoning	8oz. chicken (no season- ing)
1 slice toast	2oz. potatoes (not roasted)	Large salad
1 teaspoon butter	3oz. French beans	1 patty cake, rock cake, or scone of 2in. diameter (lightly buttered)
Tea or coffee (milk allowance 1 tablespoon)	8oz. cauliflower	Tea or coffee with milk and sweetener
	1 grilled tomato	
	1 tablespoon gravy	
	3oz. drenched strawberries with 1 bucket ice-cream	

ESTIMATES

● Estimating the weight of food becomes quite an easy by-the-eye job after you have spent about a week weighing or buying food in specified quantities. You get very used to the look of a quantity of food on a plate and soon learn visually what is too much or too little.

Chicken is expensive, but it is lean meat and you can eat a lot of it. Eight ounces of chicken meat is really a tremendous helping, enough to satisfy a big man. Normally a caterer allows

half a pound of raw chicken (flesh and bone) for a serve which amounts to around 4oz. cooked. A pound of raw chicken cooked would give you close enough to 8oz. If you bought a 2lb.

roasting chicken and cooked it, you would have half of it for dinner, half for tea — that is, the dieter needs a 2lb. roasting chicken to have the two chicken meals listed on Sunday. If your budget doesn't run to chicken, replace it with 3oz. meat roasted in fat or 4oz. lean meat.

This is it!

Stripe

the toothpaste with
germ-fighting red stripes



NEVER BEFORE a toothpaste that keeps
your whole mouth and breath **HYGIENICALLY CLEAN**

Stripe really brightens your teeth. It keeps your mouth and breath fresh all day—tastes good, too! The active Hexachlorophene in Stripe attacks and destroys decay germs, helps preserve your teeth years longer.

WHY THE RED STRIPES? They give you an active concentration of germ-fighting Hexachlorophene. It is added freshly as you squeeze the tube. It rids your mouth and teeth of millions of odour and decay-causing germs other toothpastes leave

behind. Use Stripe and your teeth will be brighter, whiter, better protected against decay. Your breath will stay sweet and fresh all day.

Science proves STRIPE best for you. Stripe toothpaste not only destroys decay germs. Its antiseptic action lasts for hours, leaves the whole mouth hygienically clean. Extensive scientific tests have proved Stripe's anti-bacterial action even better than ordinary toothpaste and mouthwash combined.

Children love STRIPE too. They remind you it's time to clean their teeth. Get your Stripe toothpaste today. At all chemists and stores.

*You know you're right
—it's in the stripes!*





THE YOKES of bananas are twice the size of young Festival visitor Lionel Barnes, chubby 15-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Barnes, of Hopkin's Creek.



CARRYING this 80lb. bunch of bananas is all in the day's work for Gwen Beadle, 20, who runs her own two-acre plantation at Hopkin's Creek.



WOMEN'S Banana Yoke race winner, Mrs. Leah Crompton, of Tyalgum, near Murwillumbah, races to the finish with her 50lb. load.

Banana Festival

● Great yokes of bananas decorated the main street of Murwillumbah, and stores staged special displays, for this year's Tweed Banana Festival—the sixth. Features of the eight-day festival were the crowning of King (the biggest) Banana, the Banana Festival Queen contest, a procession of decorated floats, and special sporting events.



CONGRATULATIONS for pretty Mae Kirkwood, newly crowned Banana Festival Queen, from last year's winner, Mrs. Stuart Bell (formerly Lynne Garner, at left), and third place-getter, Frances Farrimond. Mae, 20, of Cessnock, N.S.W., is a science and biology teacher at Murwillumbah High School.

BONNETS AT FLOWER SHOW

● A bonnet shop of early Sydney will be depicted by the Geranium Section of the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. at the Society's show to be held in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 7 and 8 during the Waratah Festival.

The idea is in keeping with the 1960 Waratah Festival theme — "Historical Events," with emphasis on the history of early Sydney.

Bonnets will be shown in the windows of a shop; geraniums will fill window-boxes and be displayed around the courtyard.

The Australian Women's Weekly is giving prizes for a decorative floral

competition open to all affiliated societies of the Society.

The prizes will be presented at the Festival opening on October 7.

In competing for them, societies may choose six decorative units from these nine classes of arrangements:

1, For a foyer; 2, foliage; 3, roses; 4, basket of roses (stems to be in water); 5, informal; 6, mixed flowers; 7, for a dining table (stems to be in water); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, depicting a New South Wales historic event.

Any embellishments are permissible in all the decorative classes.

Prizes will be increased this year: First prize in the section, 50 guineas and a gold plaque.

Second prize, 25 guineas and a silver plaque.

Third prize, 12 guineas and a bronze plaque.

Fourth prize, 10 guineas and a gunmetal plaque.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., with a limit in height of 4ft. 6in. (This replaces the "no limit in height" previously announced by the Society.)

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 23.

In spite of war and revolution
he lived to enjoy his heritage
... an amusing short story

THE DURABLE DICTATOR

By ROBERT STANDISH

WILLIAM Denzil Freeman Stanley George Douglas Gore-Blindly, Seventh Earl of Titterton, a gloomy man in his middle sixties, sat drumming his fingers impatiently on the table in the breakfast-room at Titterton Castle. It was a large room, facing east. In the days when staff had been available to remove the cobwebs from the windows, an occasional ray of watery sunlight had been known to brighten the room.

In the time of the Sixth Earl there had been talk of turning it into a squash court, but it came to nothing. Extremely heavy expenses had been incurred in 1842, when the plumbing had been completely modernised in the face of much hostile criticism. On this Arctic morning in January, 1956, the Earl was — considered dispassionately — entitled to be gloomy.

At a small table in the window of the breakfast-room, almost lost to view in a haze of blue smoke emanating from a frying-pan of incinerated bacon, and burning her fingers in an endeavor to make toast over a temperamental gas-ring, stood Lady Letitia Perkins, the Earl's sister, huddled shivering in a grease-spotted magenta dressing-gown.

Life had not been kind to Lady Letitia. When in 1922 she had married Major Horace Perkins of the Duke of Clarence's Own Yeomanry and Perkins' Pale Ale, it had been assumed that she was marrying the brewery. But it turned out otherwise. Perkins was given a small pension plus unlimited beer on condition that he stay away from the brewery premises for life.

Horace Perkins had met death bravely in the saloon bar of the Titterton Arms while defending his title as local beer-drinking champion. His pension had died with him, leaving Lady Letitia almost penniless and with no choice but to return to the dank squalor of Titterton Castle.

"Good morning, William," said Lady Letitia, giving her brother his breakfast and taking her own to the far end of the table. He was a distressingly noisy feeder, having been taught his table manners in an age when the really blue-blooded aristocracy, caring nothing for the opinions of lesser people, had not troubled to eat daintily.

"What's good about it?" he replied, thrusting his feet more deeply into a fur-lined bag. Lady Letitia then gave her attention to the "Daily Mirror," trying not to hear the farmyard sounds from the other end of the table.

The Earl, having mopped the last vestige of cold bacon grease from his plate with a crust of toast, poured out his third cup of coffee and addressed himself to "The Times." "What was the name of the place Charles went to all those years ago?" he asked, looking up from the newspaper.

"San Felicidad," replied his sister. "Somewhere in Central America, I think. Why?"

"This year, it seems, they're celebrating the centenary of the Republic's foundation," the Earl replied. "You know, Letitia, I never did understand that cock-and-bull story about why he went there. It didn't make sense. Tell it to me again."

"I wish dear Charles would come home," said Lady Letitia dreamily. "I had a letter from him the other day."

"You didn't tell me. What did he have to say for himself?"

"I didn't tell you, William, because you're always so unpleasant, so unbrotherly when his name is mentioned. Charles was always so high spirited, a little wild, perhaps... I am very fond of dear Charles."

"That's because you haven't seen him for twenty-seven years, that's all," said the Earl. "At five thousands miles distance it's possible to keep one's illusions about Charles, but if he came back here, my girl, you'd soon lose 'em. All the same," he went on, "I'd like to know what he's been up to all these years. Now tell me that story again."

"Well," began Lady Letitia, "it was like this. Charles and I had been lunching that day in the West End. At the Peregrine, I think it was."

"Dashed expensive, the Peregrine was in those days. Where did he get the money?"

"He didn't, since you must know. I paid for lunch. It was the week when Bertie's horse, The Bandit, won a race at Ascot at sixty-six to one. I had five pounds on it."

"You never told me about that!" exclaimed the Earl in horrified tones.

"I didn't tell Horace, either," replied Lady Letitia with a reminiscent smile. "But, anyway, all through lunch there were three swarthy men looking like Spaniards who kept staring at Charles. They couldn't take their eyes off him. Then we took a taxi after lunch to go for a walk in Kensington Gardens—"

"A taxi! I call that chucking money away when you could have taken a bus from the door."

"Does it matter now? You might have taken a bus, but we took a taxi, and as we were getting into it the three Spanish-looking men hailed another. When we got out of ours just by the Albert Memorial they got out of theirs, and for the rest of the afternoon they trailed us like bloodhounds. Charles didn't notice them at first. Then, not far from the Peter Pan statue, Charles turned to me and said, 'Lettie, old girl, we're being followed.' Charles went over to them and I heard him say, 'Which way are you three blokes going, because we're going the other way?'"

"Then one of them, who seemed to be the leader, whipped out a card and gave it to Charles. The card — I forget his name — said that he was the San Felicidadian Ambassador. He was most apologetic and polite about having followed us, and he asked if we would go to lunch at the Embassy the next day. He had, he said, a most important matter he wished to discuss with Charles."

"Well, Charles went to lunch the next day and I didn't, so I don't know what happened. Highly seasoned food doesn't agree with me. Horace and I once had lunch in Nicaragua, or Guatemala — I forget which — and I was upset for days. Horace had a theory that his high blood pressure dated from then. But, of course, it was the beer."

"Well, you should have gone," snapped the Earl, "and then there wouldn't be all this mystery. Didn't Charles tell you anything?"

"Only that he was sailing for San Felicidad in a few days on what he called a dangerous and highly confidential mission. I couldn't get him to say another word."

"He always was dashed selfish and inconsiderate," said the Earl with a sniff. "A real dog in the manger!"

"What is there dog in the manger about dear Charles living in San Felicidad?" asked Lady Letitia, flying to her favorite brother's defence. "At least you can be sure that he hasn't got chilblains there, which is more than I can say. If you can't say anything nice about Charles, don't say anything at all."

"How can I say anything nice about a chap who goes off to the other side of the world leaving behind him a whole bin of Jubilee port—to say nothing of fifty dozen 1899 brandy — and takes the key with him? He won't drink it himself, but he locks it in a steel-barred cellar and spends twenty-seven years gallivanting in Central America."

"Do you call that brotherly? Here am I reduced to buying pink hogwash miscalled port at famine prices, to say nothing of fifth-rate brandy, while under my feet all that priceless stuff sits behind steel bars. I just don't understand Charles."

"Maybe not, William," replied Lady Letitia pointedly, "but it is quite evident that Charles understands you. Father laid down equal quantities of port and brandy for you both. Charles went off on a confidential and dangerous mission, while you sat at home and guzzled your share, and now you abuse Charles because he doesn't want to come home and find that you have guzzled his, too. If you ask me—"



The Earl, tired of home truths, had left the room. That day he wrote a letter to his brother Charles, finding for the purpose one of the few remaining sheets of paper heavily embossed with the Gore-Blindly arms and the two words "Titterton Castle." There was no address. You were supposed to know where Titterton Castle was, and if you didn't you were "persona non grata" there. The letter is worth quoting verbatim, shedding as it does so much light on the writer's mood and attitude:

Titterton Castle,
January 19th, 1956.

Dear Charles: While I have no wish to pry into the affairs which keep you in San What-sisname, I feel entitled as the head of the family to inquire as to your intentions. Are you ever coming home, and if so when? Letitia tells me that you are on a confidential and dangerous mission, which is sheer nonsense. Whatever you may be doing could be confidential (which could be another name for shady), but I will be shot if anything can go on being dangerous for twenty-seven years.

This letter is written in your interests. The Jubilee port needs attention. Some of it must be corked, and the only way to save the rest is to have it rebottled. I would have done this years ago only you took away the key of your cellar. I don't care to think that you did this because of any lack of confidence in me, which is what I shall be compelled to suppose if you don't send the key at once. I finished my share just after the war and even then, I consider, it was past its prime.

Life here has become quite impossibly squalid and I don't mind admitting that an



Illustrated by

occasional glass of the '99 brandy would make all the difference. If you are not coming back to England at all and if you have the smallest affection for me, I implore you to let me get started on all that priceless stuff in the cellar.

Better still (and before the doctors scare me off it altogether), come back and let us drink it together. The process-servers never come here looking for you these days and the girls you got entangled with are now married, with grown-up children of their own.

Your affectionate brother,
William.

P.S. As you never answer my letters, I shall construe your silence for consent and have the cellar forced.

To: Viscount Kettlebridge,
c/o American Express,
Santa Eulalia,
San Felicidad.

"That ought to fix him," muttered the Earl as he sealed the letter. "But what a hell of an address! Fancy living at the American Express!"

The next two weeks passed on leaden feet. The postman who brought Charles' reply asked if he could have the stamps for his small son's collection. Hastily ripping the letter out of the envelope, the recipient acceded to the request and made for the privacy of the library. The letter read:

C/o American Express,
Santa Eulalia,
San Felicidad,
February 3rd, 1956.

Dear Bill: I intend to drink every bottle myself, and if I find that you have tampered with my cellar I shall sue you. It was because of what you call lack of confidence in you that I had the steel door installed, and it is for the same reason that I don't intend to let you have the key.

My job here (and I count on your absolute discretion) is to make public appearances for Gomez, who has been President and dictator for nearly thirty years. You may gauge his popularity among the adoring citizenry by the number of attempts at assassination I have survived.

My bullet-proof waistcoat (you try wearing one in this heat) looks as if it's had smallpox. I've had five hats shot off my head during the last year. There is a special cemetery for my ex-food tasters, and my private train has been derailed too many times to count.

Gomez is finding that his nerves won't stand the strain, and as soon as the centenary celebrations are over and he has stolen everything portable in the Republic, he plans to retire to Switzerland. This will let me out, too, so just you forget any ideas you may have of guzzling my share of the gubnor's booze.

Gomez and I are the spitting image of each

other. There is occasionally a little awkwardness because his girl-friends can't tell us apart.

I have a lot of public appearances ahead, so keep your fingers crossed for

Your affectionate brother,
Charles.

The Earl of Titterton,
Titterton Castle,
England.

"There! What did I tell you," snarled the Earl, passing the letter to his sister. "There's a nice kind of dog in the manger to have as a brother!"

"I believe the wine and brandy worries you more than the fact that Charles is in constant danger from those vile people," said Lady Letitia.

"Of course it does," snapped her brother. "Every time I go down to fetch a pail of coal I am reminded of all those bottles wasting behind the steel door. I'm not reminded of Charles because I never see him. Five hats ruined in the last year! I ask you! And here I am, maintaining the family home and dignities and haven't had a new hat since 1939.

"Charles has food tasters, droves of them,

After dinner Lady Letitia rose from the table, leaving the two men together blissfully drinking the '99 brandy in ecstatic silence.

while I can't afford a cook. He's probably wallowing in luxury and begrudges me an occasional nip of port. Here am I, a belted earl, keeping my trousers up with braces Charles forgot to pack."

"The trouble with you, William," said Lady Letitia acidly, "is that you are a slave to your appetites and, as long ago as 1929, Charles knew it."

Even Lady Letitia found it hard to work up any real enthusiasm about the centenary celebrations in far-off San Felicidad, which commanded less news space in "The Times" than the first cuckoo of spring.

Two or three Members of Parliament tried to get themselves a free jaunt by drawing attention to the "unfailing cordial relations" which had always existed between Great Britain and the Republic of San Felicidad, suggesting coyly that it would be a delicate gesture of friendship if a parliamentary delegation were sent there to join in the rejoicings. But it came to nothing.

Then one morning at breakfast the Earl paused as he was dissecting a kipper to exclaim lugubriously, "Poor old Charles. He'll never drink that jubilee port now."

To page 26

Only a Green Shutter

By
**CLEDWYN
HUGHES**

A short short story

THE two small girls stood gravely, side by side, on the worn stones of the old quay. In front of them, shaking a little on the ebbing tide, was the small, beautifully white ship. Beyond stretched the sea, its surface touched by the colors of gay craft and disturbed to a foamy whiteness where swimmers laughed and played.

It was the small girl with the pigtails who said, staring at the white sides of the small ship: "I think this one has come from somewhere ever so far away."

"From outer space, Jenny?" asked the other little girl. She had dark, short-cut hair, and held a dripping ice-cream in her hand.

The fair-haired little girl called Jenny shook her head. "Oh, no, Susan Ann, just from Jamaica."

"Why Jamaica?" asked Susan Ann as she took a slow, deliberately large lick of the ice-cream. She paused, wiped a drip from the point of her small chin, and then repeated slowly: "Why from Jamaica, Jenny?"

"White ships, so Daddy told me this morning, white ships, so he said, always come from Jamaica."

"Oh!" answered Susan Ann.

They didn't say very much more to each other, but watched the distant swimmers and the slow heaving of the little white ship which was so near to them.

It was when Susan Ann had nearly finished her ice-cream and she and Jenny were leaning over the railings of the quayside that she said: "Jenny, I know a boy who saw a ship which had come from Jamaica."

"Where?"

"Up on the coast, on a Friday. It was a white ship. He threw a stone on its deck . . . and do you know what?"

"What, Susan Ann?"

"Well, up came two pirates, ready for fighting."

"Sure?"

"Sure and certain."

Susan Ann made a little toss of her hand towards the white ship and she said, "It would be easy to throw a stone and fetch up a pirate from Jamaica."

"I'd love to see one."

"Let's!"

Both children turned rapidly and ran from the quayside to a path which went up the hot, sun-drenched cliff. They each picked up a stone and Susan Ann said happily: "A big one for you and a little one for me. I'm sure it's the right sort of spell."

They went back to the quay, past the small shops selling ices and hats of colored plaited straw. The ship still lifted and fell a little. And the color of the summer sea was reflected in a touch of blueness under her stern.

"Who first?" asked Jenny.

Susan hesitated for a moment. "Both together, I think."

They tiptoed right up to the quayside railings and stood side by side, each holding her stone.

"I'll count three," said Susan Ann. "One, two . . . three."

Together the two small girls heaved the stones through the clear warm air and on to the planking of the deck of the white ship. One stone fell just behind the well; the other hit the brass coping of the cabin skylight. After the two dull thuds of the falling stones, there was a silence.

"Good thing nobody was watching," said Jenny.

"Hope the two pirates are coming," answered Susan Ann.

And then, quite abruptly, there was the sound of scuffling from the inside of the cabin.

"Oh," said Susan Ann. "Oh, they really are coming."

Jenny backed away from the edge of the quay and Susan Ann, after a moment, moved too. And then the cabin door was flung open and two men came out. First up the steps was an oldish man in dirty white trousers and a sailor's jersey. Behind him was a tall, thin, wiry man dressed in a dirty, dull-buttoned uniform. He carried a small knife with a white handle.

The older man seemed to be trying to escape, for, once up the steps, he crouched behind the coping of the cabin skylights. The man in the dirty uniform stood at the top of the steps, balancing the white knife casually in his brown hands.

Then the older man suddenly seemed to decide to make a fast running leap from the edge of the white ship to the safety of the quayside railings. He sprang through the warm, clean air. Out at sea there were the shouts of the distant, happy bathers.

And, as he leapt over the space above the ebbing water, the other man in the dirty uniform threw the white-handled knife he had been handling so casually. Both children heard the whine of the steel in the air and the dull thud as it landed in the back of the older man as he reached out and held on to the railings.

He clung to the rusty iron for a moment with one hand, the other hand desperately trying to pluck the knife from his back. A moment like that and then he fell, softly and surely, into the fast blue water rushing out to sea.

The man in the dirty old uniform came to the side of the ship from the top of the steps and looked down. And then he looked up, for he suddenly seemed to sense the presence of Jenny and Susan Ann at the other side of the quay. He stared at them both for a moment, and then



Two men suddenly appeared on the deck of the ship as the children watched from the quayside.

he took in a short, sharp breath and said, "How long have you been there?"

It was Susan Ann who answered. "Ever since we threw the two stones on to the deck of the ship and called out you two pirates." And Jenny said: "You are from Jamaica, aren't you?"

The man in the dirty old uniform looked down at the tide-race, and then out to the bay, where all was innocence. After a while he said, "Yes, we were both pirates. Pirates from Jamaica. He stole my treasure and I killed him."

"Pirates always do that, don't they?" called Susan Ann.

The man only nodded and it was left for Jenny to say, "Pirates always take revenge on a traitor."

And Susan Ann said, "They kill even their best friends, if they have to."

The man echoed, "If they have to, yes." He was staring at the two small girls, and it seemed as if he sensed some of the ruthlessness and innocence which pervades all children. He seemed to sense that they approved of what he had just done. After a brief moment Susan Ann said: "We must go home."

The man, still standing on the edge of the white ship, said quietly, "You'll not tell anyone you saw two pirates from Jamaica this afternoon?"

"Oh, no," answered Susan Ann.

"And if we did, no one would believe us, would

they?" Jenny went on. The man looked sadly at them as he answered, "Grown-ups never believe such things."

Then Susan Ann and Jenny turned and ran towards home. As they entered the alley between the tall, pastel-colored houses, they both stopped and looked back down to the quay. The tall man in the dirty uniform was still standing on the edge of the white ship. He was looking down at the water, listening rather than watching.

Susan Ann said, "Next time we see a white ship we'll throw three stones on to it, and three pirates from Jamaica will come out, won't they?"

"Don't be silly," answered Jenny. "Three would make a poor fight. It'd have to be two, like today, or twenty, to be really exciting. But come on — we'll buy some lollies on the way home."

The south wind off the sea intensified a little and shook a broken green shutter on its one rusty hinge high above them. The clatter frightened them far more than anything they had seen or heard that summer's day, and they ran home holding hands all the way.

They arrived breathless and frightened; and everyone laughed when Susan Ann and Jenny told them about the terrible noise the broken green shutter made as it shook on its one rusty hinge.

(Copyright)

YOUR BOOKSHELF

with JOYCE
HALSTEAD

"The Price of Glory"

Henriette von Schirach, translated by Willi Frischauer (Muller).

IT is almost 30 years since the Nazis came to power in Germany under the leadership of Adolf Hitler (1933), and opened a chapter in Germany's history that was to end in shame in 1945. Frau von Schirach throws interesting light on the regime. Her husband was Hitler's Youth Leader, her father was Hitler's photographer and close friend, she herself was a privileged member of the inner circle. Her own wedding party was held in Hitler's flat. She recalls that Hitler's favorite Munich restaurant was the "Ostaria." "Sometimes the Mitford sisters, two pale blond English girls, wearing sky-blue pullovers, came to his table . . ."

Nazi Baldur von Schirach was imprisoned; the author was saved because of certain favorable evidence. She once tried to intervene with Hitler on behalf of Jews in Holland; in reply he screamed

madly at her not to be a sentimentalist. She says she is not trying to excuse herself; only trying to explain how they were all swept along by fanatic idealism.

In translation the book seems to digress in a confusing way, but nevertheless is constantly fascinating in its revelations.

"The Constant Image"

Marcia Davenport (Collins).

HIGH-POWERED romance set in Northern Italy. Harriet Piers is an American divorcee who has just about everything—beauty, exquisite taste, influential friends, a lot of money, and infinite leisure. She is also bright—picks up enough Italian in a few months to hold her own when confronted with her lover's jealous wife. Carlo, rich industrialist, begins an affair with her. His wife has watched many of these, been forbearing. This is different—Carlo falls desperately in love, his marriage shakes, scandal looms, ultimately all is saved. If you like escape fairy tales, you'll enjoy this.

BRI-NYLON

best in the world for lingerie!



NEGLIGEE AND NIGHTDRESS BY HILTON

LOOK FOR



ON EVERY LABEL

Lingerie was never lovelier! **BRI-NYLON** brings you supreme elegance and lasting beauty in exciting new styles. And for all its delicate beauty this exquisite new lingerie is incredibly strong and so easy to care for. When you buy slumberwear or slips by your favourite stylists, be sure you're getting genuine Australian nylon. Look for your extra key to quality . . . the name **BRI-NYLON** alongside the maker's own brand.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

Page 19

Be fragrantly beautiful... be a Coty girl, delicately perfumed with Coty L'Aimant Skin Perfume, the final charming touch of elegance that completes and emphasises your make-up



Nothing makes a woman more feminine than a fine perfume. And it's so easy to be a Coty girl, so delicately and subtly fragrant with Coty L'Aimant Skin Perfume in such a way as to make you actually *seem* more beautiful. Coty Skin Perfume is a lighter edition of the famous Coty essences and can be used freely and generously without fear of being overwhelming.

L'Aimant, the magnet, is the perfume of attraction... chic, sophisticated, fascinating.

After bath or shower, first ensure day-long freshness with Coty L'Aimant Deodorant Talc, then spray or pat your L'Aimant Skin Perfume on your body, over the shoulders, under the arms, on the wrists and the hollow behind your knees. The gentle warmth of your body will hold and intensify the fragrance.

If you've never used fragrance in this way before, try it: a whole new world of experience will open to you.

There are four other fine Coty fragrances to choose from—

L'Origan, the golden... a perfume of "grand classe" with an exciting, rich, full note...

Paris, symbol of charm and romance... light and gay as a beautiful bouquet of Spring flowers...

Chypre, perfume of mystery and enchantment... evocative and luxurious, yet so serene...

Muguet des Bois, lily of the valley... gay, young, refreshing... the exact fragrance of the dainty white flower...

—and remember always to use Coty Talc with the famous deodorant ingredient which ensures day-long flower freshness for you and your clothes. Use it freely (in the same perfume as your skin perfume) after bath or shower. In the five distinguished Coty fragrances—
6/9.



*Creamy Skin Perfume
(for your handbag), 17/6*



Skin Perfume, 13/6

L'AIMANT Skin Perfume by

COTY

... your most important cosmetic

Hidden Treasure

A charming short story by JANE KEMPTON

PRIMA said, "Please, Mummy." "Please, darling Mummy," pleaded Secunda and Tertia. "Can't we have bought ones this time?"

"The others all laugh at us," said Prima, always the ringleader of the ten-year-old triplets.

"They call us the scarecrows," added Secunda.

"But, darlings," wailed Patience Sterling, "you said they were lovely when we tried them on."

Tertia took off the offending home-made blazer and looked at it judicially. "I know, Mummy, but you see, they're different."

Patience recognised defeat. She remembered only too well the anguish of being a child at school with something different from the others. "All right, my pets, I'll see if I can't manage new ones for next term, if you'll try and bear up for the rest of this one."

"Oh, Mummy, you're an angel." Prima kissed her suddenly and hard.

When Patience got out the school outfitter's list, her face fell. The regulation school blazers cost £3 each. Impossible. But she had promised.

Her head despairingly in her arms, she brooded about ways and means. She had long since cut her budget to the bone. Charles had died so suddenly nine years ago, leaving her with the cottage, the year-old triplets, and a tiny pension. Had she been wrong, after all, not to have let his three brothers take, so patronisingly, a child each? They had been amazed, and then visibly relieved, when their most handsome gesture had been refused; now they felt free to pass by on the other side.

Once a year her three sisters-in-law went through the cupboards in their London houses and sent her enormous parcels of cast-off clothes; but it was odd, thought Patience, how little use they usually were. Except, of course, for dressing up.

Patience stood up suddenly. This daydreaming would not solve her problem. It was time she faced it. The income that had been just adequate when the triplets were babies would not do now. It had been wonderful when they had been offered free places as day girls at St. Josepha's, but she had had no idea then of the expense of their school uniforms.

If only she could earn some money to eke out her income. But how? She had married at seventeen and the triplets had been born a year later. All she knew about were child care and housekeeping.

The problem nagged away at the back of her mind as she bicycled into the nearby town to do the week's shopping. Leaning her bicycle against the wall outside the post office, she paused to look at the "wanted" advertisements. Perhaps this time there would be something

Most of them were old friends; the missing cats, the willing babysitters, the mothers wanting help. But in the middle of the board, in bold black lettering, was a new one: "I will pay anything for a daily

who will work and can cook. Hours reasonable, house quiet, help desperately needed."

Patience stood in a dream. What was meant by "anything"? And how reasonable were the hours? The telephone exchange was the same as hers, so the house could not be far from her cottage. Suppose she could fit in while the girls were at school? If the pay was really good she might save enough at least for blazers before next term.

She shook herself. It was absurd. What would her superior brothers-in-law say if they learned she was going out as a char? "I told you so," would be the least of it. But did she really care? The triplets were what mattered. Would they really mind? Need they ever know? And, anyway, thought Patience with defiance, what was so shameful about housework?

By the time she had finished shopping and got home her mind was made up. As soon as the triplets were safely in bed she lifted the telephone and asked for the number. A man's voice answered.

"Could I speak to the lady of the house?" she asked, congratulating herself on the phrase, which, she felt, put her at once in her place as prospective char.

"I'm afraid there isn't one," said the pleasant voice. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Well," Patience took the plunge, "it's about the advertisement. Do you still want someone who can cook and will work?"

"I certainly do." The voice was enthusiastic. "Do you mean you can?"

"Cook and work? I should think so. I've been doing it for years. But the thing is: I was wondering . . ." Patience paused and then tried again. "You see, I was wondering about hours. I've got the children . . ."

"Naturally." The voice was unperturbed. "I'm sure we could come to some arrangement about that. All I want is the house kept clean, my lunch cooked, and my supper left ready. And I do prefer to be able to eat the meals. Can you really cook?"

"I really can."
"That's fine. Could you maybe come over and do me a trial lunch tomorrow, and we could talk about — er — terms?"

Tomorrow was Wednesday. The triplets lunched at school. "Yes, I could do that," said Patience. "Would nine o'clock suit you?"

"Perfectly. Now, about getting here." As the voice began to direct her, Patience realised with a shock that this was the house next door. The Red House, to the village, the mystery house, to the triplets, because it was set well back in grounds protected by a high wall.

"Really, Mummy," said Prima disapprovingly next morning, "I thought you were going to throw away that old skirt."

"I was, darling," said Patience vaguely.

When the children were safely away, she added an ancient sweater to her shabby skirt, tied a scarf over her fair hair, and gave herself an

approving smile in the looking-glass. She was certain that no one would suspect under her drab exterior the debutante who had married so gaily, so quickly . . . so long ago.

It was only as she turned in at the gate of the Red House that she realised she did not know her employer's name. And should she go to the back door? She paused for a minute, shamefully tempted to turn and flee for home and poverty. But she had been seen. A downstairs window was thrown open and a figure in pyjamas leant out.

"Hoy," he called, "do you know anything about paraffin stoves?" Clouds of smoke poured out round him, giving point to his words.

Without pausing to answer, Patience hurried to the nearby door, threw it open and looked in on chaos. The kitchen was piled high with dirty dishes and in the middle stood the oldest paraffin stove she had ever seen, belching smoke from every burner. Her employer — she assumed it was he — stood by the window, gloomily surveying the scene.

"I was only trying to cook my breakfast," he said, as she hurried to turn out the stove.

"Rather a drastic way of going about it, surely," said Patience, mopping up coffee and dumping burned toast in the overflowing garbage pail.

"I know," he said apologetically, "but you see, I got an idea, and I always have to write them down straight away, or I forget. Bless your heart: are you really going to make some more?"

For Patience was now refilling

the coffee-pot. "Why, yes," she said. "I think the stove will be all right now." She tidied a corner of the littered dresser and cut more bread.

"That smells good." He sniffed appreciatively at the coffee. "I'm ravenous. I haven't had a square meal since I got here. But are you sure you can spare the time?" He relaxed more comfortably against the window-ledge to show it was

To page 24

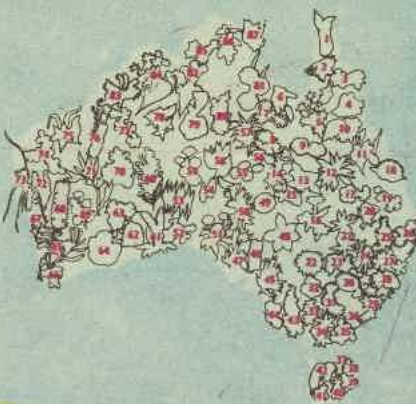


Patience felt anxious as she set off for her new job early that morning.

Illustrated by



Legend



- 1 Pitcher Plant, 2 Tropical Myrtles, 3 Cooktown Orchid, 4 Australian Rhododendron, 5 Clerodendron, 6 Queensland Long Pepper, 7 Showy Groundsel, 8 Tree Mallow, 9 Lantana, 10 Olearias, 11 Shell Flower, 12 Poinsettia, 13 Wild Iris, 14 Garland Flower, 15 Golden Pennants, 16 Austral Ruellia, 17 Morning Glory, 18 Blue Water Lily, 19 Blue Bells, 20 Clerodendron, 21 Flannel Flower, 22 Waratah, 23 Wattle, 24 Native Fuchsia, 25 Crinkle Bush, 26 Purple Daisy, 27 Twining Guinea Flower, 28 Sago Bush, 29 Austral Bluebells, 30 Golden Everlasting, 31 Silver Snow Daisy, 32 Mealy Honey Myrtle, 33 Milkmaids, 34 Blue Tinsel Lily, 35 Fringe Lily, 36 Snow Myrtle, 37 Lilac Berry, 38 Wintergreen, 39 Red Currant Bush, 40 Mountain Daisy Bush, 41 River Buttercup, 42 Blue Gum, 43 Pink Heath, 44 Convolvulus, 45 Spotted Emu Bush, 46 Crimson Bottlebrush, 47 Yellow Templetonia, 48 Murray Lily, 49 Slurp's Rose, 50 Hyacinth Orchid, 51 Blue Pincushion, 52 Running Postman, 53 Slurp's Pea, 54 Hairy Tails, 55 Convolvulus, 56 Poached Eggs, 57 Flannel Flower, 58 Bird Flower, 59 Parakeetya, 60 Slender Flowered Heath, 61 Lamb's Tails, 62 Native Rose, 63 Blue Lincienaulia, 64 Lilac Hibiscus, 65 Kangaroo Paw, 66 Purple Enamelled Orchid, 67 Granite Bonnia, 68 Gardie Spiked Hakea, 69 Chorizema, 70 Hovea, 71 Pea Flower, 72 Scented Boronia, 73 White Spider Orchid, 74 Winged Wattle, 75 Darling Lily, 76 Hairy Net Bush, 77 Geraldton Wax-flower, 78 Traveller's Joy, 79 Red Centred Hibiscus, 80 Darling Pea, 81 Guinea Flower, 82 Native Tobacco, 83 Black Kangaroo Paw, 84 Smoke Bush, 85 Kurrajong, 86 Lilly Pilly, 87 Tree Mallow.

This map with decorative flowers has been painted for the Shell Company of Australia by George Sannes

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA

with

SHELL

Delicate Alpine Buttercups, tropical Pitcher Plants, the hardy Sturt's Desert Pea . . . no matter where you travel in this vast country, the profusion and beauty of Australia's native flowers will never cease to fascinate and delight you. Their variety is matched only by our colourful country itself. From the arid grandeur of The Centre to the undulating greenness of the Apple Isle, Australia is truly a paradise for the holiday traveller. Ghost towns, native tribes, deserts, ruins, unique flora and fauna, awe-inspiring natural scenery . . . Australia has all these things to attract and thrill you. If you are planning a trip for your next holidays, or long service leave, here's a suggestion.

Discover Australia with Shell . . . by car. What better way to visit all those places you've wanted to see! Whether you're bound for popular tourist resorts, or off the beaten track, Shell's clear, up-to-date maps tell you how to get there. Shell, in fact, has everything you need for a successful trip . . . simply tell any Shell Dealer where you are going, and he will arrange for you to receive in addition to maps, full information on road conditions, details of motels, camping and caravan sites as well as hints on what to take and how to pack. Even items like the popular children's passport to keep the youngsters amused are also included. You will also receive a personal introduction to Shell Dealers along the way, where you're assured of reliable, friendly service and supplies of the world-famous top quality petrols and lubricants.

Remember, wherever you go through Australia . . .

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



Like a print of this decorative map?

Beautifully printed 17" x 21" wall map, on fine paper, suitable for framing, is available from Shell Dealers for only 1/-. Also ask your Shell Dealer about the colourful range of children's Free Project Cards on interesting Australian subjects.

Page 23

only a formal protest. "Talk about ministering angels..."

"I'm not a ministering angel," said Patience. "I'm the new help."

"The what?" He looked her up and down and she was aware, as the smoke in the room began to thin, of a pair of penetrating blue eyes under heavy brows and untidy hair. "You don't mean to tell me that you're the competent cook with all the children?"

Patience looked up at him, surprised. "Of course I am. Who else would I be?"

"My guardian angel, perhaps." He gestured at the surrounding debris. "Heaven knows, she's overdue."

Smiling, Patience turned over the toast. "Yes, you do look as if you could stand some help. How do you like your eggs?"

"Soft."

"Then they're ready." She put his breakfast on to a clean tray she had salvaged from behind the larder door. "Where will you have it?"

"In here, thank you." He led the way into a big room that ran the full width of the house, and pushed piles of papers aside on a long table to make room for the tray.

PUTTING it down, Patience looked round at more chaos. Books were heaped on every piece of furniture; even a grand piano had capitulated to the rising tide of papers in which floated, here and there, an overloaded ashtray. Resisting the temptation to begin at once to tidy up, Patience poured out the coffee. "Milk and sugar?" she asked.

"Yes, please." He looked round. "I'm afraid the place is in a bit of a mess."

She smiled and, disconcertingly, he caught her eye. "All right then, it's a pig-sty and I ought to be ashamed of myself; but I've been busy."

"I can see you have." She turned to go, but he called her back.

"Do fetch another cup and have some of this admirable coffee. If you're the new help, we must talk about terms."

But they talked about more than that. He explained that he had come down to finish a play that had gone wrong on him in London.

"I can't work in a town. Never could, and it's worse than ever now..."

He did not explain why. Nor, she realised afterwards, did he tell her his name or ask hers. Instead, he plied her with questions about her life, and soon, surprisingly at her ease, Patience was telling him all about the triplets and even about the problem of their blazers.

"Ah," he was suddenly practical. "I can see that an advance on your salary is indicated. Why on earth should the poor little things have to wait till next term?"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that."

She found herself blushing.

"Of course you didn't, but I do. I'll do anything to ensure

Continuing . . . HIDDEN TREASURE

from page 21

I get coffee like this every morning. Now about hours..."

Ten minutes later, Patience was putting what seemed a simply enormous cheque into her purse. It was all fixed. She was to come five days a week from 9.30 to 2.30, cook his breakfast and lunch, tidy the house, and leave something for his supper.

"And if you mess about with my papers," he had concluded, handing her the cheque, "I'll strangle you."

"Don't worry," she had flashed back. "With the state the rest of the house is in, I'll never get round to the study."

A very brief investigation of the store cupboards had revealed a curious mixture: tins of pate, jars of exotic cheeses, but no butter; oil but no vinegar; salted nuts but no bread, except the end of a loaf from which she had cut the breakfast toast. No rice, no potatoes, no eggs... She would have to go to the village. She knocked on the study door, but a savage and almost unrecognisable voice called, "Go away."

Her spirits drooped a little. But she picked up her jacket and her purse and was half-way down the drive, when an anxious voice called her from the study window. "You can't be walking out on me? I do apologise most humbly. I should have warned you. I'm a brute when I'm working."

She had turned back. "Of course I'm not leaving. I just wanted to tell you I'll have to do some shopping if you're to have any lunch."

"Thank goodness for that. I was really afraid I was losing my guardian angel already."

From then on he called her angel, and, grateful for the instinct that prevented him from asking her name, she was soon contentedly used to his sudden eruptions from the study with cries of, "Angel, have the papers come?" Or, "Have you seen my pen anywhere?"

That first morning, she was heating the eggs for an omelette when he appeared with a glass of sherry. "Must keep the angel angelic," he said, handing it to her. He glanced down at the tray she had set for him, and at her own place, laid out on the now immaculate kitchen table.

"Hey, what's the idea? There's no need to give yourself airs, even if you are the help." He picked up her knife, fork and glass and added them to the collection on the tray. "Besides," he grinned down at her, "if you eat with me I can make my complaints direct to you."

So began what Patience was always to remember as a blissful domestic idyll. She scrubbed, tidied, and polished his house until it revealed its charm. Every day she vied with herself to earn his pleased comments on a particularly successful meal. Sometimes he would be preoccupied, so deep in his writing that he hardly spoke

over lunch, but she soon learnt that this was not to be taken personally.

After one of these silent lunches, he never failed to lean out of his study window and wish her good-bye when she left, with a plaintive, "And don't forget to come in the morning, angel."

So life went on peacefully, until one Friday morning when Patience was slicing onions at the Red House. The front door-bell rang, and as she wiped her streaming eyes with a corner of her apron, she thought with

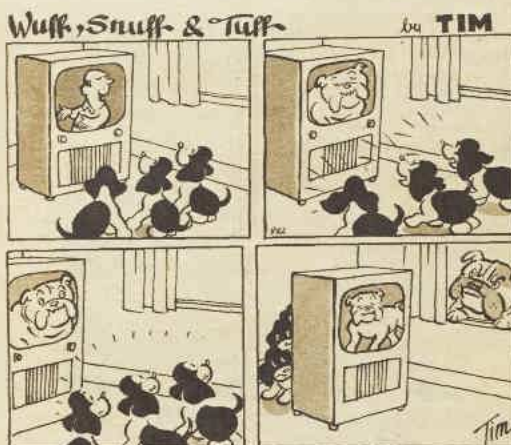
in the elegant little dining-room that had responded so well to her polishing, cooked the steak the way Guy liked it, opened a bottle of red wine, then put her head in at the study door to say, "Lunch is served." She could not get her tongue round the "sir" which, she felt, should have followed.

Patience was gloomily washing the dishes when Guy appeared at the kitchen door. "Delicious lunch, angel; but what did you have?" he asked.

"Oh, plenty," she said vaguely, furious with herself for blushing.

"That's good. I'm taking Miss Fitton over to Bramwich

FOR THE CHILDREN



surprise that this was the first time it had happened. She opened the door, and the vision who stood outside raised elegant eyebrows at her and asked: "Is this the Red House?"

"Yes," Patience stood aside to let her in, noting the brilliant cut of the black suit, and the magnificent absurdity of the tiny hat that topped platinum curls. "Who shall I say," she was beginning, when the study door opened behind her.

"Guy, darling," exclaimed the vision, throwing herself into his arms, "so this is where you've been hiding."

"Not hiding, poppet—working," he put her down gently. "I don't care what you call it," she pouted. "You're an old monster to run out on me like that, and I don't believe I'll tell you how much I've missed you. Now, how about giving me a drink and telling me all about the play? And do you think your girl could rustle me up something to eat? I'm famished." Her cool glance had disposed of Patience long ago.

"How about it, angel?" Guy—he was Guy now—turned to her expectantly.

"Of course. Lunch won't be long." For the first time Patience heard herself sounding like a servant.

She set the table for two

now, so I'll see you on Monday." Afterwards she found herself almost in tears because for the first time he had forgotten to beg her to be sure to come the next week.

The weekend dragged. Why could she not get the exquisite Miss Fitton out of her mind? Of course, someone like Guy must have dozens of friends; it was only because he was working so hard that his life had been solitary, and he had turned to her for companionship. Really, she told herself, it was lucky Miss Fitton had come along. She had been letting herself get altogether too much concerned with life at the Red House.

On Monday morning, for some reason, Patience put on her best pleated skirt, which she had hitherto considered too good for housework. As soon as the children had gone to school, she hurried into her garden to pick some tiny French beans for Guy's lunch.

She was singing as she walked from the road through the Red House gates; but when she approached it, the house had a deserted look. The study windows were tight shut, and no cheerful voice hailed her with the daily cry of, "Hallo, angel, where's my coffee?"

An envelope was pinned to the door. Inside was the key, a cheque, and a brief note. "Gone to London on business. Back soon. Be an angel and caretaker. G." The cheque was for a month's wages. Did he expect to be gone so long?

With a heavy heart, Patience unlocked the door and began a gloomy morning of tidying.

Half the cigarette ends that overflowed the countless ashtrays had lipstick on them. There was lipstick on the pillow-case in the spare room, and the bedclothes had been dumped in an untidy heap on the floor. Powder had been spilt on the dressing-table, and the room smelt heavily of scent.

Investigating the larder, Patience found that only the cold pie she had left for Friday night's dinner had been eaten. The other provisions were untouched. Well, she thought wryly, they would have to be eaten. The triplets were going to have an orgy.

Faithfully from then on she went to the Red House every day and every day she hoped in vain to be hailed by Guy's cheerful voice. She scrubbed and polished and dusted till the house shone as never before, but still it was impossible to fill the hours for which she had been paid. So she began on the neglected garden.

Her back ached and her hands were rough and grimy, but the work soothed her. Soon the garden was as trim as the house.

The month passed; holidays began and there was no word from Guy. Busy with the children, Patience still managed to run over to the Red House every evening and make sure that the garden was in order, the rooms ready. But in her heart she was sure now that Guy would never come back. She would not admit to herself how much she missed him.

ONE day she got home from the village to find Prima brandishing a letter and a huge parcel. "Look, Mummy, one of Aunt Helen's sendings."

Patience glanced through the letter, which was also from Helen.

"Oh dear," she said. "they're coming to lunch on Sunday, and they're bringing a friend."

Tertia looked up from her struts with the string of the parcel. "Another boy-friend for you, Mummy?" For Helen's attempts at matchmaking had been too obvious to deceive even the triplets.

When they got the parcel open, Patience's worst fears were realised. It contained three brand-new, unspeakably ugly best dresses for the girls and a medley of Helen's cast-off cocktail dresses for herself.

The children plucked out velvet and satin from the pile with shrieks of glee, but Patience quelled them. She would have to wear one of these improbable dresses on Sunday. Which should it be? At last she picked out a low-necked blue cotton dress which had, at least, the virtue of fitting her.

"You can't wear that, Mummy!" shrieked Prima.

"You'll catch cold," said Secunda.

"You'll fall downstairs," added Tertia.

"Of course I can't wear it like this, sillies," Patience lifted the long skirt. "But, see, if we cut about a foot off the skirt, I can make a tiny jacket from the pieces. It really won't be too bad." She held the material up to her face; the deep blue set off her fair hair and she wished, irrelevantly, that Guy was back.

What with dressmaking, tidying the house and preparing

the vast Sunday lunch Helen and her husband, Bob, took for granted, Patience was too busy to wonder much about the friend they were bringing.

"Here they come," shrieked Prima as Patience was basting the chicken next morning.

"In a vast car," added Secunda.

"Not Uncle Bob's," explained Tertia; "this one's really big."

Patience took off her apron and hurried to the front door. Bob was helping Helen out of the car. At the other side, the driver was opening his door. Patience gasped. It was Guy.

"Here we are, darling," Helen teetered through the grass on spike heels. "How nice you look." Her glance told Patience what she really thought. "And the children, too. How are you, pets?"

The triplets who had conducted a long, hard-fought and unsuccessful campaign against the unbecoming new dresses, submitted dutiful cheeks to be kissed.

Performing this ritual with swift efficiency, Helen turned to Patience. "And let me introduce Mr. Guy Templeford." The Guy Templeford, said her voice. "He's a neighbour of yours, and we thought it was time the two of you met."

Patience braced herself. Now it was coming. What would Bob and Helen say when they discovered she had been chafing for their important friend? But Guy was shaking her firmly by the hand.

"How nice to meet you at last, Mrs. Sterling. I've heard so much about you from Bob and Helen." Looking down at her, he winked once, solemnly.

For Patience, lunch passed in a dream. Guy was back. He was teasing her quietly.

"What a delicious lunch, Mrs. Sterling. Bob told me you were a wonderful cook." Or: "What do you find to do with yourself all the time in the country, Mrs. Sterling?"

She rallied to that one. "Well, lately, I've been doing a good deal of gardening."

After coffee, Bob rose. "If we're to look in at that place of yours, Templeford, we'd better get moving."

"Yes," chimed in Helen, "we promised Pam Fitton we'd pick her up at five."

Pam Fitton. Patience's brief bubble of happiness burst. Listlessly, she accompanied the others on the familiar path to the Red House.

Helen was loud in praise of the house and garden. "Why, Guy, I had no idea you were such a domestic type. How on earth do you manage? I suppose you've got a village treasure who works herself to the bone for you."

"Yes," said Guy, "that's just what I've got. But I must say she's surpassed herself while I've been away. Once again he winked at Patience.

But Bob came bustling up to interrupt them. "Come on, chaps, if we're to be at Pam's by five we'd better be on our way."

Helen looked at her watch. "Good lord, yes. Thanks for the ravishing lunch, darling. See you soon." Hardly giving them time to say goodbye, she shepherded Bob and Guy to the car. From the driver's seat, Guy raised his hand in salutation to Patience.

Much later, after she had tidied the house and put the girls to bed, Patience crept over to the Red House. A car stopped in the lane outside, but she took no notice.

Then she heard the sound of the gate behind her. "Sorry I've been so long, angel," said Guy. "It took me hours to ditch them."

She looked at him through tear-dimmed eyes. "You've come back," she said.

"Yes," he took her hand. "I've come back, my treasure."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

If you missed your Revlon coupon last week, send this one!

REVLON
SPECIAL OFFER
LOVE PAT
MOON DROPS
LIPSTICK

ORDER FORM

To The Australian Women's Weekly,
Box 5252,
G.P.O., Sydney.

Please forward the Revlon Beauty Offer to me. I enclose 4/6 Postal Note.

Mrs./Miss

print

Address

print

State

Age Group: Under 23 (), 23-35 (), Over 35 (). Please tick appropriate group.

ADDRESS LABEL

SAMPLE ONLY
ENCLOSED

Mrs./Miss

Address

State

If undelivered, please return to
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney N.S.W.

POSTAGE

PAID
SYDNEY

Sweet Night for

MURDER

Who killed Cathy Simpson?
Second instalment of our
absorbing mystery serial.

By Margot Neville

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE summons delivered so peremptorily by Mr. Tulloch as he stood in the doorway took not only Keith to his side but Jess as well. Netta, too, entering from the kitchen, heard the words and plopped the teapot down on the table and tailed along the hall after them.

Mr. Tulloch seemed reluctant to explain the object of his summons. He hurried on ahead, waving aside questions, leading the way up the steep drive, down the rough, narrow road, past the end of the Watsons' grounds, past his own older, more suburban looking house, till they reached the point where the road came to an end at Synott's Lookout.

Who Synott had been, or why associated with this spot, no one knew, and his lookout had none of the usual amenities for view-gazing, no seat nor rail nor shelter. It was just a great flat rock plateau, with a sheer, deep drop into the gully below.

This morning the early summer air set every leaf aquiver with movement and light. Small white blossom frosted the low shrubs, tiny orchids sprang bravely out of the dry, sandy earth, and here and there was a spatter of pink boronia.

All this was below . . . below where Mr. Tulloch was pointing.

He had come along here immediately after breakfast, he explained, for a stroll. Not able to settle to anything, and knowing the place would be infested by the police, he'd been restless and had walked along here, and by the merest chance had happened to come to the edge and looked down, and there—there—did they see? Down there just to the right of that big angophora . . .

There was metal glinting below, there was a splash of dark green among the grey-green of the bushes . . . a splash of red upholstery . . . there was a car, like an upturned beetle, its wheels in the air, its sides burst open; and not far from it there was a sprawled figure, pitifully small as seen from this height, and patiently as still and broken as Cathy's bright new Humber.

Without further words Keith went quickly up to the house and told the police of their discovery. In a few minutes he was back with them and led them down into the gully by the track to the left of the lookout.

The wait that followed for those left at the top seemed forever; watching the procession stumbling down over the stones and thorny bushes of the steep track; seeing them slowly descend until at last they emerged and moved, fore-shortened, across the floor of the gully towards the car and the still figure.

Jess watched Keith—a little ahead of the others, hatless, in blue shirts and pants—saw him go closer, saw him stoop over the body.

Who? Who? Known or unknown?

She waited, craning forward, shading her eyes from the sun; she sat down on the flat rock, stood up again. As the time dragged on she was invaded by that drooping fatigue that grips the spectator at any scene of prolonged danger—a fire, a rescue—the weariness brought about by suspense divorced from activity.

Throughout the ordeal Netta's incessant, harsh voice became unbearable, her speculations as to who it could be, her pointing

To page 45

A FEW weeks after arriving in Sydney to complete her wedding arrangements to ROGER CLEMENTS, pretty CATHY SIMPSON, clad in her new black slacks and jacket, is found murdered by KEITH and JESS WATSON, with whom she has been staying. Before that she had been the guest of neighbors BETTINA and VANCE TULLOCH, who live with Vance's irritable old father.

Only that morning the two households and that of PERCY and ELAINE HAMBLEDON, also neighbors, had discussed Cathy's luck in winning a car. But when queried by Jess about the identity of the sharer of the ticket, Cathy had avoided answering. She had also appeared upset when she couldn't find her engagement ring before meeting Roger in town for lunch.

An old friend of the Watsons also staying with them, NETTA PALFREYMAN, recognised the murder weapon as a fruit-knife belonging to Percy, who tells INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING he had given it to Cathy that morning, because she admired it when he was peeling an apple while waiting to drive her up to town.

While the police are investigating, Jess tells them she heard Cathy talking to someone on the terrace just before her murder. It is assumed that it was DUNCAN FRITH, a seedy radio actor with philandering tendencies. She also tells them about the car Cathy had won, but when they go out to see it, it has disappeared. Later, when everyone has gone, Jess is amazed to find new and expensive clothing in Cathy's room, and mentions it to Grogan the next morning when she gives him two letters addressed to Cathy.

A few minutes after Grogan's departure, Keith and Jess are surprised when old Mr. Tulloch asks them to come to a nearby lookout with him. **NOW READ ON:**

"It's about two dresses that disappeared from Cathy Simpson's wardrobe yesterday," Grogan said bluntly to Bettina as Manning stood nearby.

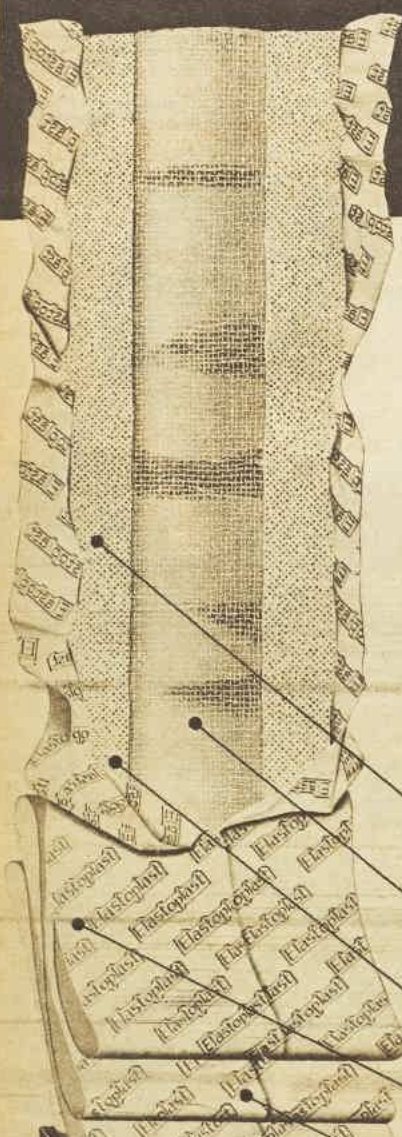


Elastoplast

one yard

DRESSING STRIP

CUT TO SIZE!... Dress large or small wounds easily in seconds!



Elastoplast Dressing Strip can be quickly cut to any size.



Flesh-coloured fabric is inconspicuous. Its e-l-a-s-t-i-c stretch means extra comfort, too.

Especially suitable for all hard-to-bandage places.

- 1 **COMFORT** The comfortable elastic fabric stretches as flexibly as your own skin... is positively adhesive... holds firmly at a touch.
- 2 **PROTECTION** Continuous medicated pad, running full length of strip, is treated with the effective antiseptic, 'Domiphen Bromide' that soothes and heals.
- 3 **VENTILATION** Porous adhesive fabric allows air-movement through the dressing... lets wound breathe... thus aiding natural healing.
- 4 **SAFETY** A plastic cover protects the dressing for its complete one-yard length and ensures surgical cleanliness always.
- 5 **ECONOMY** There's no wastage with Elastoplast one-yard dressing... cut off as much or as little dressing as needed to cover the wound.

Elastoplast

DRESSING STRIP

2 1/2 in x 1 yd

Now vented to let wounds breathe!

Elastoplast Dressing Strip is available in one-yard lengths and 1 1/2, 2 1/2 and 3-inch widths. Keep it in the home, for safety's sake.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Elastoplast is a product of Smith & Nephew, famous the world over for surgical dressings and first aid.

Continuing . . .

THE DURABLE DICTATOR

from page 17

"Why not?" asked Lady Letitia anxiously.

"Charles has had it," replied her brother. "Blown to bits. Driving through the streets of Santa Eulalia in an open car—he always was a reckless ass. He was staying at the Presidential Palace as the guest of that chap Gomez."

Lady Letitia gave herself over to tears, for she had loved Charles.

A week after the sad news arrived at Titterton Castle, the postman delivered a letter in Charles' handwriting addressed to Lady Letitia Perkins. Wide-eyed, she opened the envelope, reading aloud the contents to her brother. The letter was written on blank paper without an address:

"Dear Lettie: I have an idea that the next few days may be a bit tricky, so just in case of accidents I have made a will in which you are my executrix. I know you will carry out my wishes regardless of any pressure brought to bear on you by Bill. When this reaches you I am afraid the American Express won't know what to do with my mail, so don't bother to write.

"Love, Charles."

It was a strange letter, but the enclosed will was an even stranger document. In it Charles left "everything of which I die possessed to my brother, William, except as herein stated. To my sister, Letitia, I give and bequeath for her sole use and benefit the contents of the wine cellar to which I fitted the steel doors before leaving England, with the condition that the cellar be not opened nor its contents touched until six months after proof of my death shall have been received.

"After the expiry of six months as aforesaid, my sister, Letitia, whom I hereby appoint my sole executrix, shall dispose of the contents of the wine cellar at her absolute discretion. She will find the key of the cellar hidden in the interior of the rocking-horse in the nursery at Titterton Castle."

"Pon my soul," remarked the Earl testily, "I call that a most offensive missive to receive from the other side of the grave. He leaves me everything of which he dies possessed, which consists of a couple of saddles and a pair of riding boots that are too small for me, while to you who don't know the difference between cooking sherry and vintage port, or grade B embalming fluid and fine old brandy, he leaves that wonderful stuff down below. It's heartbreaking, that's what it is. I wouldn't have done that to him."

"You couldn't have, William, because you drank your share at such a disgusting rate."

"I suppose," continued the Earl, "that you will adopt a—well, a reasonable attitude about it all."

"That is my intention, William. When a decent interval has elapsed, I am sure Charles would have wished you to have an occasional glass of port."

"And what, may I ask," said the Earl hopefully, "do you consider a decent interval?"

"I haven't thought of it, William," replied his sister, "but a widow who remarries under two years from her husband's death is considered—er—lacking in respect to his memory."

"Quite so, Letitia; quite so. But allow me to point out that I am not Charles' widow. Nor do I wish to remarry. I am Charles' older brother and I hope—not unreasonably, you will agree—to drink peace to

his ashes in something fit to drink."

"Charles wasn't burned, William. He was blown to pieces. So there aren't any ashes."

"Don't be so confoundedly literal-minded!" snapped the Earl, realising that he was making poor headway. "Where are you going?"

"To the nursery, of course. Where else? Then I am going to the bank to put the key—where it will be safe."

"It's been perfectly safe for twenty-seven years in that rocking-horse, so why not leave it there a bit longer?"

"I leave you to guess why, William," said Lady Letitia's parting shot.

* * * * *

The row of asterisks denotes the slow passage of six months. Swift months for happy folk, but almost interminable for the Earl of Titterton.

Then, once again, the breakfast calm was shattered by the arrival of a rich-looking envelope, impressively sealed, bearing the stamps of San Felicidad. It was addressed to the Earl. The letter was written on the embossed stationery of the Presidential Palace at Santa Eulalia. It said:

"Sir: I am desired by His Excellency the President to inform you that he will be in London during the month of September. At the request of your brother, the late Viscount Kettlebridge, for whom His Excellency entertained the highest regard and affection, he will give himself the pleasure at a time convenient to your good self of spending a weekend at Titterton Castle. Doubtless, you would like to have at first-hand some account of your brother's sad and heroic end.

"If you will be so good as to acquaint His Excellency the San Felicidadian Ambassador with the convenient dates the necessary arrangements will be made.

"His Excellency the President will be accompanied by a small staff, including myself, his valet, and two bodyguards.

"I am, Your Lordship's obedient servant,

"Felipe de Sandoval, Private Secretary."

The Right Honourable the Earl of Titterton, A.A. Titterton Castle, England.

"I wonder what A.A. stands for," said the bemused Earl.

"Would it be Alcoholics Anonymous, William? I suppose Charles must have told him about your guzzling habits."

"I don't know how in blazes we are going to entertain these people," grumbled the Earl. "Who's going to clean the place up?"

"We'll give the President the Blue Suite," said Lady Letitia excitedly, "which he can share with his secretary and valet. The bodyguards will have to shift for themselves in the stables."

"There's a firm in London that will undertake everything. I'll go to see them next week. They'll clean whatever rooms are necessary, install an electric cooker in the kitchen, and do all the catering. We'll do things in style, William, just like the old days."

"I'd like to see fifty people sit down to dinner just once more, hear music from the gallery, see long rows of shining cars in the drive. It used to be like that, William. They were splendid days. Let's live them

once more, before the curtain drops forever. The title dies with you unless Charles married, so let it go out in a blaze of splendour."

"All very nice, my dear," said the Earl sadly, "but who's going to pay for this frivolity? Not that President chap, you can be sure. It seems to me that if he's so dashed grateful to Charles for stopping the bomb intended for him, the least he could have done would have been to do things in style at some London hotel and at his own expense."

"I will pay for it all, William," said Lady Letitia. "I shall sell some of mother's jewels—"

"Sell heirlooms to feed some banana president?"

"Why not? What good are heirlooms without heirs? All this dies with us, William. I never wear mother's tiara."

"The creditors will be down on us like a flock of vultures if we start giving parties."

"All right, let them," replied Lady Letitia. "Who cares? Let them have the castle. When the party is over, let's just walk out and leave the doors open and the lights blazing and never return."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Earl. "What about Charles' port and brandy? Sooner than let strangers drink all that bottled nineteenth-century sunshine I'd burn the castle down."

But, despite her brother's opposition, Lady Letitia had her way.

A dingy mausoleum became once again a home, a place to be lived in, to be proud of.

Everyone in the county who was anyone was coming. Charles, regarded by many of them as the ne'er-do-well of the family, had died bravely at the hand of an assassin, and Lady Letitia was resolved that it should not be forgotten. "This President person must be presentable," she told her brother, "or he would not have so closely resembled Charles, who was such a splendidly handsome boy. The girls couldn't resist him."

"I know more about that than you do, Letitia," said the Earl somewhat sourly, "because I had to tidy things up afterwards. I don't think we want to rake that up. Don't forget that Charles spent twenty-seven years in San What's-name and, Charles being Charles, it's inconceivable that he didn't form some undesirable attachments there. Wouldn't it be tragic if a widow appeared, contested his will, and got hold of the port and brandy?"

"Can't you think of anything else but poor Charles' wine and brandy? I don't understand you, William."

"Yours, my dear Letitia," retorted the Earl, "is the attitude of someone who is tone deaf and fails to understand why people make such a dashed fuss about Beethoven. Outside Titterton Castle, won't you see, there aren't more than a few hundred bottles of Jubilee port left. While that brandy! The thought of it makes me want to cry."

"My palate, I would have you know, is a delicate and highly sensitive instrument, considered by those who know what they're talking about to be among the eight best in the kingdom."

Nearly sixty people had been invited to dine with President Gomez. There was to be a reception with cocktails first. "Then, William," Lady Letitia explained, "I thought that after dinner we might give

To page 28

WORTH REPORTING

WHEN Warwick Deacock set off on a three-day snow march in the Snowy Mountains recently, he carried a rather unusual "accessory."

It was slung from his shoulders: a regulation rucksack. And snuggled comfortably inside was his baby daughter, Katherine.

Katherine, who was celebrating her first birthday, didn't have any qualms about the expedition.

After all, Daddy is a British ex-commando and mountaineer. And Mummy (who went along, too) is Antonia Deacock, who climbed 18,700 feet into the Himalayas with the 1958 Women's Overland Himalayan Expedition.

Together, Antonia and Warwick run Sydney's Outward Bound School, which is designed as "character training through adventure" for boys.

"Adventure" is also the operative word in young Katherine's life. She was three weeks old when she made her first rucksack excursion. It was just a gentle hike up some mountains in Wales.

But the birthday trip was the best yet; it was the first real family expedition the Deacocks have had.

Katherine went skiing with



ANTONIA and Warwick Deacock and baby Katherine.

her father and then some of the Outward Bound school-boys (who went on the expedition, too) helped blow out the candle on her birthday cake.

DEPARTMENT of Household Hints: Do you hate "damping down" the wash before it's ironed?

Then here's a hint from Holland. Dutch housewives don't use one of those silly little bottles with holes in the lid. THEY use the garden hose—stand a few yards away from the washing line—and aim carefully. And the washing's damped before you can say "tulips."

A light snack for H.R.H.

ACCORDING to a London report, Prince Charles has a right-royal appetite.

Charles, on his way to Sandringham, became hungry. So the Prince and his detective popped into a little grocery store.

"Two pork pies, please," said the Royal customer. He looked round for something else to stave off starvation.

"I'll have some of those," he decided, pointing to a packet of cocktail biscuits.

The detective looked a bit doubtful. "Do you think you should?" he asked.

But a boy has to be firm. "I like cocktail biscuits," said Charles.



PRINCE CHARLES

To Annette from Roger...

OF course, everyone's heard of Brigitte Bardot and of her ex-husband, French film director Roger Vadim.

Roger—remember?—later married Annette Stroyberg, but recent reports said they were on the brink of divorce.

Not any more, though.

A report from St. Tropez, in France, says the couple have been shopping to celebrate their latest reconciliation.

● To her from him: a complete wardrobe of new clothes.

● To him from her: an unusual walking-stick (it looks like a tightly rolled umbrella).

WHEN is middle age? English novelist E. Arnot Robertson has some definite ideas on the subject.

"For a man," she said, "middle age comes when a social equal (usually the son of a friend) calls him 'Sir' for the first time."

"For a woman, it's the moment when the hairdresser or salesgirl urges some particular style with the recommendation that 'It will make Madam look younger'—when 'Madam' hadn't realised till then that this was necessary."



Sir Edmund Hillary... on the trail of the Snowman.

Home on the porter's back

IT is, we believe, extremely cold on the Himalayan heights. So it's quite understandable that—if you're going for a longish stroll round Mt. Everest—you'd want to be comfortable.

New Zealand beekeeper-mountaineer Sir Edmund Hillary has this cold-comfort business down to a fine art.

This month he begins his search for the Abominable Snowman in his latest expedition to the Himalayas.

And he's taking along a portable hut made of plywood.

It is tube-shaped, measures about 22 feet in length and 10

in diameter, and it will house eight people.

It also has a fully equipped laboratory for the physiological team with the expedition.

The drawback about this hut is that it has to be man-carried round the snowy wastes.

And the hut has nearly 100 sections, each weighing about 14lb. When assembled, it has to be compressed with metal straps and sealed with plastic filling for insulation.

But this how-to-carry-the-hut problem has been solved by Sir Edmund.

He announced recently that he's going to employ 650 porters on the expedition.

Goya
perfume
from tops to toes

... You're elusive, tantalising, loved. You're
the girl with the never-to-be-forgotten perfume,
the silken skin, the girl who uses heavenly
Remember perfume every day in this new way...

- Luxury soap, fragrant right through with costly Remember, to perfume and caress your skin... 4/6
- That heavenly perfume, in the silkiest, softest talc in the world... deodorant too... 6/3
- Perfume in your bath, six double cubes of enchanting Remember fragrance... 9/6

The unforgettable
subtle perfume
of...

'Remember'

An unforgettable
new perfume.
Subtle, sensuous,
sophisticated as
dry champagne.



Remember Perfume 19/6 to 135/-
Handbag Phial 6/6
Remember Skin Perfume 6/9 and 10/6

Goya

3 RUE SCRIBE • PARIS

FOR THE **BRIGHTEST** WHITEST WASH USE **BLUO**

NO SEDIMENT

Just a few drops of BLUO in the final rinse gives whites a dazzling super-bright whiteness. There's no sediment . . . no risk of streaks . . . with BLUO, in the handy sprinkler-topped bottle.

IDEAL FOR COTTONS, NYLONS AND DRIP-DRY'S!



BLUO

LIQUID BLUE

Continuing . . .

THE DURABLE DICTATOR

from page 26

them a few glasses of Charles' port and some brandy. What do you think?"

"I think you are out of your mind, Letitia, mad as a hatter, to say nothing of being most unsisterly. Charles—or at least what was left of him—would turn over in his grave at the thought of all that cocktail-swilling ruffian lushing his booze."

"Let me remind you, too, that this is my home. I am still master here, even if you do hold the key of the only part of it that contains anything worth having, and I will not permit this indiscriminate casting of pearls—"

There was a lot more, tending to be somewhat repetitious. Lady Letitia forthwith made arrangements with the caterers to provide all the wines for the dinner.

A few mornings later at breakfast the Earl of Titterton paused in the dissection of a kipper to utter a deep, sepulchral groan. He had just seen a newspaper picture of President Gomez emerging from an airliner at London Airport. It was the picture of a pompous shiny man with a drooping black moustache plastered to his face. He wore the kind of toothy smile favored by political candidates anxious to appear beamingly benevolent on a baby-kissing expedition.

"What a shocking looking tick!" exclaimed the Earl. "Well," he continued, "I take back some of the harsh things I may have said about poor old Charles. I consider that he showed a very proper consideration for us by remaining in San Whatismame for twenty-seven years."

"I don't see the connection," snapped Lady Letitia.

"Then let me draw a diagram for you," said her brother with labored sarcasm. "Charles must have looked like this"—he tapped the newspaper with exaggerated emphasis—"or he wouldn't have been given the job of this chap's stand-in. Shocking! Positively shocking! It's a pity Darwin didn't live to see it. If he had, he wouldn't have written all that nonsense about heredity."

"Charles, twenty-seven years ago and with all his faults, was an English gentleman. Look, I ask you, look what eating hellfire sauces and drinking aguardiente did to him. No wonder, looking like that, the poor chap didn't come home to drink his share."

"I must admit," said Lady Letitia with masterly restraint, trying not to feel disloyal to her favorite brother, "that it didn't improve him."

In the gloom cast by these reflections, the Earl resumed the dissection of his kipper, which was now cold. "Well, thank goodness nobody knows but us," he said sadly.

The dinner in honor of President Gomez was set for a Saturday evening. The President himself, by prior arrangement, arrived before lunch. A huge black limousine threaded its way through the crowds assembled outside the castle gates.

Out of it jumped two grey-clad, extremely agile men, carrying Tommy-guns at the ready. With a swift encircling movement they flushed the grounds for would-be assassins and, satisfied that none lurked there, opened the car door for Gomez to alight.

"Welcome to Titterton Castle," said the Earl stiffly. "Those chaps lost something?" he added, nodding in the direction of the two Tommy-gunners.

"In my country," replied Gomez in thickly guttural Latin-American accents, "careless presidents do not last long."

"You do not need to remind us of that, Your Excellency," said the Earl. "But here you are quite safe. The last time a guest was assassinated here was in 1547, and even that was a case of political necessity."

Formal entry into the castle was delayed until two large black dispatch boxes, allegedly containing State papers, had gone up to the Blue Suite.

Lunch was drawn out interminably because Gomez insisted upon observing the effect of each dish upon his secretary before tasting it himself. "I suppose," he said over the coffee, "that you have drunk all that 1899 brandy? Charles and I promised each other that one day we would drink some together."

"On the contrary," replied the Earl stiffly, "my brother's share has never been touched. But fancy him telling you about that, Letitia, my dear," he went on casually, "where is the key of Charles' wine cellar? I'll pop down and get a bottle."

♦♦♦♦♦
● There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.
—Oscar Wilde
♦♦♦♦♦

Realising that she had been outmanoeuvred, Lady Letitia surrendered the key. Her brother disappeared, returning some ten minutes later bearing in trembling hands a bottle of the '99 brandy. Spurning all offers of help from the hired butler, he wiped off the cobwebs and dust with a clean napkin and, with the devotion and reverence of an acolyte in his bearing, withdrew the cork.

"This will be far too good for fellows like that," said Gomez, dismissing his secretary and bodyguards with a wave of the hand.

Lady Letitia, unnoticed by her brother and Gomez, crept sadly out of the room.

The two men sat on in ecstatic silence, sipping the golden fluid from goblets which they held cupped in their open hands. "What beats me," said the Earl, breaking a twenty-minute silence, "is how Charles, knowing that all this wonderful stuff was here, could have been happy in San Whatismame for twenty-seven years."

"A-a-a-h!" said Gomez, making the ejaculation sound like a groan of despair.

Even the Earl of Titterton was able to shed some of his gloom that evening as he, his sister, and President Gomez received the guests at the top of the stairs. The hands of the clock went back; the splendors of the past were revived. Lady Letitia, once again a girl in Edwardian England, glowed with excitement.

Wearing a gown of ruby-colored chiffon, the sunray-pleated skirt spreading gracefully, she moved regally among the guests, a gracious and lovely figure. This was the night of nights. Tomorrow could look after itself.

The dinner, considering the technical difficulties, was excellent, even if the wines were mediocre. "I suggest," said the Earl when the last guests were gone, "that we take away the taste of that corked champagne."

From a cupboard in the library, where they had been warming since noon to some-

thing like room temperature, he produced several decanters of Jubilee port. With them, wiped clean but unopened, was a bottle of the '99 brandy.

"To dear Charles!" said Lady Letitia with her first sip of port.

"To my good friend Charles!" echoed Gomez.

The Earl took his first sip in thoughtful silence.

Lady Letitia made her excuses, leaving the two men together drinking the '99 brandy. She wanted to be alone with her memories.

Several hours later Lady Letitia awakened uncomfy to unaccustomed sounds. Opening her door, she peered over the balustrade into the brilliantly lit hall, whence came sounds of revelry by night.

Now, too late, she regretted having surrendered the key to her brother. The two men were evidently on the best of terms, for gusts of laughter came out of the library where she had left them. Donning her old magenta dressing-gown, she crept downstairs to see what was afoot.

On the centre table in the library, Gomez was unpacking huge piles of money from a black dispatch case and throwing them to the Earl, who thrust them into the dark recess of the open wall safe. The Earl, his sister observed with distaste, was uproariously drunk. Knowing how important it was for him to be abstemious, and caring nothing for her appearance, she went into the library.

"You must excuse me, Your Excellency," she said firmly, addressing herself to Gomez, "but my brother must not drink any more."

The only reply to this was a peal of laughter.

"I insist that you listen to me, Your Excellency," she said, stamping with anger. "Surely," she went on bitterly, "it is enough to have killed one of my brothers. Or must you kill the other, too?"

This, too, was greeted with bellows of laughter.

"William," said Lady Letitia in sheer desperation, "You must come to bed, and tomorrow morning I insist that this—this Gomez leaves the castle."

"Don't be so dashed silly, Letitia," spluttered the Earl. "Gomez isn't here. This is Charles, your brother Charles."

"But where is Gomez?" asked the bewildered Lady Letitia.

"Poor old Gomez was careless," his double replied, chuckling at the memories evoked. "He got suspicious about me and Carlotta—Carlotta was his girl-friend. So what did the dashed idiot do?"

"Well, what did he do?" "Nasty, suspicious mind Gomez had. He tapped my phone and heard me making a date with Carlotta. Jealousy made him careless, see?"

"But what did he do, Charles, if you are Charles?" asked his exasperated sister.

"The silly ass pretended to be me, forgetting that he had given orders for me to be bumped off."

"But how can you be sure of such a thing, Charles?"

"Because the chief of police came to report to me that I'd been liquidated, that's how I'm sure. Made a wonderful job of it, too. Took hours to gather up all the bits. But that's all water under the bridge . . . And now it's good to be home again. Had to come, of course, because I knew it was only a question of time before Bill got hold of that key."

(Copyright)

Do so much for your home for so little money! Choose light fittings by...

 **Kempthorne**



(Illustrated above)
Willow Pendant: A willow theme on glass in tones of coral pink, brown and muted green. All metal finished in satin gold.

So much BEAUTY — by day and night

So EFFICIENT — clear, soft, healthy light

So many EXCITING DESIGNS to choose from

Lighting a new home? You can install Kempthorne light fittings in **every room of your home** for less than it costs to carpet the average lounge room.

Repainting? Don't let old light fittings detract from the glamour of fresh paint. Bring out all the **depth** of colour — with Kempthorne.

Refurnishing? Match your furnishings with lights from the wonderful Kempthorne range — every one designed to give soft, efficient light **without glare**.

You'll be surprised how little it costs to bring home decoration vitally alive with light fittings from Kempthorne.



Tempo Close-to-Ceiling: Satin gold metal. White glass, clear radial lines. Or satin silver. 3 diameters, 10", 13", 16".



Linea Pendant: Murano-type glass. White with champagne, green or tan design. Satin gold metal. Perforated metal cone.



Milano Wall Bracket: Metal in satin silver, gold or copper. With lens or formed glass.



Radiata Pendant: Double bowl pendant. Lower bowl white with clear lines. Upper bowl in white, champagne, green or pink.



Cone Wall Bracket: Single or double cones. Gold or silver. Shade in five colours.



Cascade Pendant: Murano-type glass in white with champagne. Perforated gold-finished cone with high performance lens.

FREE CATALOGUE

Write to Kempthorne Pty. Ltd., Box 133, P.O., Clayton, Victoria, for the colour catalogue illustrating the full range of Kempthorne fittings.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Vic.: J. H. Wilkinson Pty. Ltd., 289 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. N.S.W.: Kempthorne Pty. Ltd., 840 Elizabeth St., Waterloo. Qld.: K. H. Dore & Sons, Box 1083N, G.P.O., Brisbane. S.A.: F. H. Maddern & Co. Ltd., Box 1663M, G.P.O., Adelaide. W.A.: Sales Pty. Ltd., 480 Hay Street, Perth. Tas.: Littler & Collins, Box 885J, G.P.O., Hobart and Box 255, G.P.O., Launceston.

Turned 50?

TAKE VYKMIN ONCE A DAY

— to put balance in your diet



"Everyone over 35 should take Vitamin-Mineral Capsules"

— ADVISE WORLD'S LEADING DIETITIANS

Now—ensure that your retirement will be an active one. Vitamin-Mineral Capsules bring you the natural way to good health and greater energy. That's why it's so necessary to supplement your daily diet with Vykin—vitamin-mineral capsules. Vykin supply a balanced daily intake of vitamins, plus important minerals, so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel and see your health improve — in a very short time.

Remember, this way — the

VYKMIN way — is the natural way to good health!

9 VITAMINS—4 MINERALS

The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.)
Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.)
Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.)
Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.)
Vitamin A (5,000 I.U.)
Vitamin C (300 I.U.)
Vitamin D (750 I.U.)
Vitamin E (1.25 mgs.)
Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mgs.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs.; Calcium, 33.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and Manganese, 0.5 mgs.
Laboratory fresh — hermetically sealed in gold foil.

Vykin Vitamin-Mineral Capsules

AT CHEMISTS ONLY: 2 weeks' supply, 9/6... 4 weeks' supply, 18/-
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE VY150

NEW! Potter & Moore
TALCUM with LANOLIN

c-l-i-n-g-s

ON AND ON!



for freshness always!

Caressing Potter & Moore talcum protects your charm all day long—because it clings on and on. The stay-on secret is lanolin—nature's own softener.

Choose from romantic flower fragrances in the elegant new regency striped tin, 3/11, de-luxe size, 5/11.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Tough in the bush

THE average suburban housewife would wonder what had struck her if she came to live in the country. After she has seen her family off in the morning, she can whip through her housework, then go off on a shopping jaunt or take in a matinee. A country housewife has her husband coming home to lunch and quite often the schoolchildren as well. Those on farms have added jobs to cope with, including cooking for workmen. What's all this about the leisurely country life?

£1/1/- to "Black Stump" (name supplied), Wycheproof, Vic.

Wedding was masked

WE had a masked wedding because of the flu epidemic of early 1919. We had to wear masks all through the ceremony, then through the streets of Sydney to the photographers, only removing them for the actual photo taking. Only 12 people were allowed in the church, including the minister. How many other readers had Masked Weddings?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Morgan, Mascot, N.S.W.

RINGS FOR MEN

I AGREE with Mrs. V. Kellon (Qld.) that married men should be compelled to wear wedding rings—and it's surprising how many do so voluntarily. Apparently a lot of men think it's "sissy," but I didn't even have to suggest it to my husband, he took it for granted—and if he's a "sissy," he's a 6ft. 1in. one!

£1/1/- to "Another Goose" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

I'VE known of married women who remove the ring—men could do the same. If they want to be unfaithful, they will. The only way to "brand them" would be to put the ring through their noses and thumbprint them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Mallon, Rockhampton, Qld.

WOMEN are not compelled to wear wedding rings—they wear them because they are proud and happy to do so. More men are feeling the same way. At two weddings I attended recently, there was a "double ring" ceremony with both bride and groom exchanging rings. It's a very moving and sincere marriage custom in Europe.

£1/1/- to Mr. P. Ash, Atherton, Qld.

Chairs for the elderly

I WAS in a city store waiting to be served when an elderly lady who had been waiting to be served for 10 minutes felt giddy and before I could catch her, or she me, slid to the ground. On asking the only girl serving why they couldn't provide chairs for elderly and crippled people, she said the chairs they had were used by mothers to stand toddlers on; the children crawled on the counters and into mischief—the mothers didn't control them—so the chairs were removed. Stores should label chairs "Elderly Folk Only."

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. A. Jones, Nairne, S.A.

The "mania" misled him

WE hear from many tourists that our overseas propaganda is not good enough. A few months ago, a visitor to Hobart from the U.S. confessed that, before his trip, he thought "Tasmania" was some rare disease. Probably the "mania" led him astray.

£1/1/- to "Tasmanian" (name supplied), Sandy Bay, Tasmania.

It's an old German custom

MANY girls complain of grubby marks on the back of their evening dresses after a ball. We girls in Germany, when going to a ball, always carried with us several satin or silk hankies, which were given to the partner to hold to your dress, so avoiding hand marks. The girls here should do the same and save themselves cleaning costs after a night out.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Ludzik, Corrigin, W.A.

They plan to settle here

A YOUNG family of five—my husband, three daughters aged 13, 11, 9, and myself—we are hoping to be accepted as settlers in your country shortly. We are looking forward to the trip to a new land. I hope some British family who have made a success of their new life read this letter, because the only reports we read are the bad ones from people who have returned home full of grumbles. Although our friends have tried to turn us off the idea, we are determined to make a go of it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. R. Maunders, Gas Works House, Moor Lane, Clevedon, Somerset, England.

He thought baby too dear

ON the arrival of our baby girl, her "big" brother was heard to remark—"Daddy says we have a little girl and she was only five pounds. That's an awful lot to pay for a girl, isn't it?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Brooks, Omeo, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I CAME home the other night with a brown-paper parcel.

It contained a dustpan and broom—not the most exciting of purchases.

My second-youngest daughter rushed up and said: "Can I open it?"

I made no objection, and she went to work. She was as keen as if she expected to find a hula-girl doll or one of those goodest watches in the world.

Even when she came to the dustpan and broom she did not lose enthusiasm. "It's a very modern dustpan," she said.

Her brother came in and complained: "You always open the parcels." Actually he opens them himself whenever he gets a chance.

Our place is a hotbed of parcel-opening.

The parcels that count most are those brought by the postman. You never know what is inside them; they have stamps on the paper, too.

But, failing those, any parcels will do. There is even a rush to open boxes of clothing back from the cleaner's.

I sympathise with the craze to some

UNDO-IT-YOURSELF

extent, because a parcel makes anyone feel curious. It is a particularly mean trick to send people bombs in parcels, as bad characters sometimes do.

Opening parcels, other than those



containing bombs, was more fun when they were all tied with string. Sticky tape, though a handy invention, has taken some of the suspense away.

I used to enjoy trying to undo a tricky knot. Only when the tension was unbearable would I give up and grab the scissors.

But I don't remember being so wrapped up in unwrapping as children are now. They have grown up

in the great age of gift-packaging. Undoing a parcel is nearly as important to them as what is inside.

That's why there is such a row when someone undoes a parcel meant for someone else. Oh, the uproar when my son opened the box of paints left by Auntie Nan as a present for his sister! He said he thought it was a cardboard space-rocket he had sent in Korny-Bix coupons for; but the explanation was not accepted.

On Christmas Day, the peak time for unwrapping, the house is knee-deep in colored paper. We used to save the best pieces and use them again, but we don't any more. We didn't like the look of gifts from other people wrapped in paper they had saved from things we gave them.

Sometimes I feel the wrapping business has gone too far. On Christmas Night I wonder if it's only a paper-wrapped moon, fastened with sticky tape.

But you have to move with the times and keep on wrapping. Most people would look a gift-horse in the mouth today if it was not gift-packaged.

hairspray that high, smooth styles must have. "Hold it!" fashion says . . . and that is precisely what Gossamer does — without stickiness, or lacquer. Now two Gossamer sprays incorporate the newest refinements. Now you can choose the one 'tailored' to the special needs of **your** hairstyle and **your** hair.

HAIR STYLE BY PETER HANLON

NEW
Gossamer
sprays for
fashion's
newest hairdos

now your favourite
hairspray comes in
two new formulas.

One exactly right
for your hair.



New Gossamer Supersoft

An incredibly soft, fine Gossamer for easy-to-manage hair. It holds like a charm, but so softly you'd never guess it was there.

New Gossamer Invisible Net

New regular-strength Gossamer for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hairdos. Unique refinements give the extra control fashion demands.

Both completely free from stickiness or lacquer.

ST261-60

HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN



ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly... after one lather... your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair!

Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo



Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

Page 32

Meeting life as an adult

From page 4

- If you have answered the Maturity Quiz on Page 4 you know how adult is your attitude to many of life's problems.

HOW should emotionally mature people react to the situations posed in the quiz?

- Do you feel that others have a grudge against you — that they are trying to stop you from doing well in the world?

If you answer "yes" very definitely, then you have a persecution complex. Someone may be trying to harm you. But most people are not thinking about you—they are thinking of themselves.

The adult attitude is to go ahead and work out your problems as best you can, giving the other person the benefit of the doubt. This will relieve the feeling of fear and inferiority.

Excuses

- Do you feel you possess talents that are not recognised by others—that if given the chance you could really succeed? Do you think your lack of opportunities as a child have kept you down?

"Yes" means that you are blaming something which is past to justify your present lack of accomplishment.

The adult attitude is to face up to difficulties as they come; not to justify them with excuses, but to try to overcome them.

- Have you become disillusioned about life in general? Do you feel that life isn't worth while? Do you think most people are hypocrites?

Even emotionally mature people will sometimes answer "yes" to these questions.

But the adult attitude is an understanding of the limitations of others. The adult knows there is always something in the world worth striving for — and, if he considers the other person's viewpoint, he can understand why the other person feels and acts as he does.

- Are your feelings easily hurt? Do you sulk? Do you find it impossible to take a joke on yourself?

The adult attitude here is the objective one. He analyses other people's remarks impersonally. He has no strong emotional reaction; he tries to understand and appreciate the total situation.

- When the subject of sex is brought up, do you begin to get uneasy and try to change the conversation to some other subject?

The adult attitude is to be as objective about sex as you would about any other matter. The adult looks on sex as something to be understood; he can discuss it so even the most sensitive person is not offended.

- Do you gossip? Do you like talking about the shortcomings of others—about the wickedness of the younger generation?

The adult realises that everyone has weaknesses. He appreciates the fact that gossip is destructive.

Inferiority

- Do you try to cover up your failures? Do your failures make you feel inferior?

The adult takes failure as a guide to future success, with no feelings of inferiority. He analyses the failure and tries not to make the same mistake again.

For the record, perhaps no one is absolutely mature in thinking, feeling, and acting. It is all a matter of degree.

If you want to be mature, learn to disregard your feelings. Don't take them too seriously.

They should be used merely to spur you on. Your intelligence must be your guide till you have your own feelings under control.

The emotionally mature person understands life sufficiently to be able to solve its problems in an efficient manner as each problem arises.

Then that person is an adult — who stands on his own feet, conquers his disappointments, controls his temper, acts on his own initiative, has confidence in himself, and is poised and self-sufficient.

Special offer

TWO AUSTRALIA BOOKS FOR 7/6

- In a special offer in time to catch the overseas Christmas mail, "The Australian Year" and "Australia From The Air" — our last two Australia books — are now on sale for 7/6 the two.

Both are 64-page books, magnificently color-illustrated. "The Australian Year" shows the changing face of the continent through the four seasons. "Australia From The Air" features the vastness and variety of the Australian countryside, industry, and interests in aerial photographs.

Simply fill in the order form and address label below. For 7/6, both books will be sent post free to any address in the world. The offer is available at our offices in capital cities.

ORDER FORM		ADDRESS LABEL	
Special offer: "The Australian Year" and "Australia From The Air," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.		Special offer: "The Australian Year" and "Australia From The Air."	
Please DISPATCH... sets of special offers of "The Australian Year" and "Australia From The Air," price 7/6 a set (post free). I enclose £..... cheque/postal note.		PRINTED MATTER ONLY	
Name of sender		Name	
Address		Address	
State		State	
Country		Country	
Sender		Sender	
If requiring more than one special offer, attach list, giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.		If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.	

BEAUTIFUL BABIES

● Lovely babies from all States were among the early entrants in the £2860 National Baby Contest. Entries are pouring in daily. The quest is for Australia's finest, healthiest baby, and valuable prizes are offered.

At the right on this page are photographs of some of the first batch of entrants.

These photographs were chosen at random and publication has no bearing whatever on the judging of the contest, in which every entrant has an equal chance.

The baby who is judged first in all Australia will receive £1005 cash, a dream prize every Christmas until the age of 12, and then a £500 secondary-school education bursary, to be paid as school fees.

The second prize winner will receive a total of £405 cash and the third a total of £355 cash.

Each of 24 areas throughout Australia will be judged in three age groups: (1) Up to six months; (2) 7-12 months; (3) 13-18 months.

THE PRIZES

£5 cash to each area age-group winner.

£250 cash to each State prizewinner chosen from among area prizewinners.

£750 cash to the first national prizewinner, "dream" gifts suited to the child's age every Christmas till the age of 12, and then the bursary for secondary-school education; £150 cash to the second national winner; and £100 cash to the third.

National winners, chosen from the State winners, will already have won £250 State and £5 area prizes, so their total cash prizes are: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

All State winners will be announced in

The Australian Women's Weekly dated November 2 and National winners in the November 16 issue.

HOW TO ENTER

Simply send a snapshot or photograph of your baby to the address shown in the entry form on this page, to reach there no later than September 23.

While all photographs will be eligible, it is recommended that a minimum size of five by three inches be submitted to aid judging.

Photographs should be full-length and show the child's face and physique clearly.

An entry form, properly filled out, must be securely fixed to the back of the photograph before forwarding.

The national judges are two child specialists and the matron of a large obstetrics hospital.

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest will close with the last mail on September 23. Entries must be posted to arrive at National Baby Contest, Box 7074, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries will be considered after this date.
2. Each entry will be judged on physical development as well as appearance.
3. All photographs become the property of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and will be returned, but no responsibility will be accepted.
4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Area prizewinners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. The State finalists will be notified by phone or telegram.
6. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and agencies associated with the contest are not eligible to enter.
7. The State Finalists to be available in respective State capitals from October 14 to October 19. Each State winner to be available in Sydney from October 30 to November 9. Expenses covering this trip, including air fares and first-class accommodation for mother and child, will be paid by the Heinz Company.

Some early entrants



CHARMING study of Virginia Taylor, whose parents live at Watt Street, East Bentleigh, Victoria. At the time of entry, Virginia, then a little less than 18 months old, weighed 27lb. 6oz.



STURDY Wayne Lindsay Meckiff, son of fast bowler Ian Meckiff and Mrs. Meckiff, Rosemary Rd., Beaumaris, Victoria. Born in April, 1959, Wayne weighs 28lb. His height is 36 inches.

NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

Organised by
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
in conjunction with the
H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.

ENTRY FORM

AGE GROUP ☐ up to 6 months ☐ 7 to 12 months ☐ 13 to 18 months
at time of entry (tick correct group).

PLEASE PRINT:

Child's Surname.....

Child's Christian Name.....

Sex.....

Date of Birth.....

Weight at Birth.....

Weight at Present.....

Length at Birth.....

Length at Present.....

Date of Entry.....

Mother's Name (surname last).....

Address..... State.....

Address all entries to:

NATIONAL BABY CONTEST,
BOX 7074, G.P.O., SYDNEY,
N.S.W.

Important

This form must be securely fixed to back of photograph before forwarding.



MANLY pose is taken by Lewis Bodo Klement, 16½ months old, weight 27lb. His parents live in Cedar Ave., Campbelltown, South Australia. He's 31½ in. tall now. Was 22 inches long at birth.



LAUGHING "baby" of the group is Robert Thomas Cordingley, born in February this year. Weight at entry, 15lb. 12oz. Height, 25½ inches. Parents live in Miles St., Toowoomba, Queensland.

Happy idea for better family breakfasts



Give them full-bodied nutrition, lasting energy the THREE WEET-BIX BREAKFAST WAY! Topped with fresh or stewed fruit, sugar and milk, WEET-BIX is the munchiest, crunchiest, most downright delicious breakfast you've ever tasted. Health-giving too, because every Weet-Bix biscuit is 100% whole wheat, including the precious wheat heart, enriched with malt and additional Vitamin B₁. Everyone needs WEET-BIX ... everyone loves WEET-BIX! Why not try this best of breakfasts — tomorrow!

'CAVALCADE OF CARS' PICTURE PLATES FREE

Boys and girls — watch for glorious colour picture plates of today's most popular cars in every packet of Weet-Bix and other Sanitarium cereals. Collect them all, and mount them in the great new "Cavalcade of Cars" album — only 6d. at all grocers.

WEET-BIX are wonderful

PRE-SUMMER DRESSMAKING

● Here, and overleaf, are fashions in the season's newest styling. A paper pattern, in stock sizes, is available for each design. Order now for easy home sewing. Address orders to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



5788.—Spring suit designed with a tunic jacket. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

5787.—Many-occasion party-dress combines a moulded bodice and wide skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.



5789.—High fashion in suit styling—a bare-armed jacket and slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5786.—New-look shirtwaist dress featuring a long-torso line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

Make these from our patterns



5755.—A chic look for summer—a dress with a low-at-the-back neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5757. — Pretty sleeve "dressing" for a one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. fabric and 2½yds. 2in. pleated nylon edging. Price 4/6.



● These six designs offer some of the prettiest ideas for budget sewing. Address pattern orders to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 14, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**PATTERNS FOR
SEVEN-PIECE
SUMMER
WARDROBE
... pages 8, 9**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Boys are rough diamonds

IT is a great pity that there are no finishing-schools for boys. Our town has just acquired one for girls. What of the poor old boys? They have to learn to have a little "savoir faire" and polish as well as girls (even though it be of a different type). I think that it would be a considerable help to many uncertain young men and a great asset in business, as so much depends on the impression that is made nowadays.—*"Polish Off," Albury, N.S.W.*

No more rockets

WHY is so much of a nation's finance virtually wasted on rockets and so-called defence? Even if these exploits improve conditions for earthlings in the future by giving them another planet to inhabit, this expenditure is not justified. If scientists wish to improve conditions for us, they should get down to earth and provide satisfactory solutions for other problems, such as over-population. Even if they think that the world's existing fuel reserves are running out, they should put the money into nuclear development instead of rocket construction.—*Peter J. Curtin, Geelong, Vic.*

Valuable lessons

THE value of school subjects is as follows:—From practical English we are taught the proper use of our own language, from Literature we are taught to question and "appreciate" everything we read. Of History it is said that "to understand the present we must understand the past." From Geography we learn of the living conditions, problems, and customs of the world's people. Mathematics teaches us patience, application, and accuracy in all we do. An understanding and appreciation of ourselves and the scientific world into which we are growing is gained from Biology and Physics and Chemistry. Economics gives us knowledge of our country as a whole and will help us to vote wisely when we reach 21. Study itself teaches us that to achieve any goal in life, sacrifices must be made.—*Marty Cragg, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Red laughs last

UP to the time I turned 12, my school-friends taunted me with such names as "Blue," "Carrots," and similar names. Now I've got the last laugh. Many of my friends have dyed their hair red and think it's wonderful.—*"Redhead," Lakemba, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Teen hospital

IT would be great to have a teenage hospital in the cities. When a teenage girl or boy is admitted to any hospital they find it very monotonous.—*"Teenager," Coffs Harbour, N.S.W.*

Hate city life

I WOULD love to work in the country, as I hate city life. I'm 18 years old and have been in the city all my life or most of it. Would I find it hard in the country? I love horses and do as much riding as possible.—*Dorothy Newton, Moogerah Dam, Qld.*

Rings for boys?

RECENTLY I wanted to use some of the money given to me for my 14th birthday to buy a ring—one of those big, square black-and-gold types. But my parents would not allow me to, saying it was not suitable for a boy to wear a ring. I cannot see anything wrong with it. Are my parents right?—*"Gary," Concord, N.S.W.*

Male vanity

BOYS think that girls spend most of their time in front of the mirror. I am 16 and have no brothers, but my girlfriend's brother spends most of his time at the mirror, combing his hair and eyebrows or looking for pimples. And when I go to the milk bar, the first thing the boys do when they walk in is look in the mirrors on the walls.—*"C.M.," Auburn, N.S.W.*

Phys. Ed. exams

IN France, Physical Education is included in students' final examinations. I think it would be a good idea if it was included in Australian school examinations, too. We are a sport-loving country, and it would also make the exams more interesting.—*"B.B.," Cooebe, Tas.*

For art's sake

ART appreciation should be taught in all secondary schools. We need not have a great deal of technical knowledge to appreciate art, but we should be able to recognise good painting, architecture, and sculpture.—*"Jenny," Balgowlah, N.S.W.*

Proud of age

WHY do so many parents keep their ages secret from their children? To be constantly told that your mother is 21 is ridiculous. Nowadays, the old-fashioned idea that a person's age matters—especially a woman's—is stupid. We should be proud of our age and not try to hide it.—*Margaret Stock, Beaumaris, Vic.*



Robert Lindquist

Please yourself

I WRITE in sympathy with Merle Robinson (T.W., 10/8/60). As one of the opposite sex, I find exactly the same problem. I have gone out with one girl two or three times, and from this I have been expected to be a "steady." I, too, have been called a two-timer and a flirt in circumstances such as Merle mentioned. It seems to me that we teenagers are in an awkward position and can only defeat it by pleasing ourselves instead of worrying about other people's views.—*Robert Lindquist, Torrensville, S.A.*

Refugees need our charity first

HAVING been a refugee in

Europe for two years, I would like you to know just what it is like. The first few weeks we all had to live with 200 other people in one room. Later, when there was room, we lived with 20 to 40 people together in one room until we left the camp. Mattresses were made from sacks and straw. Food was very little. Refugees have only the clothes they wear, so you can imagine them finding a skirt that has only been worn one year by its owner. To them it is like a dress straight from the shop. These people truly need help, and you don't know how grateful they are for every penny. Money which you can spare should surely go first to those who need it most, and nobody in Australia needs it as much. This photo (see below) is a memory of the camp we lived in for two years with 26 people together.—*Ursula Schmidt, Brisbane.*



INSIDE the refugee camp room in which 26 people, including Ursula Schmidt, lived for two years.

● *Charity begins at home in Australia, according to Patricia Mathew (T.W. 3/8/60), who suggests we should clothe and house Australians before giving money for refugees overseas. Readers definitely do not agree.*

AUSTRALIA today is one of the privileged countries of the world; we have no extreme poverty, and at the moment there is full employment. We can afford to assist in alleviating the plight of the world's refugees. Neglecting to help the refugees would be extremely short-sighted, as well as self-centred. Australia is no longer a remote country. What happens in Europe, or in any other part of the world affects us. Today all countries are inter-dependent, so that it is a matter of necessity for Australia to share in helping to cure the world's problems. To develop, Aus-

tralia needs to increase her population, and many of the refugees become useful citizens.—*Susanna Short, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

REFUGEES have no country, no government to which they can appeal, no hope of living anywhere but in a refugee camp. Fifteen years ago, many young people without families, home, or country were given shelter in these camps. They had nothing, and nowhere to go. They are still there, some having married and reared families. After 15 years their hope for new life must be wearing a little thin. The future of these millions of people, adults and children of all ages, is dependent on what the countries who are raising money for the "World Refugee Year" appeal can do for them.—*H. Watson, Yarrowonga, Vic.*

I ONLY know the refugees of Europe, and they are people like ourselves. They feel, they suffer, they long to build futures for their children. I wish we could take more of them. But if we can't, then let us give them a little of the surplus we don't need. I hope there aren't many people in Australia who feel

like Patricia Mathew. Even in their teens, people shouldn't want everything for themselves and grudge a crust to the starving or a roof to people often living in quarters we wouldn't give our pigs.—*Kay Glasson Taylor, Palmwoods, Qld.*

WHEN we help to house and clothe these refugees, we are also increasing our population and improving our industries. These refugees are helping Australia, not harming it.—*A. Brinton, Killarney, Qld.*

BECAUSE Patricia Mathew happens to have been born in a free country and has never experienced war, she thinks that giving money to help support people less fortunate than herself is wasting it. She probably has a home to live in that has belonged to her family for years. But what about the poor people, who, through no fault of their own, have been forced to leave their homes, friends, and countries?—*Miss I. Grass, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.*

REFUGEES are not simply poor people needing help. They are helpless people needing hope, needing a way of life instead of a suspended sentence, needing a country and a future. I realise that it must be difficult to grasp the plight of these wretched beings when it has not been observed first-hand, but we must do our best to remedy their plight.—*M. Gascoigne, Canberra.*

FROM LARRY FOLEY, in New York

Brian struck by itsy bit of lightning

● In American show business, success often strikes like lightning—indiscriminately and without warning. After it has struck, people ask: "Why him?" and the victim, too, if he is able to think about it at all, may ask: "Why me?"

THE latest to be singled out by the thunderbolt of fame and fortune is 16-year-old Brian Hyland, of Woodhaven, Queens, New York.

Hyland was just an ordinary high-school boy who worked in the local supermarket during school holidays.

In his spare time he was a bit of a rock singer at neighborhood dances and parties.

Then he recorded "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini."

The novelty of baby talk in rock-'n-roll was just too much for the sub-teenagers and early teenagers, whose tastes dominate the American record industry.

Hyland's version of "Itsy Bitsy" sold 900,000 copies in less than six weeks, according to the firm, Kapp Records, of New York.

As a result, instead of spending his last school holidays working in the supermarket, Brian went on tour. He sang in about 30 cities and towns in the U.S.

Dick Clark signed him for his national network TV show and Jackie Gleason signed him for a TV spectacular.

"Bashful Blond"

If Brian goes the way of the others, he'll have to wind up in Hollywood.

His promoters have a ready-made tag for him: "The Bashful Blond." That's what his mates at Woodhaven call him. No press-agent could have dreamed up a better one. His promoters did not try. His firm released his first LP album—of well-known hits—under the

title: "Brian Hyland, the Bashful Blond."

Brian is an average-sized kid with reddish-blond hair and the undistinguished, ordinary looks that the record industry favors these days.

The matinee-idol type with the highly trained voice has gone; nobody wants him any more.

The most likely star today is the ordinary-looking kid with the ordinary-sounding voice whose appearance on stage makes everyone in the audience think: "Gee, that could be me up there"—which it certainly could.

Choirboy at 9

Brian started singing at the age of nine in the choir of St. Thomas the Apostle, in Woodhaven, an upper-working-class suburb.

At 12 he organised a vocal group of five called The Delphis.

With a growing popularity among local teenagers, The Delphis made a demonstration record and tried to interest Broadway record firms.

An agent heard Brian singing in the lobby of a Tin Pan Alley building and took him to see bandleader Sammy Kaye.

Kaye's arranger, Bugs Bower, liked Brian's style, but was not interested in the rest of the group.

Brian said nothing doing, but the other four told him not to be a dope and urged him to go ahead without them.

Then Dave Kapp, head of Kapp Records, heard him and gave him a contract.

Last February Brian recorded "Rosemary" for Kapp and it sold about 20,000 copies. Not bad for a beginner.



Then came a big break. A song-writing team, Vance and Pockriss, was looking for a well-known star to record a tune they were sure would be a hit. Kapp prevailed on them to let Brian sing it. The tune was "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini."

As a result Brian is now rolling in dough.

He is still enrolled at high school in Brooklyn, but his teachers do not let him sing at school functions lest he cause a riot.

He still plays football and baseball around home and goes bowling, fishing, and swimming with his friends.

And he has ideas about what to do with his money. He wants to pay for a college education for his six brothers and one sister, and visit Rome and Egypt.

On return to school, after their three-month mid-year holidays, American kids usually have to write a "What I did during the vacation" composition.

This time Brian, for one, will not have to chew on his pen for long.

● Turn to page 16 for a color pin-up of Brian.

BRIAN HYLAND, "The Bashful Blond," with Dave Kapp, who arranged for him to record "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini." The disc shot to the top of the Australian hit parades within weeks of its release. Below, Brian serves a customer in the supermarket where he worked in school holidays before hitting the rock-'n-roll jackpot.



Building church on rock (and roll)

By Winifred Munday

● "We want this to be a halfway house — halfway between the street corner and the church," said the Rev. Alan Walker, of the Central Methodist Mission.

ON STAGE rock artist Adam, in candy-pink evening suit, was singing "Happy Go Lucky Me," crowds of teenagers stood around the microphone clapping out the beat, as Mr. Walker and I discussed the Mission's latest and most daring attempt to provide Saturday entertainment for some of Sydney's 100,000 teenagers.

Teenage Cabaret, held at the Mission's Fellowship House in Castlereagh Street, was now a regular Saturday night date. Five hundred teenagers packed the dance floor, and outside in the torrential rain disappointed boys and girls were being turned away.

"The response has been better than we dared hope," said Mr. Walker. "Sixty of our young Yokefellow members have worked for weeks to put on this show. They've been around milk bars and street corners distributing handbills, the choir have practised rock-'n-roll hymns, and, most of all, they have prayed for its success."

Hymns with a beat

Every week the Mission brings top-line recording and pop stars to the stage of Fellowship House. Col Joye, Johnny O'Keefe, Dig Richards and others have promised support for the Teenage Cabaret, appearing for a nominal fee which barely covers their out-of-pocket expenses.

Each week, around 10 o'clock, the dozen-strong choir of boys and girls sing rock-'n-roll hymns, arranged by Mrs. Joan Hook. Her husband, Bill, directs Fellowship House. She is a music teacher at Fort Street Girls' High School.

For this session Joan had devised a beaty version of "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour" to the tune of "Sink the Bismarck," and "I've Found a Friend" to the pop tune "Running Bear." Then came a jazzy spiritual, "Rock 'a My Soul."

Recording artist Ray Melton went into "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," and Adam's "Just a Closer Walk With Thee" put the teenage audience just in the right frame of mind for Mr. Walker's four-minute speech.

He talked of the rightness of the present teenage generation's liking for pop rhythms and dancing, and admonished them that they could "keep in step dancing with God."



THE REV. ALAN WALKER, of the Central Methodist Mission, dispensing soft drinks at the Teenage Cabaret.



RAY MELTON, one of the first artists to appear at Fellowship House.



MEMBERS of the Methodist Mission's choir sing well-known old hymns and spirituals to a rock-'n-roll rhythm.

Teenage cabaret popular in Brisbane

IN Brisbane every Saturday more than 300 boys and girls have a night out at the Teenage Cabaret run by the West End Methodist Church.

After talking with young people in the district earlier this year, the Rev. Arthur Preston realised that they wanted more than the church was offering — they wanted action and games and a bit of fun.

So he gave them action.

Within weeks he had remodelled his church hall into a posh cabaret, complete with soft-drink bar, hamburger stall, and a games arcade.

And as soon as it opened four months ago, the kids streamed in from the local street corners and milk bars.

Mr. Preston says that their behaviour has become quieter and that more than 20 have become regular churchgoers.

And one 18-year-old rock-'n-roll singer, Danny Everingham, from Bonalbo, New South Wales, has become a lay preacher in the church.

"A real Pat Boone type of boy," said Mr. Preston. "He switches from rock to sacred songs with a beat and preaches in church on Sundays."

"Every Saturday night I close the cabaret with an invitation for all to join me in church next day."



"And now," he ended, "I hadn't intended to do this, but let us just say a little prayer in thanks for this wonderful evening," and 500 pairs of eyes were reverently downcast and closed.

At the end of the prayer the applause was tumultuous, and then—back to rocking and rolling.

Mr. Walker told me that the Teenage Cabaret idea started in Brisbane, with the Rev. Arthur Preston, of the West End Mission. Its success (reported on the opposite page) inspired the move in Sydney.

He said, "When I was in America in January I was very impressed by the development of modern rhythms in hymns which have been pioneered there. We have had the stately Victorian type of hymn for too long.

"The youngsters want modern rhythm and if we can use them as a point of contact to bring these youngsters into the church, then I feel we are entitled to do it.

"There's nothing wrong with modern

youth and their passion for rock and roll. In fact, today's dancing is much less sensual and harmful than that of previous generations.

Everyone welcome

"Anyone, whether they belong to our church or not, will be welcome on Saturday nights. They will be free to attend our Sunday services or not as they wish.

"But, naturally, we are offering entertainment with a purpose. That purpose is the Christian Church and if we can get even a few of these teenagers to come to our regular Sunday night meetings at the Lyceum we feel the Saturday sessions will have served their purpose."

I wandered out of the ground-floor rock session and found that many "outsiders," in no way connected with the Methodist Mission, had trickled up to the other two floors and joined in the activities there.

On the first floor, groups of teenagers were sitting at little candle-lit tables, covered with gay red-and-green-checked gingham cloths, sipping soft drinks and eating hamburgers.

To one side, behind an opaque glass partition, was the tiny chapel. Inside, several of the Mission's teenage workers were praying for the success of their evening's efforts. The altar was a simple table covered with a gold cloth. A crucifix stood in the centre. At one side of it was a single daffodil in a slim vase, on the other side a single burning candle.

On the second floor, teenage couples sat hand-in-hand in the television room, watching a comedy show. Next door, others played indoor bowls, billiards, darts, table tennis.

Downstairs the cabaret continued, conducted by a 19-year-old compere whom I took at first to be a professional, so competent was he at the job. But he turned out to be Ray Brown, training for the Methodist Ministry.

BETWEEN cabaret turns, the teenagers can rock and jive to a lively instrumental jazz group, regular feature of the Saturday-night sessions.

Beside him, leading a rhythmic clapping session to Ray Melton's version of "Personality," was the Rev. Ted Noffs in scarlet wool cardigan. "Put on your sunglasses if it hurts your eyes," he quipped.

Besides a regular line-up of top teenager entertainers, future plans include talent contests, when members of the audience will be invited up to entertain, and with the highlights of the evening's show going out on a radio network.

It wouldn't surprise me if Teenage Cabaret became the most popular Saturday night spot for teenagers in town. Certainly, with a 4/- entrance fee, it offers good value.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5



You wonder why she joined the committee
When all she does is sit and look pretty!



Give a party and she's first in the fun.
You'll wait forever for her to give one!



She gets her greatest kick
Stealing Harry, Tom, or Dick!

HOW *not*

TO BE

POPULAR



Her major source of satisfaction
Stems from being the main attraction!



Yaketeyak . . . she's spreading dirt,
Rest assured someone gets hurt!

WITH

GIRLS



She's unpredictable as rain or sun,
Depend on her to spoil your fun.



Play tennis? Go walking? Find boys?
She's always too tired for simple joys.



"The show was lousy" . . . "The spaghetti's a failure."
She's the greatest complainer in all Australia.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Eight years ago Australian Marie Collier, whose fine soprano voice can be heard singing the tragic title-role in a new "Madame Butterfly" (H.M.V. LP), was working as a chemist's assistant in the Melbourne suburb of Hawthorn.

CONDUCTOR Joseph Post, who was looking for fresh talent for a season of Australian opera, auditioned Marie, and two months later she made a triumphant operatic debut in the leading role of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

For some seasons past the Ballarat-born soprano has been with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and earlier this year won high praise for her "Tosca," which she sang as guest artist with the Sadler's Wells Opera Company.

Also heard with Marie on the "Butterfly" recording are Charles Craig (Pinkerton), Ann Robson (Suzuki), and Gwyn Griffiths (Sharpless). The Sadler's Wells Orchestra is conducted by Bryan Backwill.



Marie Collier

this disc in Sydney, where they had a lot of success on TV and in nightclubs, and also went north for a season on Queensland's Gold Coast.

ON a new Rex 45 Dig Richards offers a pair of slow, romantic tunes in "My Little Lover" and "Quarrels" (Are a Sad, Sad Thing). There's not much of the old "Real Gone Annie Laurie" boy left on this pairing, which will please some fans and disappoint others. With Dig are the R'Jays and the Rex Strings.

Pops: Top Rank had the bright idea of throwing four rival groups together on the one LP and letting them fight it out for honors under the title of "Battle of the Groups." The Isley Brothers get the lion's share of space, with five tracks; The Dubs — not as well-known here as in the States — have four numbers; The Flamingos do "At the Prom" and "I'll Shed a Tear at Your Wedding," while Little Anthony and the Imperials put all their faith in "River Path." It's an idea that might be copied by other labels.

"HAPPY SHADES OF Blue" (Top Rank 45), a cheerful foot-tapper, should put 20-year-old Massachusetts boy Freddy Cannon back into circulation after a break during which he made a highly successful English tour. The rock-a-cha-cha flip, "Cuernavaca," fits in neatly with the bright mood.

IT'S a different shade of the same color for The Kalin Twins, Herb and Hal, who find it's a "Blue, Blue Town" (Festival 45). There's a definite teen sound about this one, even though "True to You" is just another flip.

THE latest from Neil Sedaka, "Run, Samson, Run" (R.C.A. 45), skips along to a catchy tune and has something of a novelty appeal as well, with all Samsons being advised to run from treacherous Delilahs. The delightful ballad flip, "You Mean Everything to Me," is well worth playing in its own right.

WANT to hear the voice that brings former London-markets boy Tommy Bruce £360 a week instead of his old, pre-discovery £14? Tommy's English chart hit "Ain't Misbehavin'" is on a Columbia 45, with "Got the Water Boilin'." Try to figure it out for yourself.

Humor: Like to make your own discoveries and to get on to things before the rest of your crowd? If you do I suggest you discover the John D. Burt-Terry Bissaker recording team and their "The Little Beat Bongoes" — "The Psychiatrist" (H.M.V. 45).

Classical: Seldom-touched musical heights are triumphantly scaled by Vladimir Horowitz in his playing of two Beethoven piano sonatas, the F Minor ("Appassionata") and "Sonata No. 7" on a magnificent R.C.A. LP.

(AMDEN makes "Ezio Pinza Sings Italian Songs" the uninspiring and uninformative title of an LP that presents the celebrated basso in a recital of early (mainly 17th and 18th century) Italian songs, many of them of great beauty and interest to those who like this kind of music.

WORTH HEARING

BRAHMS: Double Concerto

BRAHMS and his great friend Joseph Joachim, one of the foremost violinists of that time, quarrelled in later years because Brahms, who was always more honest than tactful, took the part of Joachim's wife in the violinist's domestic disagreements.

But they were reconciled, largely through the influence of this concerto for violin, cello, and orchestra, which was one of Brahms' last orchestral works.

It was written for Joachim and a famous cellist, Hausmann, and dedicated to Joachim.

A concerto with more than one soloist was something of a freak in the 'eighties of last century, when this work was written, although it was common in the days of Bach and the idea had been revived by Mozart and Beethoven. In Brahms' mellow, lyrical concerto the combination of two instruments gives the music great warmth and richness.

There are two first-rate recordings, one by David Oistrakh and Pierre Fournier with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Alceo Galliera (Columbia) and another by Alfredo Campoli and Andre Navarre with the Halle Orchestra under Barbirolli (Pye).

—Martin Long

Denis Gibbons teaches his three-year-old daughter, Katrine, to play the guitar.



A young man of many jobs

● Denis Gibbons, who has just launched his first 12in. album of folk songs, is a Melbourne radio announcer.

BUT before making his mark on the air and on discs, he was a real Jack-of-all-trades.

His first contact with the radio business was as a laborer in Adelaide, wiring up radio parts he hadn't a clue about.

Later he sold nuts and bolts, managed a bicycle shop (when he was only 17), drove interstate trucks, and worked in a motor factory, the P.M.G. and

Immigration Departments, and a vacuum-cleaner factory.

Then, after completing a 10-month night-school course on broadcasting in three months, he joined the announcing staff of a country radio station.

The handsome jacket of his new album carries a painting of himself and his three-year-old daughter, Katrine, by Victorian artist Charles Bush.

Titled "Trads and Anons," the disc is a cosmopolitan collection of folk songs including the Dutch "Jan Himmerk," the Irish "Spinning Wheel," the Australian "Bold Tommy Payne," "Dying Stockman," and "Wild Colonial Boy," the English "Early One Morning," and the Scottish "Skye Boat Song." Denis' recently released single "The Drover's Dream" has another airing on the LP. This number's origin is uncertain, but Denis learned it from his wife's father, Mick Carey, who used to be a shearer.

"Most of the numbers have been recorded before, but all the arrangements are definitely different," Denis said.

The first of Denis' six singles, "Jamaican Farewell," sold 20,000 copies.

In addition to his announcing and recording, Denis also sings in variety shows, on TV, and does school radio broadcasts for the Education Department, singing folk songs while a compere explains them.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

Digest of new discs

ALL members of the Popular Record Club receive a free copy of the club's monthly Digest.

This keeps them up to date with all releases of the club's 30/- LP discs as well as its new series of 10/- EPs.

It costs nothing to join the club, so fill in this coupon and send to Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

I wish to join the Popular Record Club and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases.

Mr. _____

Mrs. _____

Miss _____

Address _____

State _____

Interchangeable summer

Here is a scoop for Australian teenagers—casuals. The wardrobe includes seven pattern is available for each garment. Take orders to Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. name and address in b



5774. Shirt - blouse made in checked cotton and worn with its shirt-tails tied at waist level. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.

5794. New short-cut shorts. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 27in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.



5774. Here's the same shirt-b blouse again, this time worn boy-fashion. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.

5775. Slim-jim slacks. Sizes 24, 25, 26, and 27in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

wardrobe

planned wardrobe of summer
separate interchangeable units, and a paper
The you pick and order now. Address
Sydney. Please state size required and write your
ess in block letters.



5793. Blouse with easy back yoke and long sleeves. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.

5773. Slender-line skirt. Sizes 24, 25, 26, and 27in. waist. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.



5792. Cool, bare-armed jumper top. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.

5772. Slender skirt with low-slung back pleat. Sizes 24, 25, 26, and 27in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/3.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Age difference

"I AM 15 years old and for the past couple of months I've been keeping company with a boy of 18. He has a car and he also lives across the road from our place. My mother knows I go out with him (I have no father) and his parents know about me. His little brother often comes over to our place, too. But the trouble is, he said recently that we must not go out together any more because of the difference in our ages, which is three years and two months. Can you please help us? Should we break up or is three years nothing? We only go out together once a week, or sometimes twice. I've left school and am working for a big town firm."

"Worried," N.T.

The difference in your ages couldn't matter less when you are older, but it is most important now. No girl under 16 should have a steady relationship with a boy of 18, because it can lead to occasions which both of them may regret.

Australian law frowns on romantic attachments which might lead to a serious physical outcome for girls under 16. Evidently you are lucky enough to have a boy who realises that your relationship could lead to trouble and wants to end it before this happens. You should accept his suggestion.

When a boy tells you he thinks you should call the whole thing off he means he wants to end your association for some reason or other. The reason he gives for it may not necessarily be the true one; but a nice boy, and this one you speak of is obviously nice, gives an excuse that saves your face and let's you both continue to be friends.

It is the hardest thing in the world to accept, in fact it often nearly breaks

your heart. But the dreadful thing is that unless you accept his suggestion with some degree of grace, he'll get rid of you anyway and never want to see you again.

If you agree with him, and accept the suggestion without turning the situation into high drama, he will be grateful to you and inclined to think a great deal more of you. It might take him a considerable time to find this out, but it does happen.

Wave trouble

"I AM a girl of 15 and have permed hair. I love swimming and go every week in summer. My hair makes it very unenjoyable because I don't wear a bathing cap and when my hair gets wet it goes very curly. Could you please tell me what to do about this, as I dislike looking like Frizzy Lizzy! I can't cut the perm out because short hair doesn't suit me."

F.L., Qld.

Buy a bathing cap and learn to wear it. Quite apart from the perm, only the greatest beauty can afford to come out of the water looking like a seal with her hair plastered down with water. Wearing or not wearing a bathing cap is only a matter of habit; be sensible and learn to wear one.

Love quarrels

"I AM 18 and in love with a boy of 19. We have been going steady for seven months and plan to get engaged early next year. Lately we have been arguing over little things and it is always my fault. Last week we had a row and he became very upset and said I'd broken his heart. He thinks the world of me and I know I love him, too, but I don't know why I hurt him

so much. I know I'm selfish and don't deserve his love, but I couldn't bear to lose him. Please could you help me? I'm so mixed up and feel that he'd be better off without me because I make him so miserable. But if he goes away I'll be miserable, too."

"Confused," S.A.

I think you are both suffering from too much emotion too young. Why not call a truce for a month and see how you both feel then? Your present behaviour doesn't sound a very happy one, and certainly not one that would lead to one of those happy-ever-after marriages.

Sick of socks

"I WILL be 14 in October. My mother insists that I wear socks. I have car coats, black-watch tartans, and everything in fashion, but I still have to wear socks. All my friends don't wear them and I feel so silly when I am the only one who has to wear them."

"Stockings," N.S.W.

Your mother, no doubt, has a good reason for insisting that you wear socks. Don't harp at her about it, you won't get stockings that way. Just accept the socks and sooner or later she'll realise you are old enough for stockings. Actually 13 seems a bit young for stockings to me, except for warmth. And they're so expensive, too. I wouldn't rush into them if I were you.

Sitting shot

"ON arrival at the girl's home, should the boy get out of the car, open the door for the girl, and see her through the gate, or just sit tight?"

J.D., Qld.

If he never wants to see her again, he should just sit tight, which marks him for all time as a boor; but if he's well brought up and worth knowing he does all the things you mention and sees her not only through the gate but right inside her own front door.

No bust at 14

"I AM 14 and as yet I have not, like my friends, developed a bust-line. All of my friends have lovely curves, even the ones smaller and younger than myself. I feel very self-conscious beside them. I am thin, but I eat more fruit, chocolates, vegetables, and drink more milk-shakes than anybody I know. I do not like meat much. No matter how slowly I eat my food I never increase my weight. I once gained four pounds, but that was a long time ago. I have tried exercises to develop a bust, but I have given them up because they did not work. My best friend told me that I was never likely to fatten up because I was not meant for it. She does not eat half the amount I do and yet she has a lovely figure. Do you think she is right? If you do think I could increase round the bust, could you please tell me some exercises that are sure to work? I am very worried over this problem and I would greatly appreciate your advice."

"Worried Sick," Tas.

It is very worrying when all your friends are ahead of you in development, but it is quite normal at 14 still to be waiting for the time to come.

Every girl develops at a different time. Some begin at 10 or 11; others, believe it or not, don't develop till they are 17. The average age in Australia for a girl to mature is between 11 and 16.

Weight has really little to do with your bosom, although there is some fatty tissue there, and eating a lot or a little, quickly or slowly, has nothing to do with the pretty curves of maturity.

That little bosom, rounded hips, and the gently curving lines of maturity

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THIS is the week to get out your bathing costume, put it on, and have a critical look in the mirror. Not so good? Muscles a bit slack? Skin too white? And that stomach! Pull it in.

You've got nearly a month till the opening of the surfing season, so get going. Tone up those muscles and get rid of the fat that you've eaten during the cold months. Avoid those chips, the steamed puddings, and the soup that have taken the capital S out of your shape temporarily.

Your routine should be to touch your toes 10 times in the morning and 10 times before you go to bed; take six deep breaths; run up and down in the same spot for five minutes morning and evening.

Another good exercise is to take a stick or ruler and hold it down low behind your back, kick off your shoes, and walk bare-footed on your tip-toes for 10 minutes.

Next step towards being a surf siren is to replace the fatty joys of chips, cakes, and pastries with fruit and salad. Give up eating between meals or, if you must, eat fruit. Take a salad to work for lunch instead of sandwiches (they carry easily in a plastic bag), and round off your get-fit campaign with a brisk lunch-time walk in the park (see our stay-slim diet in the main paper).

At weekends get some sun on the lawn if you can to take the pallid look from your skin and get busy at your leg-grooming. By the time the holiday weekend comes you'll be ready to be a real beach ornament.

come to thin people as well as plump girls.

A doctor is the only person who can tell certainly what is the first sign of the young maturing woman. But before the signs of development come, there seems to be a length of time when your body stands still as if it is preparing for the new phase. You just look straight up and down, have no shape, and feel as if you will never have one, but suddenly you do develop. Sometimes the standing-still time lasts about six months.

Worrying doesn't help, nor do exercises. Nothing you can do can make you develop more quickly. You'll develop when your body is good and ready to do so, not before. Until then, carry on eating the right food, as you are now, and try not to worry.

You will develop soon and catch up with your girl-friends. When you're 17 there'll be nothing to show that three years ago one of you had a shape and the other didn't. Just be patient and wait around.

Double dating



There is a college dance coming up and we have been invited by two other boys. What should we do, as we are still in love with the first two boys?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

This little-bird-told-you-you-were-not-going-steady business seems a bit old hat to me. Seems to me you were employing tactics that might make the boys come to the point and ask you to be their steadies.

And, keeping this letter completely birdlike, about that invitation to the college dance—I always think a bird in the hand is better than one in the bush, don't you?

SHAMPOO....

● *Behind it all, behind the prettiest hairdo in the book, is healthy, really clean hair. And behind that is a really good shampoo. Here are the main rules that help achieve that. Make them your blueprint.*

RULE ONE is really no rule—there is none for how often you should shampoo. That depends on too many things—your hair, where you live, what you do. The big idea is: wash your hair when it needs it, when it feels or looks dull, oily, or just dirty.

Always start your shampoo session with a brisk brushing to clear your hair of dust and excess oil. Then gently massage your scalp with the tips of your fingers.

Be choosy when you choose your shampoo. There are three basic types—soap, soapless, cream. The one for you depends on your hair and on the water.

Soap shampoos do remove less of the natural oils, but they're risky in hard water and tend to leave a bit of film.

The soapless shampoos are more practical for hard-water areas and for oily hair. Cream shampoos vary, but work well in hard and soft water. However, they are not usually recommended for hair with tints or coloring.

Whichever shampoo you choose, follow the directions to a T.

Give your hair a good warm-water dousing as the first step of your washing. Let the spray (if you have one) go through every part of

your hair to help loosen dirt, get hair ready for shampoo.

Make plenty of lather, that's important. You can work up rich suds with your fingertips like the girl in the picture at right and rub it well into the head (a brush is also good for this). Do it twice, even three times, and rinse well between each lather.

The final rinse is the next step. Use plenty of water for this and when you're sure that all the shampoo has disappeared turn the warm water down slowly until it's almost cool, for hair stimulation. When you are sure all the shampoo is out—rinse again for luck. See what's meant by plenty?

Remember for your hair's sake, avoid too brisk or too hot dryings when it's wet. The best way is the towel way, if you've time. Pat and rub hair dry. If you're using an automatic dryer, use low heat.

Don't forget the after brushing. When hair is dry give it another brush-up to start directing fresh oil to those clean, but dry, ends. Then you're ready for the setting.



and

SHINE....

● *There comes a day when your hair is due for a wash and you can't wash it for one reason or another. How can you clean, freshen, and polish it? The answer is, of course, dry-clean it.*

THIS short-order grooming job can be done in under 10 minutes and will ensure a new, though temporary, lease of life and shine for your locks.

The handy dry-clean method works in different ways. For instance, you can dry-clean one week and shampoo the next, or shampoo your hair once a month and dry-clean it the other three weeks. It's specially recommended for fine, dry, and wiry hair that won't stand constant sudsing.

Work it out to suit yourself, then follow these steps:

● With a fine-tooth comb, part your hair lengthways and crosswise and scale it thoroughly. Be sure that the teeth of the comb are blunt so that you do not scratch or irritate the scalp.

● Shake your hair thoroughly, out of doors, if possible. Pull the ends in your hands and

shake as though you were getting rid of dust from a dustcloth. Then start brushing.

● Cut muslin in strips to fit the bristle area of your brush. Use two strips at a time and push the bristles through them. Brush your hair until the strips are soiled, then replace the strips. About six strips are average for hair which is washed every two weeks.

● Next, put some witch hazel on a piece of cotton-wool. Part your hair again in many places and apply the witch hazel generously. There is not enough alcohol in it to dry the hair and it will freshen it. Some girls add their favorite cologne to the witch hazel, but perfuming hair isn't always a good thing for all heads.

● Use a bath-towel or terry-cloth washcloth to dry the scalp at each part. In other words, dry as you go, part by part. Brush again for a couple of minutes (use a clean, dry brush, if you prefer) as shown at left. Damp the ends of your hair a little, and it's ready for re-setting.



● Have you any ideas for home-made Christmas presents? Because those ideas can reward you—in cash. This week Teenagers' Weekly announces this new competition:

Christmas present contest

THIS COMPETITION brings the opportunity for every boy and girl to display ingenuity.

Send us your ideas for Christmas presents to make.

The presents can be for anyone, from the little-girl-next-door to your great-uncle.

For example, a boy might describe the unusual magazine rack he made for his mother; a girl could enter that mad, gay beach-bag she sewed for her best friend—or the recipe for the toffee she baked for her little brother.

It doesn't matter what your home-made presents are. They can be elaborate or simple—but the more novel and economical they are the better.

We will award £20 for the best idea, and four prizes of £10 each to the runners-up. As well, we will give prizes of £5 each for any of the other Christmas suggestions that we publish.

Here are the HOW-TO-ENTER details:

- Describe the present you've decided to enter in our contest. (There's no restriction, though. You can send in a dozen entries if you like.)

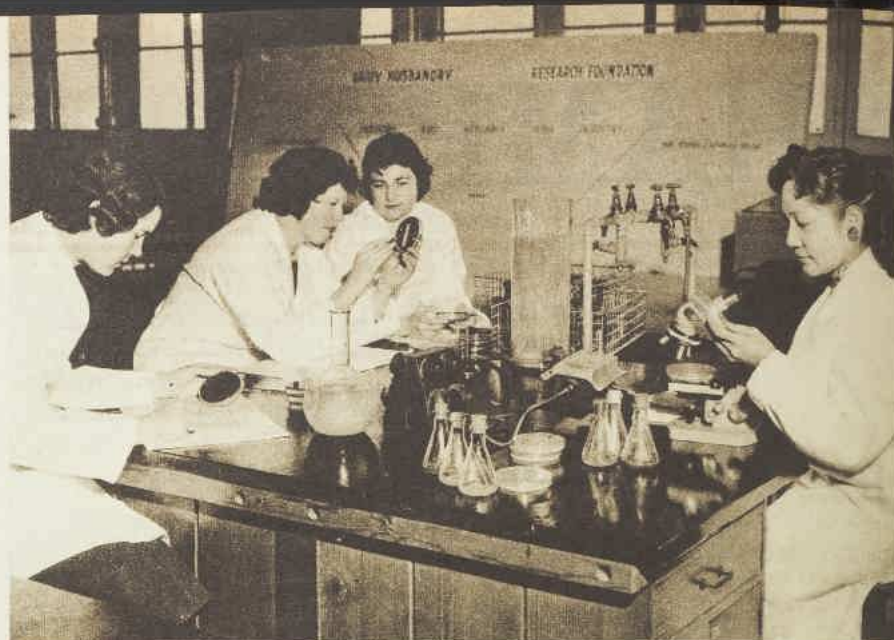
- Give complete how-to-make directions, and include the cost of the present—that is, the cost of the materials you've used.

- If you want to, include diagrams or sketches. Don't worry if the sketches are not good. Our artists will redraw them for publication, if necessary.

- On each sheet of paper that you use, put your NAME and FULL ADDRESS and AGE.

- Send contest entries to CHRISTMAS PRESENT CONTEST, TEENAGERS' WEEKLY, BOX 7052 WW, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

- The contest closes on September 28.



FILIPINO GIRL Amelia Acierto (right) carries out a soil fertility test in a Sydney University research laboratory. With her are, from left, Judy Baker, Elizabeth Cunningham, and Margaret Greenwood, all Agricultural Science students.

NEW JOBS FOR GIRLS

● When Professor R. D. Watt inaugurated the first Faculty of Agriculture at Sydney University 50 years ago he had four male students. In its Golden Jubilee year the Faculty now has 259 students—including 26 girls.

By
Winifred Munday

THERE is still a certain prejudice against women working in agriculture, but the bias is gradually breaking down, leaving ever-increasing possibilities of girls getting top jobs alongside the men.

They will get jobs in such establishments as the University, the C.S.I.R.O., agricultural colleges in all States, in land and crop valuation, rural property management, on the agricultural side of radio, television, and journalism, and in private companies.

The Dean of the Faculty, Professor J. R. McMillan, told me that the University wants more women students in its Agricultural Department, so I went along to meet some of the girls to find out about their studies and their ambitions.

To my surprise, few of the girls had country backgrounds. Most of them came from Sydney suburbs, like Pymble, Mosman, and Wahroonga. But all confessed to a love of the country.

One of the exceptions was Judy Massaso, who was brought up on an orchard property at Griffith. She told me: "We grew grapes, peaches, and oranges and I loved the country life. Now my family has moved to the city, but I would like to get back to fruit-farming."

Judy is doing a four-year course, specialising in plant genetics. She'll learn about improved plant feeding, the breeding of plants, and will learn to do research into improving plant species.

Two Filipino girls are studying under the Colombo Plan. Both Amelia Acierto and Milagros Carbonell, from Manila, are employed by their Government and have been given leave to attend the course for a year.

Amelia is concentrating on microbiology, and we found her amid test-tubes, burners, and fragments of plant and soil making a test on soil fertility.

Explained Milagros: "Our country is mainly agricultural, so it is very important that we should learn the best ways of increasing crop production and improving our soil."

In her fourth year as a student, Elizabeth Cunningham, of Pymble, had a project of her own—each fourth-year student is given some research to do unaided—bacteriology in food.

"Although I've taken the complete course, I am particularly interested in getting a job in the food laboratory of a hospital, or I may take a post-graduate course at the University first and get my Master's degree.

"People don't realise just how many different fields of research come under the heading of agriculture."

In fact, there are 20 different subjects, ranging from prevention of rust in wheat to animal-breeding, from dairy technology to dietetics.

They learn fascinating things about rain—lack of it is Aus-

tralia's biggest agricultural problem—such as the fact that it takes 3 tons of rain to make a loaf of bread, 15 tons for 1 gallon of milk, and anything from 250 to 750 tons to yield 1lb. of wool.

Six months of the year the girls spend in laboratory research and swotting up for examinations. The other six are spent on the land, at farms and properties.

There they drive tractors, milk cows, drove sheep so that they will have practical knowledge of farming problems.

"But these are not land-girls," explained Professor McMillan. "They are scientists, and when they have graduated most will spend their time in the laboratory rather than on the land. They will be applying science to agriculture, not actually engaged in agriculture themselves.

"Many of them will be centred in cities, at C.S.I.R.O. laboratories, with oil companies, food-processing industries, meatworks, and in teaching jobs.

"But there are country agricultural science centres in places like Tamworth, Armidale, and Wagga, and a girl set on a post in the country can generally find something suitable."

From time to time, students on special courses go up to the University's own farm at Cobbity, where they stay in a residential hostel.

And most can look forward to well-paid jobs after graduation. Agricultural science graduates can expect to start work on about £1400 a year, with opportunities for rising to £2300 a year in specialised jobs.

By SHEILA McFARLANE

There's a 'devil' in this woodshed

● Robert Bruce well deserves the nickname — Wee Robert the Bruce — that credits him with such tenacity. He owns and operates a profitable printing business from the woodshed of his family's home in Sandringham, Victoria.

NOT only is Robert his own printer's devil* — he also designs his own layouts, composes the type, operates his press, delivers the finished product, and does his own accounting.

Slightly built, he is eager and a rapid talker.

He calls his business The Treadle Press, and a notice outside the woodshed declares:

PRINTING ROOM.

Strictly No Admittance.

By order,
Robert Bruce.

He one-finger-types all his business correspondence and makes his deliveries by bicycle.

A toy printing set among his seventh birthday presents fired the enthusiasm in Robert for the career that he has already begun moulding for himself.

He polished up on his toy printing technique by spending most nights for two months watching compositors at work at a local printery, and he still goes back occasionally to ask questions on some point.

He added to his knowledge from books which he borrowed from the local library.

The woodshed door opened for business only five months ago, and the young printer already has 14 accounts for regular business.

And his customers are not just playing along with a novelty. They are mostly business people with an eye for a bargain in good workmanship.

The Treadle Press offers lower rates than longer-established printers, because its "managing director" has a head for good business tactics.

His first order was from a schoolmate's father, Mr. Alvin Kelly, for statement-sheets for his business. Another early order was for business-cards for neighbor Mr. Harold Hartley.

He does some after-school canvassing for business from a list he compiled from newspaper advertisements and the telephone directory.

"I average one new account every round I make," he said.

"It was a bit of a struggle at first, but I thought I could get there by persisting."

His accounts now include schoolmates, who find that properly printed pamphlets are the ideal way to advertise among themselves a budgerigar lost or a batch of books for sale.

He has established a firm pay-on-delivery system with his customers and not once have his charges been queried.

Robert was 12 when he raised the initial capital for his business by selling his electric train set. With the money he bought a duplicating machine and a typewriter.

But this first stab at the printing business failed because orders for duplicating were too few.

So early this year he sold the duplicator and bought a real printing machine—a 60-year-old treadle-operated veteran.

After a good scraping and repainting, it now sits in the woodshed with the air of a treasured antique.

Robert also bought eight different sets of type, a small paper guillotine, and a lead cutter.

Every penny he clears goes back into the business to improve the equipment. And he keeps his woodshed printery immaculately tidy.

A city businessman, who provides Robert with most of his brown wrapping paper free, also gave him lessons in the art of neatly wrapping and addressing business parcels.

Robert has never shone in the mathematics class, but he keeps his accounts accurately and fixes his prices to allow for a firm profit margin.

At Sandringham Technical

SETTING type by hand (left), Robert follows a layout he has designed earlier. And when the printing job is finished, he parcels it neatly and delivers it on his bike.



ROBERT BRUCE operating the 60-year-old press in his woodshed printery.

College Robert is studying art, sheet-metal work, carpentry and woodwork, and draughting.

When he leaves school at the end of next year he plans to get a job in a large printing business.

But this will be strictly for experience, in preparation for the establishment of his own firm.

Robert thinks the job of printing needs artistic imagination — in designing layouts, and a lot of patience—in setting up the type.

"And accuracy," he added. "Have to work to a one seventy-second of an inch all the time."

Robert's mother, Mrs. Betty Bruce, is a war widow. She thinks Robert's success is due to his ability to take a knock, then

happily go back and try a second time.

"He goes about it all very quietly and never discusses it with me unless I encourage him to," she added.

He copes with ordinary things like homework as they come, never letting them mount up to the end of the week and interfere with business.

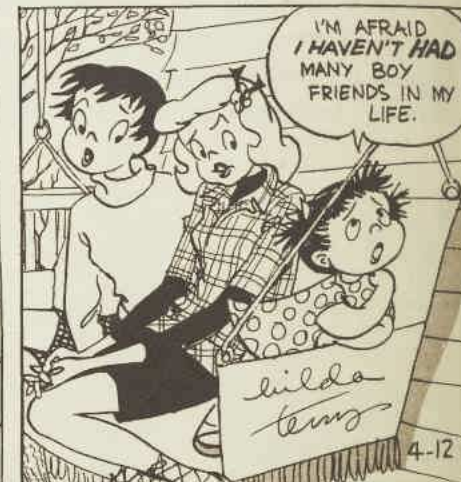
Sometimes schoolfriends, intrigued with their mate's business acumen, drop in to do the "devilling" for him at weekends.

And whenever business isn't too pressing, Robert devotes his spare time to the sport of businessmen — golf.

* A printer's devil is the youngest apprentice, who gets all the dirty work to do.



TEENA by Linda Terry



A GUY
turns the
fables with

Beauties and The Beasts!

● Feeling a mellow fellow this week I have decided to give girls a break and, for a change, have a winge about bad boys.

SO relax, girls, and enjoy the spectacle of the boot being on the other heel!

Here, in detail, is how sometimes "boys will be boys" annoys...

One bloke who's no joke is Red A-stare.

Red's eyes are magnetised to girls. He peers and leers at anyone wearing skirts (except Scotsmen, of course!), much to the embarrassment of the targets of his Evil Eye-fuls and his more discreet male mates.

The A-stares of the world, of course, reach the height (depth, really) of rudeness when they are squiring girls and still only have eyes for other lasses.

You've seen these chaps in action. At a dance, for instance, they hold their partners tightly—but only so they have an uninterrupted view of every other girl on the floor!

Yes, Red's a fright. But at least he's the weak, silent type. Not so Wolf-Whistle Walt. Walt's fault is that pretty well every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it.

Shrewdie replies

I AGREE with your article "The Taming of the Shrewd," but it isn't only the boys who are taken advantage of. I know I have been invited to a lot of parties because I own a record player and a fair collection of records, and a lot of boys ask me out because they know I don't drink and so won't have to buy drinks. However, I must admit I do go for a boy with a car—well, so would you if you lived where I do, with the last bus leaving at 11 p.m.—"Shrewdie," Hobart.

Sure it's okay for a boy to appreciate a girl's appearance—but not the way Walt does.

He gives vent to his feelings with factory whistles and mournful howls. You'll often see—and hear—Walt doing his animal antics from a passing car.

This, of course, is just about as close to the girl in question as his loudmouth foolishness ever gets him.

Similar to Walt is the bloke who is inclined to pass cheeky remarks ("Slick chick," "Hi Ya, doll," and that sort of thing) to strange girls.

He thinks this trick is slick and smart.

But if standing on street corners yelling rudely instead of behaving properly and maybe whispering "sweet nothings" is smart, then I'll stay stupid, thanks very much.

Sporting Sam is another male who, in my book, mustn't get through!

Sam's standard behaviour with girls is about as musclebound as a lady wrestler.

Now, don't get me wrong. Sam's perfectly at liberty to be a games fanatic. But he should not take along his sports when he courts.

He does, however. On a date she fancies a bit of moon, June, and spoon.

But all Sam wants to talk about

is what Easts will do to Wests in the footy next Saturday, or how, if his partner had played the game, they would have romped home in the doubles.

Sam richly deserves the come-uppance he eventually gets. Too much boring talk by a football left-back and he quite rightly becomes a left-right out!

My wise words on Sam apply, of course, also to any other boy who is selfish enough to talk only "shop" and bore a girl to tears.

No, wolf-whistles, smart-alec compliments and conversation on foreign subjects are not the language of love.

Well, that's my Beauty and The Beasts fairy story in which, unfortunately, the people don't—and shouldn't—live happily ever after.

Male critics who question my fable manners might as well know I'm not afraid of reprisals.

Any livid, upset-livered lad will have a hard time getting on the squad of pretty pugilists already queuing up for a crack at my title.

Which leaves me with a nagging feeling that maybe I don't say the right things!

—Robin Adair

TEENAGE POETS WHO BECAME IMMORTALS

● Some of the greatest writers and poets the world has known have been geniuses—and eccentrics—in their teens.

THOMAS CHATTER-

TON launched a literary hoax at 16 and died by his own hand two years later. Decades passed before he was hailed as the wonder poet he was.

Shelley had written good poetry and eloped to wed before he was 20.

Southey, the poet laureate who wrote "The Three Bears," was expelled from Westminster school for libelling the headmaster in the school magazine. Australia's Henry Kendall jumbled verses that came into his head as he carried trays of pies and tarts through the streets of Sydney as a pieman's boy.

Chatterton, descendant of generations of Bristol sextons, launched his great hoax in 1768.

On parchment, aged with fire and charcoal, he wrote brilliant poems in old English which he attributed to an imaginary monk, Thomas Rowley, who, he said, lived five centuries earlier.

Rowley was hailed as a new dancier, Father of English poetry.

Chatterton wrote poetry that was, but received no credit for it. All was attributed to the mythical Rowley.

Chatterton went to London to earn a living by writing. Editors and publishers cheated him.

Too proud to accept a meal the landlady offered him, Chatterton went to his garret and committed suicide by arsenic in 1770, when he was only 18.

Famous at 18

Equally unhappy was poet Richard Savage, who claimed that his mother was the Countess of Macclesfield and that she gave him away to the cobbler who brought him up.

Unable to prove his noble birth, which the countess never denied, he pushed his way into literature and was famous as a poet before he was 18. He wrote two plays, several poems, a philosophic poem in five cantos, and other poems.

He narrowly escaped the gallows for killing a man in a tavern brawl and died in a debtors' prison in 1743.

Alexander Pope wrote his ode on "Solitude and Silence" before he was 16. He was expelled from school soon after for lampooning his masters.

Young Thomas Moore also had his wild moments. He wrote an ode about "Full gob-quaffing" and "dancing with nymphs to sportive measures" when he was 14.

By William Joy

The theme, at such an age, is said to have distressed his virtuous mother, a grocer's wife.

Shelley wrote two romances and a book of poems while still at Eton. He squandered the proceeds on a spread for his chums.

Shelley annoyed Eton masters and frightened fearful boys by trying to "raise the devil."

He attempted this by drawing a circle on the floor, setting fire to a saucer of alcohol in the centre, and walking round the flames breathing incantations.

Oxford sacked Shelley for his share in a pamphlet on atheism. Still only 19, he eloped with and married a 16-year-old girl to stop her father from sending her back to school.

Club-footed Lord Byron wrote his first poem at 12, inspired by a boyish passion for a cousin his own age. When not writing poetry, he spent much of his time fighting.

He wrote his "Hours of Idleness" before he was 19 at Cambridge, where he horrified his proctors by keeping a tame bear, several bull-dogs, and living somewhat wildly.

Robert Southey, in youth a wild boy, in age a very staid poet laureate, was sacked from Westminster school in 1792 for calling the headmaster a Priest of Satan.

They flogged hard at Westminster then. Young Southey, just 17, felt so sore about it that he founded a school paper he called the "Flagellant."

He wrote a violent attack on flogging in the first edition and on the headmaster as High Priest of the Birch. The headmaster sued him for libel.

Southey went to Oxford. Instead of studying he poured out 35,000 lines of verse.

Alfred Lord Tennyson wrote 10,000 lines of poetry and a Faust-type play, "The Lady and the Devil," before he was 15.

Victor Hugo was colorless, sightless, voiceless, and such a weakling at birth that all despaired of him.

Yet he wrote verses of every kind, a comic opera, and a tragedy between the ages of 15 and 18 and went on to write "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Les Misérables," and other classics.

The dormitory bully at school made Wilkie Collins a storyteller. The bully threatened to thrash young Wilkie unless he stayed awake half the night relating thrillers he made up as he went along.

As a result, Wilkie in his teens covered reams of paper with high-flown historical romances. Later he wrote "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White."

G. A. Henty, whose 80 historical thrillers were read avidly by many greying fathers of today, was a physical weakling who wrote poetry and stories before he learned to count.

This earned him the derision of the bullies at Westminster school. To fight them, he forced himself into a rigorous regime of sport that filled his once-puny frame with muscle and sinew.

Thus toughened, he reported a score of wars that form the basis of his books.

If Zane Grey had not been stubborn he would never have written Westerns like "Riders of the Purple Sage" or had the money to chase giant marlin and sharks off Sydney Heads.

His father wanted him to be a dentist and did not believe in book-writing. Young Zane, therefore, wrote his first yarn in secret on strips of wallpaper when he was 15. It was full of six-guns and sudden death.

His father found it, threw it on the fire, and gave young Zane a drubbing for wasting his time on such trash.

Australians, too

Australia also has had her teenage poets and writers.

Henry Kendall, after his spell with the pieman, was sacked by a draper for spending more time making up stanzas of living poetry than serving customers.

Adam Lindsay Gordon, who came to Australia one jump ahead of the law after "abducting" a horse, posed as a young Byron in his racing, gambling teens.

When a young woman jilted him, he wrote at 19 a valedictory poem, "To a Proud Beauty":

Let's quarrel once for all, my sweet.

Forget the past—and then, I'll kiss each pretty girl I meet While you'll flirt with the men.

Hugh McCrae had one of his first poems, "Ode to a Pot of Beer," published at 15.

And then there is Dame Mary Gilmore, now 95.

Her first work, an old aboriginal legend, was published when she was 15. As a pupil teacher she wrote in verse and prose of floods, bushfires, droughts, and the need to lighten the back-breaking toil of the outback.

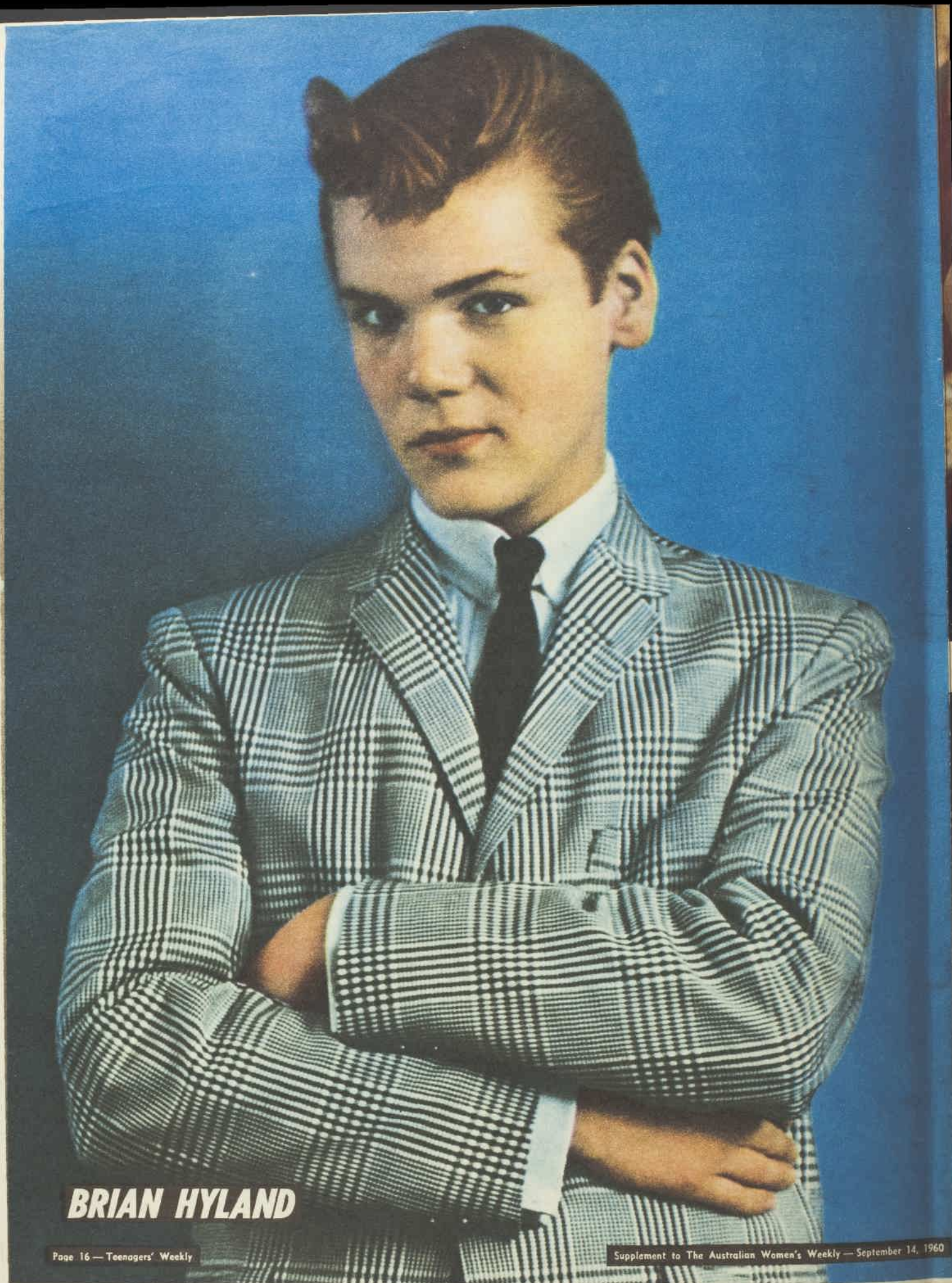
Teenage genius? There has always been plenty of it.

Art honor for 15-year-old



PAUL RILEY, at 15, is the youngest artist for 145 years to have a painting accepted for exhibition by the British Royal Academy. Above, Paul with the painting he was working on when told that his "Water Lane" had been chosen for this year's 192nd annual show. Proud but modest, he said: "I only submitted it for a lark." Below, painting in the garden of his Surrey home, Paul is watched by his parents, who are both artists. Sir Edwin Henry Landseer was only 13 when his first work was chosen by the Royal Academy for its 1815 exhibition.





BRIAN HYLAND

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 14, 1960



5842. — Flattering curves are seen in this one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. fabric and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.



5756. — New again wide-skirted one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5758. — Cool bare-armed dress has a bias trim in self-material. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5759. — Crisp white collar for a one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. fabric and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.





"For my treasured silver, only
Silvo is good enough."

Silvo is so easy to use that a quick weekly rub-over takes almost no time at all. That's important to me because I like to keep my silver where it can be seen. Silvo is so gentle, it doesn't harm even the most delicate surfaces.



Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING AUSTRALIAN SILVERWARE MANUFACTURERS



Illustrated: Water jug, tankards, salver, butter dish, by Hecworth. Stardust pattern table silver by Redd. Salt & pepper shakers, cake stand, 3-piece tea service by Paramount.

A modern touch in any home — practical

brass



for that deep rich glow of polished brass

BRASSO

gives a brighter longer lasting shine



Brass Indian Rose Bowl—Farmer's, Sydney.

MATERNITY FASHIONS

● Patterns are obtainable for these four new-look, easy-to-make maternity designs. Send orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Order according to bust size before pregnancy. Patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion.



5782. — Summer maternity suit (above). The jacket smock has a white ribbon accent. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 1½in. ribbon for accent. Price 4/6.



5781. — Flattering lines for a one-piece late-day dress (right). The neckline is collarless, the sleeves above-elbow length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5784. — Two-piece beach suit (above). The sleeveless, tunic-type top is finished with self-bow ties at the shoulder-line. The matching shorts are specially designed for expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5783. — Chic twosome (above) has pleated smock, slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for smock and 1½yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price 4/6.



ATTRACTIVE IDEA for your next party is shown above. Arrange the sandwiches on a large tray to form a patchwork design, serve with salad pieces, and mugs of soup, tea, or coffee.

SANDWICH . . . SPREADS

● Sandwiches will never lose their popularity for the office lunch, for snacks or the party tea or supper, so these new ideas for fillings and toppings will be welcome.

RECIPES in this section are suitable for all occasions, from picnics to the elaborate party supper. For easy reference they have been listed under four headings—Sandwich Butters, and Meat, Cheese and Seafood Spreads.

All spoon measurements are level.

SANDWICH BUTTERS

For use on sandwiches, scones, or rolls. Flavor should be distinctive but not overpowering.

Anchovy Butter: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced anchovies or 1 tablespoon anchovy paste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion juice, and 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks (optional). Mix thoroughly. Good with celery filling.

Cheese Butter: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese. Good with celery, tomato, lettuce, or grated carrot filling.

Chive Butter: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped chives and a few drops Worcestershire sauce. Good with tomato or egg filling.

Horseradish Butter: Cream butter, flavor to taste with horseradish sauce or grated

horseradish. Good with cold roast beef filling.

Lemon Butter: Cream butter, flavor to taste with grated lemon rind, lemon juice, and grated or scraped onion. Good with cold roast veal filling.

Parsley Butter: Cream butter with generous quantity of finely minced parsley. Good with any savory filling.

MEAT SPREADS

Chicken Livers: Sauté 2 rashers chopped bacon in their own fat until transparent; remove, add 6 chopped chicken livers to pan and sauté lightly, remove. Add 1 dessertspoon chopped onion and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley to pan and sauté lightly. Add bacon and chicken livers, mix well. Spread on bread, garnish with stuffed olives.

Savory Meat and Tomato: Spread buttered bread slices with meat paste or finely minced, cooked cold meat. Cover with thinly sliced tomato, season, and sprinkle lightly with finely grated onion.

Piquant Liver: Finely mince or mash cooked liver, mix with softened butter and little Worcestershire sauce or tomato sauce. Add grated onion, chopped parsley, and seasoning to taste. When spread on bread slices mixture can be topped with chopped ham if liked.

Mince: Add finely minced cooked cold meat (tinned or home-cooked) to mashed egg-yolks. Bind with mayonnaise or white sauce, flavor with grated onion, Worcestershire or tomato sauce, salt and pepper.

Bacon and Pickle: Spread some round savory biscuits or bread slices lightly with butter. Remove rind from 2 or 3 rashers of bacon, chop finely, cook in their own fat until crisp. Drain off excess fat. Mix with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped gherkin or colored cocktail onions and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup mayonnaise. Spread on prepared biscuits or bread.

Chicken and Olive: Mix 1 cup finely chopped or minced chicken meat with 6 or 7 chopped black olives. Season with salt and pepper, bind with mayonnaise. Pile on small cheese-flavored biscuits or bread slices.

Ham and Garlic Spread: Cream 2oz. butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ clove of crushed garlic. Spread canapes with garlic butter. Cover with ham, top with narrow strips of processed cheese. Bake in moderate oven until cheese melts, dust with paprika, serve hot.

CHEESE SPREADS

Camembert Spread: Four ounces cream cheese, 4oz. Camembert cheese, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped olive and gherkin, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, salt, cayenne pepper, chopped chives.

Combine cheeses in basin, add mayonnaise, and mix well until well softened and creamy. Stir in olives, gherkin, and onion, season to taste with salt and cayenne. Pile on bread slices or biscuits, sprinkle each with chives.

Poppy Seed Spread: Four ounces cream

cheese, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons poppy seeds, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix cream cheese to soft consistency with evaporated milk. Add sauce, onion, poppy seeds, salt, and pepper. Leave stand few hours so poppy-seed flavor fully penetrates mixture. Spread on small buttered savory biscuits, canapes, or bread slices.

Rabbit Spread: Eight ounces cheese, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, salt, cayenne, thinly sliced bread, butter for spreading, green olives, gherkins, red pepper, small sprigs parsley.

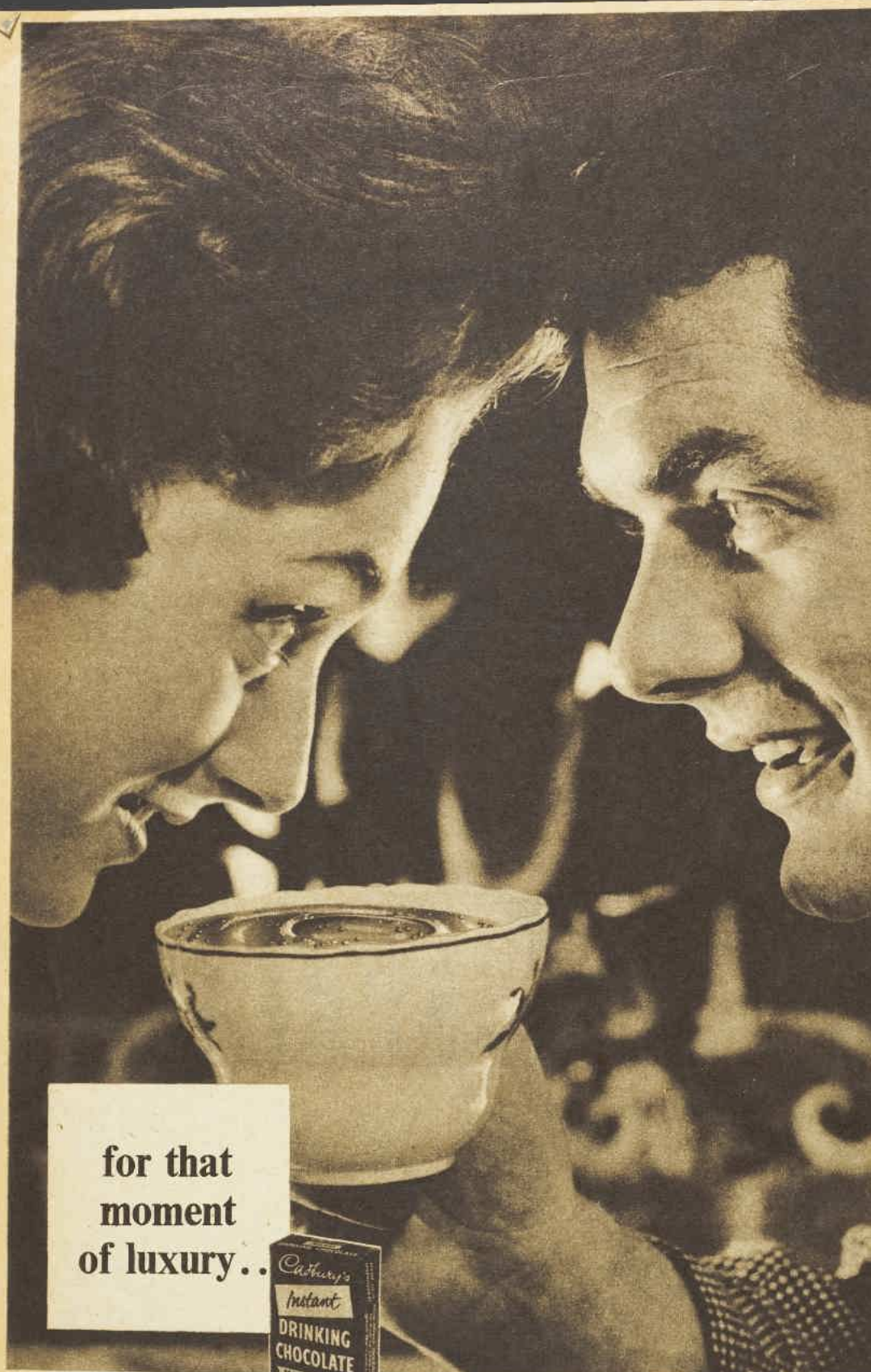
Grate cheese, mix with butter, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and cream or milk. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Stir over gentle heat only until ingredients are well mixed together. Spread on diamond-shaped pieces of bread. Decorate with olives, gherkins, etc.

Cheese and Egg Spread: Add equal quantity grated processed cheese to mashed egg-yolks. Bind with mayonnaise, add chopped gherkin, mixed mustard, salt, and cayenne.

Pickled Cheese: Mix 1 cup grated cheese with chopped mustard pickles, little mayonnaise (if liked), salt and pepper to taste. Add 1 teaspoon chopped parboiled red pepper, or for variety spread bread slices thinly with vegetable extract before topping with cheese filling.

Continued overleaf

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



for that
moment
of luxury..



Cad. 7458A1

... when suddenly the world is relaxed and nothing is important to these two people but their closeness and their pleasure in drinking chocolate.

The smooth, milk chocolate taste and exquisite aroma of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate relaxes as it pleases, creating that most memorable moment in an evening's enjoyment... the moment of luxury with...

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate

In ½-lb. and the 1-lb. economy packs. SO EASY TO MAKE... SO GOOD TO DRINK



CHOPPED BRAZIL NUTS and dried apricots give a novel flavor to both the icing and mixture in this easy-to-make fruit cake. See recipe below.

Cake wins £5

● This week's £5 prize is awarded to a Tasmanian reader for an interesting tropical fruit cake recipe.

THE unusual combination of dried apricots, dates, cherries, rum, and Brazil nuts makes a beautiful moist cake which improves in flavor when allowed to stand a few days before cutting.

All spoon measurements are level.

TROPICAL FRUIT CAKE

Half cup dried apricots, ½lb. cherries (chopped), ½lb. Brazil nuts (shelled and chopped), ½lb. stoned dates (chopped), 9oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 5oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon rum.

Cut apricots into four, wash well, cover with hot water, leave 15 minutes. Drain and dry. Mix apricots, cherries, nuts with dates. Add ½ cup measured flour, mix thoroughly. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add golden syrup, rum. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and add to creamed mixture, mixing until smooth. Add prepared fruits. Turn into loaf-tin lined with one layer of paper, bake in slow oven about 1½ to 1¾ hours.

Ice with lemon icing, top with chopped Brazil nuts and apricots.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. E. Fysh, 681 Nelson Road, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

SANDWICH SPREADS

(from previous page)

SEAFOOD SPREADS

Piquant Oyster Spread: Cream 2oz. butter with 1 teaspoon mixed mustard. Spread bread or biscuits with mustard butter, dip large oysters in mayonnaise, place one in centre of each bread slice or biscuit, decorate edges with sieved hard-boiled egg-yolks mixed with chopped chives.

Creamed Tuna: One 8oz. tin tuna, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ pint milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, salt and pepper to taste.

Drain tuna, break up with 2 forks. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in prepared fish, lemon juice, chopped red pepper, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread on bread shapes or biscuits, or fill into hot savory pastry boats. Garnish with red pepper strips.

Prawn Savory: Cream 2oz. butter, 6oz. cottage cheese together until smooth, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup minced prawns, salt, and cayenne to taste. Spread on bread shapes or savory biscuits, top with shelled prawns.

Anchovy à la Indienne: Mash anchovy fillets thoroughly, mix with chopped parsley, curry powder, and

cayenne pepper to taste. Place in small saucepan with nut of butter, stir over low heat until hot and well-mixed. Stir in the chopped yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs and spread on bread slices. Place under grill for few minutes, serve sprinkled with chopped hard-boiled egg-white.

Devilled Crab: One tin crab, ½ cup chopped stuffed olives, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup thick mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, 6 slices bread, butter.

Drain tin of crab, break into small pieces. Add olives and celery, bind together with mayonnaise. Season to taste with salt, cayenne. Spread bread slices with butter. Pile on devilled crab-mayonnaise mixture and place under grill for few minutes before serving.

Whitebait: Combine small tin of whitebait with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Best with brown or wholemeal bread.

Curried Seafood: Saute 1 finely chopped onion in little oil or butter. Add 1 teaspoon curry powder and 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs; cook 3 minutes. Stir in 1 cup chopped prawns, crab, or lobster; mix well, cook until heated through.

NEXT WEEK: Welcome Spring Desserts

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 14, 1960

• Parents have to answer all kinds of questions. But they must also know . . .

WHEN NOT TO EXPLAIN

• "But good parents explain things to their children," one earnest young mother declared after her husband had cut short their small son's "facts of life" questions in a public restaurant. Most young parents would agree.

EXPLAINING things—from sex to science—has become practically a hallmark of the modern educated mother and father.

Today's child, they feel, has a "right to know."

Now, certainly children do need explanations. But their level of understanding and experience is limited, and often too much is explained, too soon and too quickly.

If he's involved in the situation, even a small child may need to know, for example, that a seriously (perhaps mentally) ill relative is sick and needs hospital care.

But he does not need to know worrisome details—how it all started, the sick person's peculiarities, the kind of treatment, and so on.

Too much information can frighten a youngster and can burden him with a need to understand problems which are beyond his capacity.

Then, too, a totally rational, always-explaining atmosphere may spoil one of a child's basic pleasures—unthinking, purely sensuous reactions to the world around him.

The child who finds every question answered may lose his initiative to explore and experiment.

Imagination, too, can be stifled, rather than developed, by explanations.

Family stress

Far better for a four-year-old to decide on his own that "the angels hold up the stars" than to listen to a dissertation on astronomy or physics.

Explaining things at times of emotional stress is sometimes necessary.

Usually a child should know why his mother is crying, or why his family is moving suddenly.

But when the child is the one



who is upset it's better to postpone explanations, if possible. Instead, try to comfort and distract him.

"Dear goodness, that's too bad. Now you're hurt—let me kiss it and then we'll get a patty-cake," makes more sense to an outraged child than:

"Now, don't cry. Your little brother kicked you because he is too young to understand that he shouldn't . . ."

A hurt or upset child isn't likely to become calm, cool, and collected simply because you tell him why he has been hurt.

Explanations that go against the grain with the mother are likely to make the child uncomfortable, too.

And if you force yourself to answer certain questions just because you think you should, the chances are that your answers will be misleading.

If yours is a child who questions and questions and wants to know more than you can explain or he can cope with, why not just say,

"You'll learn more about that when you're older?"

After all, part of the enchantment of growing up is the expectation of discovering more about the adult world.

Sometimes parents feel they must explain every disciplinary action by pointing out their child's error.

Such "explanations" are often more of a punishment than a spanking would be.

"Words, words, words!" one child cried, throwing up his hands. "Can't you just punish me and get it over with?"

Be wise

For direct action can be a relief.

Of course, there are many, many times when a simple explanation is needed—and this is where the parent's wisdom and judgment come in.

Children are learning all the time, for every small happening in their lives is building up to a sum total of knowledge that helps them understand the world immediately around them.

The things that need not be explained are the irrelevant, difficult things, which will become easier to grasp later, when the child's mind is mature enough to follow and appreciate an explanation.

Some children want proof about ideas or religious beliefs that cannot be "proved."

If your child questions your beliefs, a simple statement that these are matters of faith is best.

And, after all, your love for him cannot be rationally explained; it just is.

Wondrous world

Love, like most of the other wonders of the world—sex, birth, death, life itself, the great forces of nature—is still essentially mysterious and unexplainable in scientific terms.

For children, as for all of us, a sense of security and joy may rest in accepting this fact.

Meltonian

Suede Shoe Cleaner

REVIVES THE SUEDE
RESTORES THE SHADE



This deluxe cleaner brings suede to life with deep, vibrant toning... covering every blemish... freshening the nap... making your suede shoes a picture of smooth... matt beauty

MAKE SURE IT'S MELTONIAN...
FINEST CLEANER EVER MADE FOR SUEDE

USE MELTONIAN CREAMS
for kid and smooth leathers

How young do you feel and look

Do you feel years younger than you really are? Are you fit and alive when you wake and sparkling with energy all through the day?

In Bile Beans you have the ideal family laxative for constipation and biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache, and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

Be youthful and gay all thro' the day—take Bile Beans, the laxative plus.

BILE BEANS

2/- and 4/- from chemists everywhere B81



GIVE
YOUR
BABY
LOVELY
CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

2 weeks treatment 4/6

Curlypet

Keep up-to-date
read . . .

**Modern
Motor**

every month

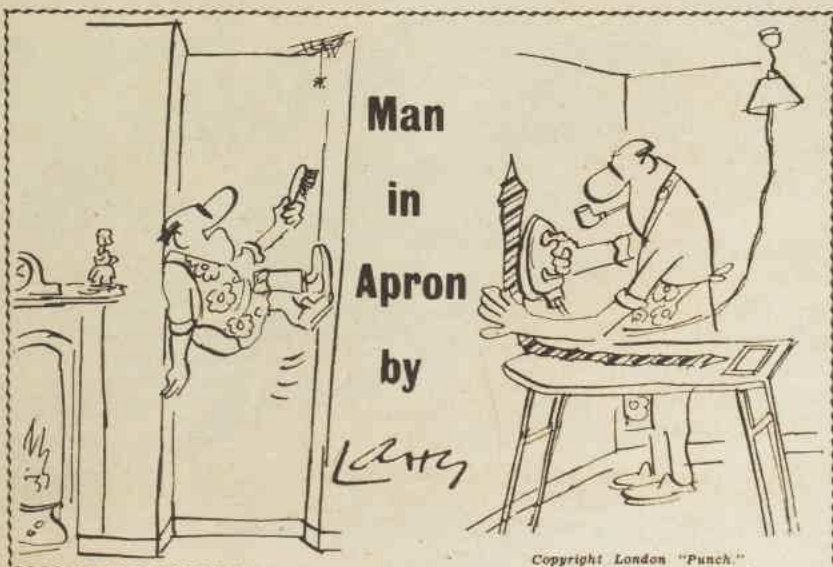
2/6

from your
newsagent

STOP!
FIBROSITIS PAINS

with amazingly effective A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right through ache-bound muscles, soothing away stiffness and pain, allowing you to move and work normally. Follow the directions carefully and A.R. TABS will positively relieve the agonies and suffering caused by Fibrositis. For Fibrositis and all joint and muscular pains get A.R. TABS—6/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

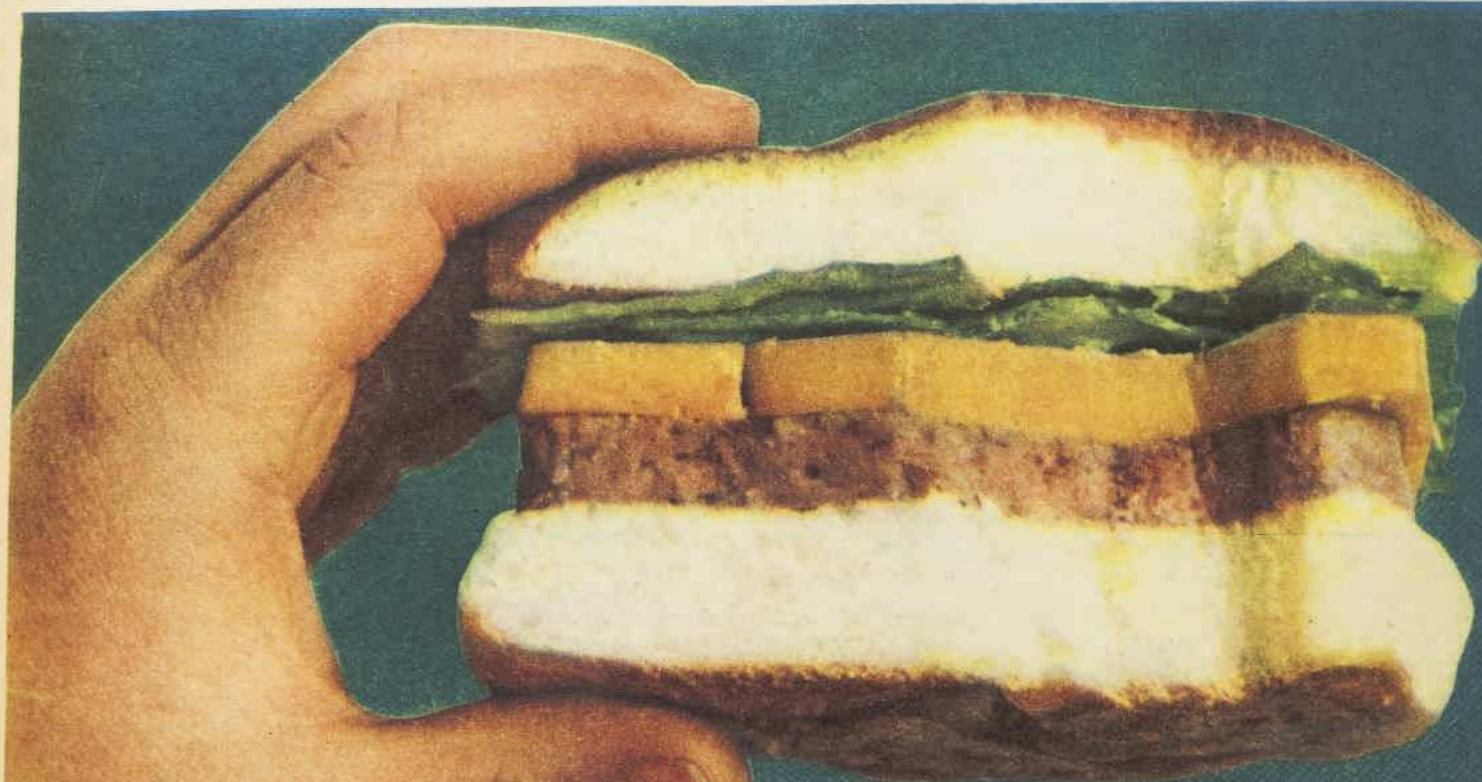
A.R. TABS



Copyright London "Punch."

Add new interest to school lunches

... with **KRAFT CHEDDAR** — best cheese for sandwiches



IDEAS FOR LUNCH-TIME VARIETY

Youngsters love the mellow flavour of Kraft Cheddar. It blends deliciously with other fillings . . . makes variety so easy right through the term. And school sandwiches take only minutes to make with easy-slicing Kraft Cheddar. Here are four interesting lunch-box suggestions:

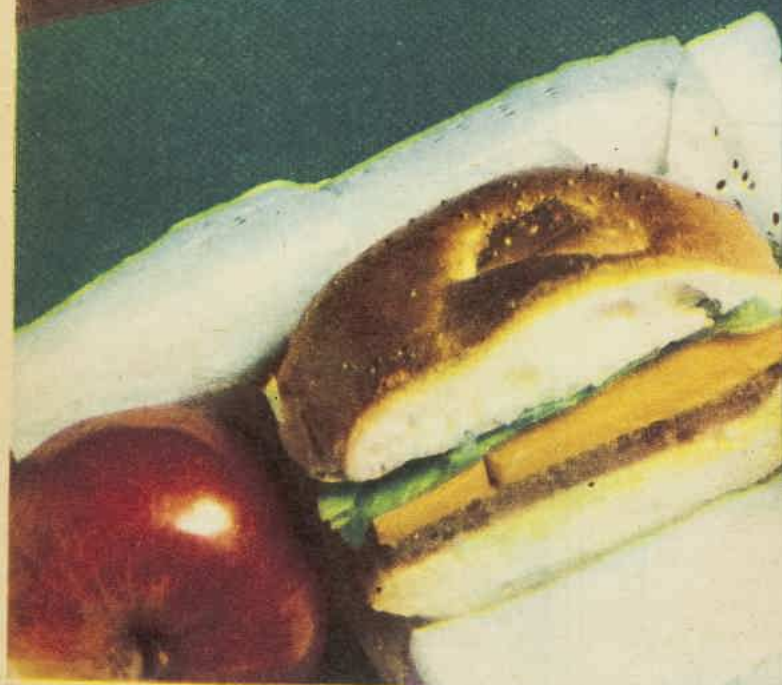
Fillings for bread rolls

Crisp, crunchy bread rolls are always welcomed by energetic youngsters. Rolls with any of these fillings will make a delicious change at lunch-time.

- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced Wham or luncheon sausage and lettuce.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, tomato and hard-boiled egg.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Quick and easy sandwich fillings

- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, scrambled egg and chutney.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and cooked brains.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and sliced prunes.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Vegemite and tomato.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and celery strips.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, peanut butter and cucumber.
- Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, finely sliced onion and tomato.



Every sandwich is a success when you start with Kraft Cheddar. Economical . . . no rind, no waste. And Kraft Cheddar makes school lunches really sustaining . . . because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

K Cheese is a wonderful food — **always** put **cheese** on the table



Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz. and 1 lb. packets, 1 oz. portions, and the family size 2 lb. pack.

Gabled roof forms a carport

● This spacious, two-bedroom house, No. 902 in our series, has been specially designed for the small family by two qualified architects.

A TILED, gabled roof extends to form a large, 23ft. by 11ft. carport, which could be converted to a brick garage by moving the dining-room doors. This alteration would cost between £180 and £225.

Waste space has been reduced to a minimum by the use of an 8ft. by 7ft. entrance and a short passage. Cloak cupboards, wardrobes, and bookshelves have

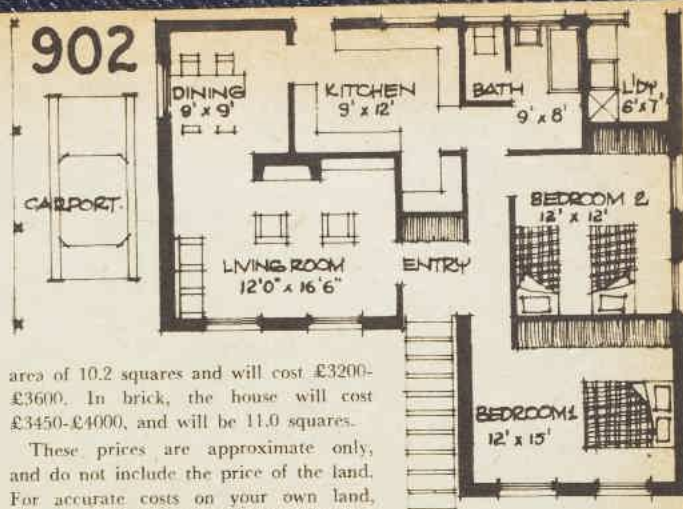
been built in, and a pantry has been incorporated next to the kitchen.

A large open fireplace in the living room warms the dining and kitchen areas by metal ducts in the flue which supply a current of hot air when the fire is lit.

In our illustration, the entrance is screened by a divider. If you prefer, a terrace can be built in front of the living area, and linked to this room by double glazed doors.

A back verandah could also be built under the main roof to link the kitchen and laundry.

If you build this house in timber it will cover an

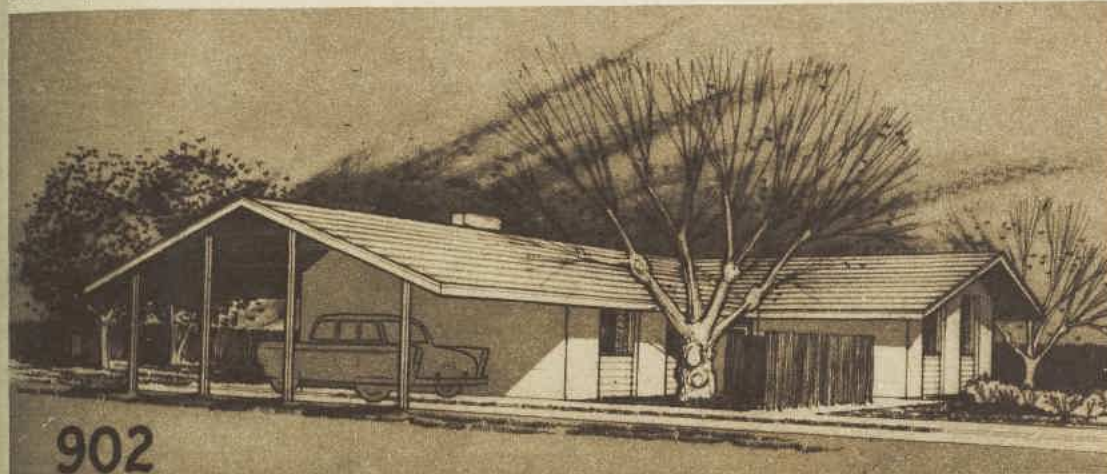


area of 10.2 squares and will cost £3200-£3600. In brick, the house will cost £3450-£4000, and will be 11.0 squares.

These prices are approximate only, and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

These Centres, under the direction of qualified architects, will advise you on all your building problems.

FLOOR PLAN for Design No. 902 shows the spacious kitchen and convenient pantry. A fireplace in the living-room heats the family area.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Plan No. 902 shows the tiled, gabled roof which extends to form a large carport. The entrance to the house is screened, but a terrace can be built there instead, and glass doors added to link the terrace and living-room.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect here.)
ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. Post Office Box 79 (Telephone W0200).
HOBART: Fitzgerald Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect here.)
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street (Telephone 7733).
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)
BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley (Telephone 50121).
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street (Telephone 32044).



A wholesome mouth . . . kissable-clean breath always . . . Be sure you have that breathless charm: Make your teeth 'Ipana Pearls'.

Tests have shown that New Ipana with Hexachlorophene penetrates the hard-to-reach areas where tooth-decay and bad-breath germs lurk . . .

- ☆ New Ipana with Hexachlorophene kills bad-breath germs more effectively than any mouth wash.
- ☆ New Ipana with Hexachlorophene kills tooth-decay germs more effectively than any other tooth paste.
- ☆ New Ipana with Hexachlorophene is even more effective than using both.

IPANA — always first with the latest discoveries — is the only tooth paste in Australia with Hexachlorophene. Ordinary tooth pastes are now out of date.

Kissable clean breath

when you make
your teeth

"ipana pearls"



NEW IPANA—Obtainable only from chemists—Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

Formica introduces the world's *glamour* woodgrain..



Setting by Parker Furniture



FOR GRACIOUS LIVING

In America, England, France, Italy — Interior Decorators, Architects, Furniture Manufacturers, and those with a flair for fashion and décor, are turning to Teak to interpret gracious living in the modern mood. Teak's distinctive colour and graining blend perfectly with contemporary interior-decoration schemes. Now, Formica, with its world-wide resources, brings to Australia Teak, the world's glamour woodgrain.

See the elegance and beauty of Formica-finished furniture at good retail stores in Glossy, Satin-Matt and Lustre, the latest wood-grain finish. Be guided by your Architect or Builder — men who know that every sheet of Formica surfacing has to maintain a world-wide standard of quality. For lovelier colours, modern designs and richer finish — the most beautiful surfacing material in the world... Formica surfacing.

To "do-it-yourself": Ask any hardware or furniture store for colour card and easy step-by-step instruction leaflet — your hardware dealer will supply Formica surfacing cut-to-size or shape.

Formica handy sheet sizes

10' x 4' 8' x 4' 5' x 4' 2' 6" x 4'
10' x 3' 8' x 3' 5' x 3'

Available in Glossy, Lustre or Satin-Matt finish.



Always use
FORMICA
ADHESIVES

It's the
Quality
that makes
the difference

FORMICA

BEAUTY BONDED DECORATIVE SURFACING

These are the Woodgrains from the Formica range of 48 glorious patterns and colours:



* Formica is a Registered Trade Mark

MADE IN AUSTRALIA TO A WORLD-WIDE STANDARD OF QUALITY BY FORMICA PLASTICS PTY. LIMITED, THORNLEIGH, N.S.W. • THERE IS ONLY ONE FORMICA QUALITY — THE BEST.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 25

out of small details not to be missed by any watcher: "Look, there's a photographer . . . there's one of the policemen picking up something . . . look . . . look."

At last, as they watched, a policeman detached himself from the group and made his way back up the track. Netta asked the question when he reached the top. The young man took off his hat and ran a handkerchief over his forehead. Fellow by the name of Frith, he told them.

Jess stared, repeating the name in stupefaction: "Frith! Frith!" He had never crossed her mind.

"That's the name. Mr. Watson identified the body. Duncan Frith," he says.

An hour or so later Netta was sitting behind the teapot in the Watsons' drawing-room. By unspoken consent they avoided the terrace where normally throughout the year the Watsons more or less lived, being sought there by any friend or neighbor coming to the house and strolling in through one of the invitingly open doors.

As crows to a kill, first Percy and Elaine, and, some time later, Vance and Bettina had been drawn to the cliff top, drawn by the activity at that usually deserted spot, the coming and going; drawn by that sixth sense which tells us that a man hurrying by is not on his lawful occasions, but that something sensational is afoot.

One by one, however, as the morning lengthened, and down below the unhurried police proceedings went on, the watchers had turned wearily away and drifted up to the Watsons'.

Bettina and Vance were the last to leave the scene. Bettina, looking pinched and long nosed, was pouring a whisky for herself when Jess came in. For the rest there was morning tea to set the day on its normal course.

And for all there was relief, almost crudely voiced.

Percy said, looking round as though collecting eyes at a meeting: "Well, I don't suppose there can be any more doubt as to what happened."

Netta handed him warm agreement and a cup of tea. "None whatever," she said lightly. "Tea, Vance? Sugar?"

"I think I'll join Bett in a whisky, thanks."

"Absolutely none. As we know, Jess heard her say to him, 'You're drunk, go away.'"

"I didn't say I heard it was him she was speaking to," Jess murmured.

"Well, obviously it was, now. Poor fellow, he was drunk every time I saw him."

"Did he come here much to see her?" Percy neatly folded a thin slice of bread and butter and put it in his mouth.

"I don't know about much, but he drank heavily, that's agreed. I suppose they quarrelled. She could lose her temper, too, when occasion demanded. I don't suppose he ever meant to go so far, but both perhaps were in a rage, and the knife handy . . ."

"H'm, that'd be it," Mr. Tulloch sipped his tea with obvious satisfaction, looking pointedly and disapprovingly over the rim of his cup at his daughter-in-law's stronger refreshment.

She let him look today, lying back in a chair, her long brown hands folded round the glass. "I needed this," she said in an

ALl characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

audible aside to Vance. "Poor old Duncan!"

His attempt to embarrass her falling flat, Mr. Tulloch went on: "One of these rummy young people, wasn't he? Well, it can't be denied he has saved the police a lot of trouble. And us, too." The cup was tilted, emptied, put back on the table with a final little click.

Not one word of pity for the tragedy! Jess thought. What monstrous egotism the old man exhibited. And not only today but on every occasion. When her dog had been run

From the Bible

● "Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart."

1 Samuel, 12:24.

Samuel had been reproving the children of Israel for their sins, reminding them of God's mercy. The people asked him to pray for them that they may be spared from further sin. Samuel tells them to fear the Lord and serve Him with all their heart.

over by a carrier's van—well, it was her dog, not his—he'd gone in and shut his gate. The click of that gate had been very like the click of the teacup on the tray. When a bush-fire swept near last year—nothing to worry about, not near his house. She looked across at him indignantly.

Vance intercepted the glance, and his bold brown eyes flashed her an impudent smile. "Don't look so self-righteous, Jess. Swear—if you dare—that it isn't something of a relief to know that Duncan's death puts paid to Cathy's."

"Oh, I suppose . . ." She trailed off, gave an imperceptible nod. Quite true. Since it had to be, there was a relief in discovering that it was an almost unknown young man who had killed Cathy, and that he was now mercifully removed from the consequences. And that herself and Keith and the others were to be saved from the hatefulness of further police investigation.

KEITH came into the room, having just come up from the scene of the crash. He was hot and grimy. His shirt was torn and the ends of his trousers were covered with burrs. Glumly, he went over to the tea table. Standing at Netta's elbow, he poured a cup of tea and drank it down. His first words, too, wrote finish to the tragedy:

"A mass of tangled steel!" he muttered with downturned lip. "And to think that possibly it was a dispute over its ownership that caused these two deaths!" He lit a cigarette, turned away and threw the match with unnecessary violence into the fireplace.

Elaine, who had been sitting brooding, head sunk, chin cupped in her hand, sprang to her feet. "Oh, how plainly one sees it!" she said. "One sees him rushing up the drive. He's filled with horror at what he's done, remorse, panic. Where to go? What to do? There's the car—the damnable car,

the cause of it all! He leaps into it. Then the idea comes to him. He jams his foot on the accelerator and steers madly for the cliff top. Down, down, over and over!"

Her eyes, fixed on the opposite wall, seemed to be watching a film unroll. The intensity of her gaze and the drama in her voice brought the picture vividly before them all. "It must have been quick, mercifully quick . . ."

"Please, Elaine, don't go on," Jess broke in. "We see it, we don't want to see it more plainly than we need."

Checked, Elaine turned her gaze on Jess. "Sorry, darling! Sorry if I've been tactless."

There was something in her eyes that made Jess think for the first time, Elaine doesn't like me. Have I been the tactless one, and shown, as Percy has, that I'm tired of her dramatics?

She said quickly: "I only meant, that as we can't do anything . . ."

"Oh, Jess, Jess, if you can manage to keep your world so safe and cosy you're very lucky! I can only say I think it's the smallest bit smug to want to withhold our sympathy and not allow ourselves to be troubled by anything 'unpleasant.' I know this poor boy killed Cathy, and then drove himself to his death—" She was in full flight again, but this time she was reigning in not by Jess.

Grogan and Manning stood in the doorway. Grogan had been an admiring audience for a moment. A real fine-looking dame! he was thinking. Not so young as that lifeless-looking kid lying back there with the whisky in her hand, but worth ten of her. He liked gold hair and big blue eyes and a bit of a curve to a figure. And he liked a woman with plenty of go in her. Even if she was barking up the wrong tree.

He said: "It certainly looked like that, Mrs. Hambledon, but I'm afraid you got it wrong. That wasn't the way it was at all."

"What's that?" Keith said, turning sharply as the two detectives came forward into the room.

The events of the morning had left little mark on them, just a little more red on Sergeant Manning's sardonic cheek, a little more moist shine on the inspector's pale complexion. The orderliness of their attire seemed to be the outward sign of the law and order they represented. There was no dust on their shoes, no burrs on their pants, no smudge of grime across their brows. These were guiltless men.

Grogan said: "No, Frith never drove himself over that cliff. So we have no reason to conclude it was him did the killing beforehand."

His words wiped out the picture they'd been seeing and left a blank slate. A blank look on their faces, too, but not so blank that here and there consternation didn't peep through.

Then it wasn't cleared up! Jess thought in dismay. They were back where they'd been before. Cathy's murderer was still at large, and now there'd be more of those police questionings, those disconcerting police glances that fixed a speaker and made him wonder if every word he said was strictly true, or if some slip of memory or tongue was going to bring the beam of suspicion on him. Duncan, dead, had seemed a quick and easy end to it all.

Elaine sat down, rather suddenly, as though a prop had been kicked from under

To page 47

Be everything you

want to be . . . with

Angel Face
BY POND'S



RADIANT



PENSIVE

Angel Face, the complete compact make-up, makes a girl's dreams come true. The creamy combination of protective base and silky powder gives your complexion flawless loveliness that lasts for hours. Be everything you want to be . . . be an Angel Face Girl.

Angel Face

BY POND'S

Angel Face—in the "Blue Angel" case—5/9, or the Glamorous Pink Compact—9/11. 6 heavenly shades.



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

C345

Page 45



Yes . . . I know I'm extravagant!

My friends say I'm extravagant but what they really mean is that I'm very feminine. Most of my life I'm a thrifty, practical housewife. But for certain personal things — like my lingerie — I admit I pay more than most women. It gives me a luxurious feeling to wear beautiful Prestige lingerie. Maybe I am extravagant but I love it!

PERSONALIZED LINGERIE BY **Prestige**

for him
out. St
thru
coat, tr
train
Perc
man th
shou
facto
"for
beyo
didn't
look
thru
were
thro
he
G
noug
Mr.
of h
in
the
quin
leat
on
doo
befo
som
put
dis
Pre
the
of
C
the
all
live
bit
hou
dro
hea
the
min

Th

for the whisky and poured himself another. Bettina held out her glass, too.

Standing stiffly erect, hands thrust into the pockets of his coat, long horse face severely trained on the inspector, Percy wanted information, the man of business seeing to it that no mere assumption should usurp the place of hard facts.

"Was it possible," he asked, "for you to establish that beyond all doubt, that he didn't drive the car over the look-out? In a smash like this, with the car a total wreck and the occupant thrown clear and dead before he was found?"

Grogan said: "He never touched the steering wheel, Mr. Hambleton. There's none of his prints on it. He wasn't in the front seat, he was in the back."

"Prints again?" Percy inquired.

"That's right, on the new leather of the back seat and on the handle of the rear door."

"Do you mean he was dead before the car went over, that someone killed him, too, and put his body in the car and disposed of it that way? Pressed his fingerprints on the door handle and the leather of the seat?"

Grogan shook his head. "No, the medical man says he was alive when he went over. He lived some little time after he hit the ground, maybe an hour or so."

Jess got up, lifted her hands, dropped them, shook her head, voiced the confusion she felt must be in all their minds: "Then how — what

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 45

does it all mean? Why did he get into the car? What was he doing there?"

Grogan said, shaking his head, too: "Look, Mrs. Watson, we can't answer all those questions for sure. My word, that's asking too much! We can only reconstruct the facts from the evidence we got so far, and what seems probable. We conclude he was the person you heard the dead girl speak to: 'Get out, you're drunk,' and we think he got out — as far as the car."

Keith nodded. "Yes . . . I see. But —" mildly he challenged the inspector. "What reason have you to think he didn't kill her first?"

"Well, look at it this way. We know the murderer wiped the handle of the fruit-knife clean. Now do you think this feller Frith, if it was him, would exhibit that degree of self-preservation — a very collected act — and then go up the drive, see her empty car there, and — showing he had no intention of driving away, mind! — climb into the back seat and apparently go to sleep? Within a stone's throw of his victim, who he knew must be discovered in a matter of minutes!"

"And, moreover, he couldn't've been sure that someone hadn't overheard that bit of a barney. Which Mrs. Watson, as it happened, did. So when she's found dead he'd be the first person to be suspected, wouldn't he? See what I mean? You have to take these facts into consideration when you try to pin it on him. Mind, I know I said last night," Grogan hedged, "that in crimes of passion a person can act very inconsistently. But not all that crazy, I reckon."

"Yes," Vance murmured. "Duncan would've been the first to see that. No matter how drunk he was he always had his wits about him."

"Did you know him well, Mr. Tulloch?"

"Me?" Vance looked up, glass half way to his mouth.

"Oh . . . I've known him for two or three years, but not well. I don't know that anyone knew him intimately. Except a few of his girlfriends."

"He wasn't a married man, I understand?"

"No."

"You say he was asleep," Keith harked back.

"That's what we think. We think he was asleep. And I'll tell you why. You know the way a man that's very drunk will keep going for a certain length of time, then somebody ticks him off and he stumbles away with only one thought, to get some place where he can sit down, or lie down, and have a sleep? That was when his eye lighted on the car, and he gets in and passes out. And somebody else, after they've killed the girl, must've come up, leant in and released the brake and steered the car downhill and over the cliff."

PERCY hummed and ha'ed, cleared his throat, and fingered the scarf at his open-neck shirt. "H'm . . . Don't think there's any chance, do you, that the car simply rolled? That over the hours — as an insecurely braked car will — it began to move and gained impetus and plunged?"

"Not there, Mr. Hambleton. It couldn't have landed up there at the look-out unless steered. No, we got two theories about that wrecked car. The person who killed the girl might never've known Frith was in it — slumped down along the back seat — when they steered it over."

"The idea might've just been to set us off on a false trail, have us think the killer had jumped into the car and driven it away. Or it could've been this way. The killer knew Frith had been a witness to something, had caught a

glimpse of them beforehand, that he knew, anyhow, they were somewhere on the premises. So this person, rushing up the drive after stabbing the girl, could've been in a real panic, knowing Frith had seen them."

"And then — a chance in a million to get rid of him! Him asleep in the car and a sheer drop like that conveniently near. Furthermore, it wasn't only getting rid of a witness. Killed two birds with one stone, didn't it?" Grogan looked round the room at his attentive audience, sought every eye blandly.

"Yes," Keith it was who gave agreement. "Made everyone think —"

"Just what all you folks did think — what I thought myself at first — that this feller Frith had had a row with her over the ownership of the car, maybe, got in a passion, grabbed up the knife, killed her, and then suicided when he realised what he'd done."

"But wouldn't this — this someone have the sense to know that these fingerprints — none on the wheel, plenty on the back seat — would prove that Frith hadn't driven the car, and therefore, as you reason, hadn't committed the murder?"

"Look," Manning said wearily, "nobody can't have everything to order. He's got to make do with things as he finds 'em. See? With a bit of luck — I don't suppose that spot's much visited — the car and the body could've lain there for days, maybe weeks. By which time, he thinks, what with one thing and another, spring thunderstorms, wind and weather, the sand drifting over it, it mightn't be that easy to talk about fingerprints, or where the corpse had sat in the car."

"Too right it mightn't, Sergeant," Grogan said approvingly. "Specially if they paid a visit down there one night and helped the fingerprints

To page 49

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"PATRICIA." — Pretty summer shirtwaister in gay striped cotton. Colors are mid-blue, royal-blue, cinnamon, pink, aqua, and mint-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/6. Postage 5/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 76/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Now! ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

the new pre-cooked weaning food
... in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING
When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this

is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides, in easily digestible form, basic diet requirements necessary during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

FREE SAMPLE OFFER.

Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

M190 B



Doubly smooth...the filter tip plus the extra length



ROTHMANS KING SIZE REALLY SATISFIES



Compare the length

Any King Size is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, smoother, gives extra flavour and satisfaction.



Compare the tobacco

The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top prices, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best leaf is offered for sale.



Compare the filter

5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give perfect filtration and to enhance the fine smooth flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

off, blurred everything with a bit of brushwood or something. Yes, Mr. Tulloch rendered us very good service, taking a peek over that ledge this morning." He beamed across at the old man.

Mr. Tulloch looked up, astonished, seemingly, by even this small meed of praise. "Thank you, Inspector. Glad to think I've been of some use." He crossed one neatly tailored leg over the other and squared his bony shoulders.

Netta gathered together the cups and lifted the tray. Percy took it from her and followed her out to the kitchen with it.

Jess was grateful for the move, which might, she prayed, end this particular session.

The same expectation could have been read on every face. Elaine dropped her cigarette case back into her bag and touched a wave of her bright hair preparatory to departure. Bettina drew in her long legs and struggled up out of her lounging position. She looked at Vance and murmured: "Well, darling?"

Jess made a move to the door, but Grogan halted her with a question: "How well did you know this Frith, Mrs. Watson? Did he come here often?"

She paused, then came back with reluctant steps. She stood, pencil-slim in her black denim pants and dark yellow shirt. "Only since Cathy Simpson came to stay," she said, "during the past three weeks."

"Before that?"

"Not at all. I hadn't met him."

"What sort of a fellow was he, would you say?"

Duncan? She brought him into the forefront of her mind's eye, his decadent concave appearance, his fugitive air, his quick glances, his brief droppings-in at odd hours, suggestive of a restless search for something.

"He always seemed rather a lost sort of individual to me," she told Grogan. "Aimless, unsatisfied, living alone up there in that dingy little flat over the tobacconist shop."

"You've been up there?"

"Yes, one morning Cathy

and I were shopping and we met him and went up and had coffee with him. I know every-one stresses that he drank a lot. I suppose he did, but he was always very pleasant and—and well-behaved. Don't you agree, Bettina?"

"Oh, yes . . . there was no harm in Duncan," Bettina broke that cautious silence into which she seemed so often to retreat in her father-in-law's presence. Her eyes flickered to him, and then back to Jess. "Duncan's always been around. You know, one met him at parties and places. I think Cathy knew him before she knew Roger."

"She'd been engaged to Mr. Clements, I understand, for six months?"

"Yes, but Duncan was on the scene before that. Before we left school we used to meet him at places. He was quite attractive in a way."

"Attractive." Mr. Tulloch repeated the word in italics: "That's a word that young people today allow to cover a multitude of sins. A dreadful little fellow, a dreadful little fellow!"

"I thought he was quite charming, too," Elaine said, as though the old man hadn't spoken. "He had that flattering way of making a woman feel wonderful. It could've been most devastating, I imagine, to any girl who didn't know the worth of such nonsense. And then, of course, he was very good looking, in a rather saturnine way. We met him here. We didn't know him very well, did we Percy?" she queried of her husband as he came back into the room.

"Frith? That who you're talking about? No, I don't think I'd have know him again if I'd seen him. He dropped in on us one night and stayed for dinner, didn't he? I know when I got back from my meeting you said you couldn't get rid of him till he'd drunk everything in sight. He was an insignificant, ordinary looking fellow."

and I were shopping and we met him and went up and had coffee with him. I know every-one stresses that he drank a lot. I suppose he did, but he was always very pleasant and—and well-behaved. Don't you agree, Bettina?"

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 47

Vance gave a short laugh. "Insignificant, eh? You thought that? I guess Elaine's nearer the truth. I don't think any girl ever thought him insignificant."

"A lady's man, was he?" Grogan asked.

Vance took some time to answer this. He tipped back his chair and balanced delicately, a delicate balance of

● Mishaps are like knives, they either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.

—Herman Melville

 indecision on his face, too. Then he grounded the legs of the chair and said slowly:

"I don't know whether this is quite the thing to tell —" he looked around doubtfully, fingering his weak cleft chin, "and I hope it won't ever get back to Roger. I shouldn't think he could take another knock, but —"

"Now, Vance, please don't!" Elaine put out a protesting hand. "This merciless dissection of them now, it's horrible! I know one has to help, but they're both dead, and —"

"Both murdered," Manning put in flatly, letting his cold gaze rake her flamboyant face and figure, "and their killer's still walking around, and anyone that withholds anything from the police is out to help that killer, not us." He swivelled the gaze to Vance and waited. The room waited, too.

Avoiding Elaine's glance, Vance said: "Well, actually, Duncan was making a very heavy pass at Cathy."

"At Cathy?" Jess said, and stopped with the words barely spoken on her lips.

"Yes, and judging by what Elaine and I overheard, she hadn't by any means always

knocked him back. It was the night before last when we were all here. Of course I know all about things overheard at parties when people have had a few, etc., etc., but —"

He turned back to Grogan: "It was getting on for ten. Mrs. Hambledon and I were out on the terrace with Cathy when Duncan arrived. We talked for a few minutes and then he murmured something or other to her and they strolled off together down the garden. Not long after, Mrs. Hambledon and I were roaming around, and we went down the steps on to the next terrace, and as we got near to that big laurel with the seat behind it looking over the water we heard Duncan remonstrating with her."

"Did you hear what he was saying?" Grogan asked.

"Unfortunately, yes. We couldn't help hearing. He said, 'You've got to tell this fellow you don't love him. You've told me a dozen times you don't. You're only sticking to him for what you can get out of him.' Of course we sheered off quick and lively. And needless to say I'd never have mentioned it to anyone if all this hadn't happened."

Jess found that though mildly horrified by Vance's story of Cathy's deceit she wasn't greatly surprised. From the first, she had suspected that Cathy was marrying Roger purely for his money.

When he had come to see her, hurrying in, noisy and eager, laden with flowers, and sweets, and presents, and put his arms around her and kissed her, there had been a pretty little show of welcome on her part, but it was impossible to read any real warmth into it or one grain of spontaneity. She'd been a chilly little fish who'd swum in chilly waters. No world well lost for love for Cathy!

Without giving them her full attention, Jess heard the voices

To page 53



"We've got a new one, Daddy!"

"That's right, Pete, a new push-button Brent Cistern you can reach."

"Gee, Daddy, isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, son. Your Mother specially wanted a Brent De Luxe because they look so good."

"And will our Brent keep on making that 'whooshing' noise like the old one, Dad?"

"Not the Brent, son . . . they're very quiet, and besides Brent's so simply designed inside, it can't ever go wrong."

Brent
 DE LUXE PUSH-BUTTON CISTERN

Unconditionally Guaranteed. Models available for sewer or septic tank areas. Obtainable from all leading Builders' and Plumbers' suppliers.

448125-16

Palmolive Beauty Plan gives

New Life

to your complexion!

Doctors prove that Palmolive beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days

FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY you use it, you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its rich creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Doctors have proved that Palmolive soap can give 2 out of 3 women clearer, smoother, younger-looking complexions in only 14 days. Just massage Palmolive's extra mild, rich, creamy lather on your skin for 60 seconds. Then rinse and pat dry. Do this daily, and see your complexion become clearer — smoother — younger-looking — more captivatingly beautiful.

You can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- *Fresher, brighter complexion
- *Complexion clearer, more radiant
- *Less oiliness
- *Added softness and smoothness
- *Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads

YOU SAVE WHEN YOU BUY THE BIG SUPERBATH SIZE



gentle olive oil

7099



An announcement by AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

Join in the
1st National Festival of Dairy Foods
and make the most of

CHEDDAR

Cheese is one of mankind's most delectable foods and no cheese is higher in quality and lower in price than Australian Cheddar — the most concentrated high-protein food your money can buy. A single pound contains all the calcium and vitamins in 20 tall glasses (a full gallon) of fresh creamy milk, and more protein than 2 lbs. of the choicest steak. Cheese is a delicious, easily-digested food, and everyone in your family needs its special protein goodness every day.

HOW TO CHOOSE IT. Australian Cheddar is sold everywhere in traditional round blocks or loaves, cut to your requirements, or already prepackaged in plastic film. Mild, semi-matured or tasty, there's a cheddar exactly right for every taste. Do a little sampling and find yours! Proper storage is important. Cheese will stay fresh-flavoured and moist if you keep it wrapped in plastic film or foil. It should be stored in the refrigerator, but removed in time to serve at room temperature.

HOW TO USE IT. Australian Cheddar is not only a magnificent table cheese but a versatile cooking cheese as well. It belongs to every meal, enhances everything you cook. Be adventurous with cheese — see what it will do for all the family's favourite foods!

- ★ Top meat or vegetable casseroles with slices of cheese a few minutes before you take them out of the oven.
- ★ Add a big spoonful of grated cheese to your bowl of soup.
- ★ Mix grated cheese with crumbs when coating cutlets or veal schnitzel.
- ★ Mash grated cheese into cauliflower, potatoes and other vegetables.
- ★ Shred cheese into scrambled eggs, omelettes, baked beans and on to grilled tomatoes and salads.



Cheese is your family's protein insurance — HAVE THEY HAD THEIR CHEESE PROTEIN TODAY?



A touch of distinction



● Charming statue of a faun, eternally keeping watch over the goldfish, is sheltered from the setting sun by a high brick wall forming a peaceful, warm courtyard.

NO matter how attractive a garden may look filled with spring and summer color, there is sure to be some natural feature which can be dramatised.

A garden seat, a small paved courtyard where nothing will grow, or a fish pool can add distinction and a sense of planning.

These three pictures were taken in the garden of the President of the Garden Club of Australia, Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

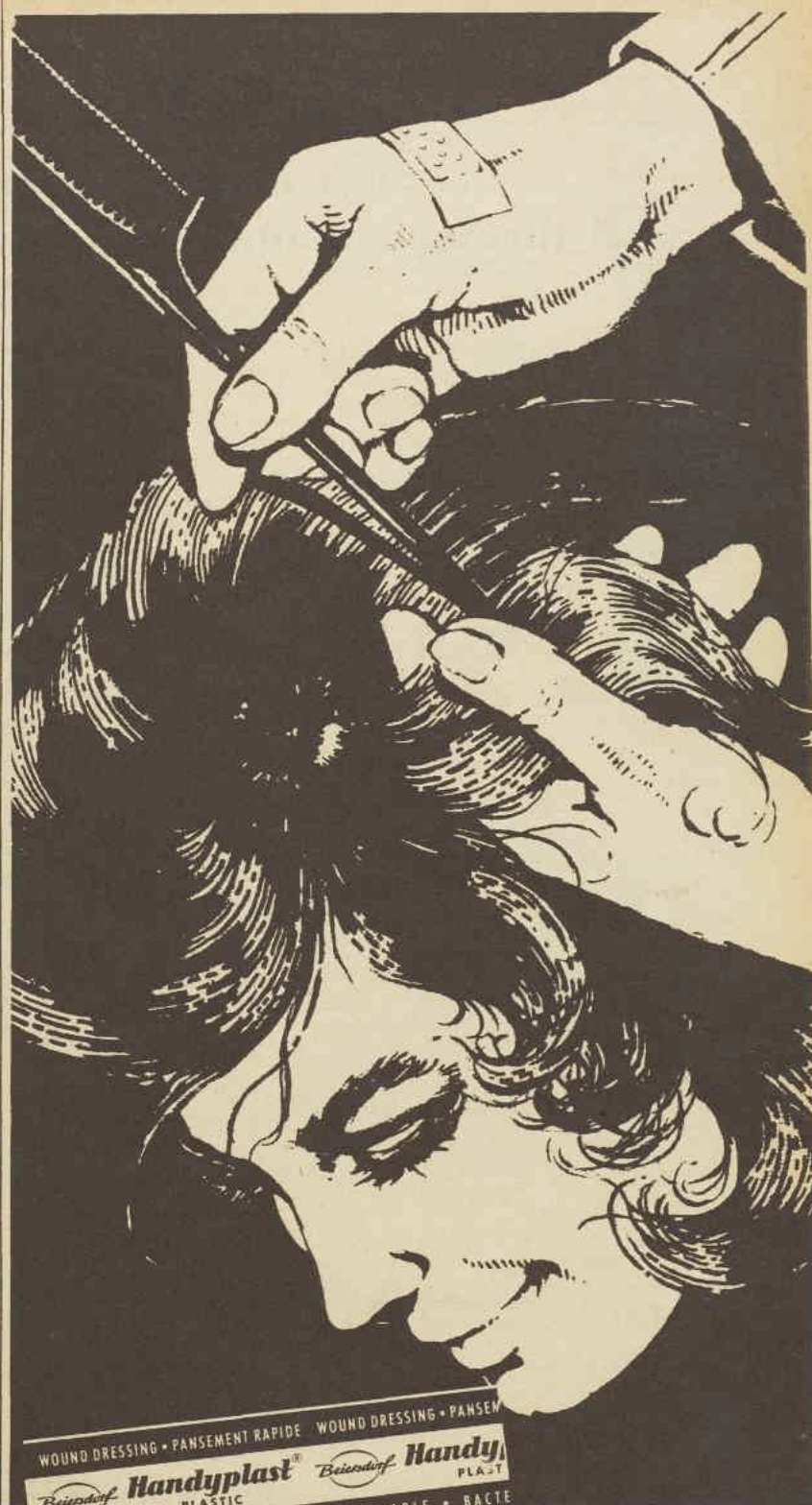
GARDENING



● Classic Japanese garden lantern makes an interesting and imaginative feature of an otherwise useless outcrop of rock in a garden. Pictures by Stirling Macoboy.



● The rustic dovehouse, made of shingles and bark, is nailed on top of a stout post out of reach of cats.



WOUND DRESSING • PANSEMENT RAPIDE WOUND DRESSING • PANSEMENT
Beiersdorf Handyplast® Beiersdorf Handyplast®
PLASTIC PLAST
WATERPROOF • BACTERICIDAL IMPERMEABLE • BACTE

Hands that care...

...hands that deftly groom a woman's hair into a coiffure of crowning glory... hands that are in the daily service of feminine beauty... just a little cut could prove a danger to such hands without Handyplast! This ultra-thin, flesh-coloured strip protects a cut against harmful

germs for its gauze pad is impregnated with QAC*, a highly antiseptic agent. Handyplast allows the hairdresser's hands to move swiftly as he goes about his intricate art... It helps promote rapid healing.

*QAC-Quaternary Ammonium Compound

Handyplast® strip

A dressy wound dressing in Plastic, Waterproof or Elastic.

Ask your family chemist — he knows!

TOOTAL CAMITA

is a wonderful fabric
all through summer



In so many beautiful ways, CAMITA is the cotton. So feminine and pretty and versatile, so right for all summery occasions. Choose from an extravagance of designs and colours for sun frocks, play clothes, afternoon dresses, party frocks, cocktail and theatre wear. Choose CAMITA for practical reasons, too . . . it's crease-resisting, minimum-iron, Tootal guaranteed . . . and only 9/6 a yard.

ALSO TOOTAL SUN COTTON, ROBIA, WICKERWEAVE AND TOOTAL LINEN

Guaranteed fabrics by **TOOTAL**

REGD

2175.

going on. Mostly a repetition, it was, of what had gone before. How was it that no detective ever seemed satisfied with what he heard? He asked for more. And if you didn't know more you ought to! And if you searched your memory, urged on by him, you would. And apparently it paid dividends, even if small; because there were things added now.

Cathy had seemed agitated when she came up from the garden, Vance remembered. She had stuck around with himself and Bettina for the rest of the evening. And—yes, Roger had been at the party, of course, but nowhere near. Vance was pretty sure, when Duncan had been talking to Cathy on the seat by the laurel.

Presently, Percy murmured something about his office and took himself and Elaine away. The Tullochs, father, son, and daughter-in-law, left soon after. At the top of the drive Vance turned left and set off along the road towards town. Mr. Tulloch and Bettina made their way homeward, a straggling pair of one and one, not two, with old Tulloch striding jerkily ahead, as though he meant to get in and shut the gate and the door before the other reached them.

When the detectives, too, had gone, Keith and Jess stared across the room at each other in weary silence. They could hardly bring themselves to speak. Voices enough went on ringing in their ears, and crowding presences seemed to be still printed on the air. Keith groaned and stretched his tall figure and groped for his cigarettes.

Jess lifted a limp wrist and look at her watch. "You'll have to dress and leave. Mr. Simpson's train will be arriving."

"Right. But wait a minute. You were going to tell me something."

"Was I?" Her face went blank, and then: "Oh, yes... that was a lifetime ago. Now—after all this—"

"Something else," he reminded her. "Something else, you said."

"Yes, a letter. Or rather, no letter."

Jess' contradictory words a letter and no letter—hung on the air for a minute while Keith waited, lighter flame to cigarette end.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Well, do you remember, I brought the letters in from the box just before I came into breakfast? I glanced at them and threw them down on the hall table. There were various things for you and me, nothing for Netta, and for Cathy—or so I thought—three."

"Three?" he repeated.

"Yes, but when I told the inspector there were some letters for her and went to get them, I found only two." Her tone wavered.

It called for him to say: "Come, darling, you must've been mistaken. Are you sure?"

"I think I am." She roamed about the room in faint distraction.

"That doesn't sound too sure. I must say."

"Well... I was at the time. I never doubted it. You know, you register, but you don't think you're going to be asked to swear—I mean, I remember thinking, three letters for poor little Cathy never to open."

"Well, what do you suggest, what are you getting at?" He came over to her, and took her by the shoulders. "You think somebody took it? That's what you're getting at?"

"What else?... what else?"

"Nothing. If there were three."

"Keith... we'll be loony before all this is over. You look a bit that way already, with straws in your hair or she-oak needles and stuff." She combed his thick straight hair with her fingers.

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 49

"Never mind." He gave her a little shake. "There were only the three of us here, you and me and Netta, and the police."

She broke away from him and roamed the room again. "The front door was open," she said. "Supposing somebody was on the look-out for the postman, but I was there as he put the letters into the box? Supposing someone had written to her, threatening her, perhaps? Or saying they were coming to see her last night. And the letter was delayed. And they did come. And realised last night, after they'd killed her, that the letter would be delivered this morning. They'd have to get hold of it, wouldn't they?"

They argued this possibility for a while, Keith scouting her suggestion, doubting that there'd been a third letter at all, she growing more convinced that there had been, the more he tried to throw doubt on it.

At last she said, wearily: "All right, I'm fanciful! Because other things were missing I hypnotised myself, I suppose? Though I've never been much of a self-hypnotiser before."

"You've never had a cold-blooded murder done under your roof before. Such a thing might throw anyone off balance and—"

"Anyhow," she cut him short, "you can't stop here talking. You must go."

Ten minutes later he was back, showered, and changed, shaking himself into his coat as he came. "Listen," he said, "you must report this affair, if you're really sure—or even if you're not—this letter that you think was taken. When the inspector returns, or the sergeant, you must tell him what you suspect."

She picked a wilting flower out of the vase and crumpled it slowly between her fingers. "Must I?"

"Of course you must. Most certainly. Why not?"

She didn't answer, just looked expressionlessly back at him.

"Now for pity's sake don't go getting ideas," he implored. "I can see you're brewing something."

"You'll be late," she told him.

He kissed her in a flurry, part haste, part exasperation. "Good-bye, then. Take care of yourself." He hurried out to the garage.

NETTA came bustling in. "Is that Keith going off?"

"Yes, he's going into the hotel to see Cathy's father."

"I'll go with him as far as the shops and do a bit of marketing." She went out to the kitchen for a basket.

Jess followed. "Do we need anything?"

"Yes, we haven't nearly enough fruit, and the man doesn't call today."

"Never mind, leave it. Anna can bring anything we want this afternoon. Ring her."

"No, no, Anna's the worst possible shopper. She'll take anything they give her. I'll go up with Keith. There are one or two things besides. I may as well go. It'll do me good to get out." She was quickly knotting a scarf round her neck, striding up the hall and out the front door, her grey hair sticking up, her face absurdly eager.

Jess watched her go. Really! she thought, what could it matter if they never tasted oranges again? Today, with two murders on their hands! But that was Netta. The rou-

time of a household was all-important to her, and the smallest opposition only set her the more unshakably on her course.

She turned back into the empty house and wandered from room to room, envying Netta her ability to make the everyday details of shopping and housekeeping sweep the horrors of murder from her mind. Envious of Netta, and she should be grateful to her, too, for being so practical, when she herself felt incapable of a practical thought or act. She stepped out on to the terrace into the sun, and went down the steps.

Almost by the time she reached the lower terrace, Netta was standing on the pavement of the shopping



street, watching Keith's car disappear before she dove into a telephone booth by the post office. Seen through the glass walls of the box, Netta's face looked grim and resolute. Her knuckles whitened as she gripped the receiver.

At the end of five minutes she stepped out into the street of prosperous small shops, and stood in thought before crossing over. Cars crawled past, or stopped and gave forth gaily dressed young women with children and sober, well-trained dogs. The shoppers jostled Netta, so little was she aware of them, so stock still she stood in their path. The expression on her face was still intensely uncertain and anxious.

After lunch that afternoon, Bettina took a tray with coffee for herself and her father-in-law into the drawing-room.

The room was used very little by her and Vance, and that fact created a certain amount of dissension between husband and wife, Vance saying: "Haven't we better go in there to-night with the old man?" and Bettina objecting that if they did, and so much as breathed, he would fidget and shuffle to show that they were disturbing his reading.

Now, threading her way circumspectly between velvet-covered armchairs and occasional tables, she put the tray down and poured coffee into the Crown Derby cups, took his over and placed it beside him.

"Thank you," he said, "thank you." His tone was almost mellow as he laid his book down on his knee, took off his glasses and lifted the cup.

She went back and started to drink her own coffee, standing.

"Sit down, my dear," he said. "No great hurry, is there?"

Surprised, she sat down. In her light colored and cool frock

she filled not more than a third of the clumsy old chair.

"Where's Vance?" he inquired, stirring thoughtfully.

"I don't exactly know. He's in town somewhere."

"No work for him today, I expect."

"No, he rang the office and explained."

"This thing's unsettled everyone. Frightful affair. Poor creature! I can't say I ever liked the girl, though I'd nothing against her. Except the way she took possession of the house when she was here. Wasting the gas and electricity, and those long-distance calls! But she was bright and pretty, meant no harm. I suppose you knew her better than anyone?"

—her staying with you, and you up there with her."

"I'll say," Bettina murmured.

He said again: "Frightful business all round. All this questioning and probing! No peace and privacy for any of us till it's cleared up."

"No," Bettina said softly, and her dark eyes rested on him, seeming to wait for him to say more.

What he did say was: "I think I could drink another cup."

She got up quickly and poured it for him and took it over.

Two cups of coffee and a display of amiability were something new on his part.

They were explained in a minute when he said: "By the way, Bettina—" and paused.

"Yes?"

"I thought I'd just mention that there's no need to tell the police I rarely take that walk to the clifftop there."

"No, of course, no need at all," she hastened to agree.

"The more we keep out of the affair the better. Don't volunteer anything, and think a lot before you answer their questions." He sipped his coffee for a minute and bemoaned the unwisdom of Cathy's behaviour. "And now, as we heard from Vance this morning, we know she was having some sort of a love affair with this unfortunate young fellow Frith."

He picked up his book and settled the glasses on his nose again. "Ah, well," he said, dismissingly, "love affairs usually result in disaster."

Murder in this case was the inference, marriage in his own. He had waited till he was well on in years before marrying his secretary, but, nevertheless, the result had been Vance, who had brought, in due course, Bettina.

He opened his book and settled himself in his chair.

As he did so, the front door-bell rang. "That'll be one of those hawkers. Somebody wanting us to buy something. Send him about his business and shut this door after you."

Bettina obeyed and went up the hall.

Opening the door, she found the mat occupied by visitors even less welcome than brush salesmen.

Her hand still on the lock, she stood blinking in the strong sunlight that silhouetted Inspector Grogan and Sergeant Manning. "Do you want to see Mr. Tulloch?" she asked.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tulloch," Grogan said in a voice rather more blandly affable than usual. The last hour's findings, handed to him as he was leaving his office for lunch, had added considerably to his enjoyment of the chow mein in Campbell Street. "No, we really wanted to have a word with you," he told her.

"Me?" She glanced from

Keen's Curry makes very clever cooks!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste—mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES

Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard

Tell a woman of taste — by her table



Real Bone China gives that extra refinement to your table layout, especially if you choose one of the many lovely Royal Albert patterns now in the stores. This decoration is "American Beauty," delicate pink roses with soft green foliage and stippled gold finish; highlighted by the lovely pure whiteness found only in English Bone China.

ROYAL ALBERT

THOS. C. WILD & SONS LTD., THE STRAND, 54 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. (Trade enquiries only)

To page 55

There ought to be a better word than "*delicious*"



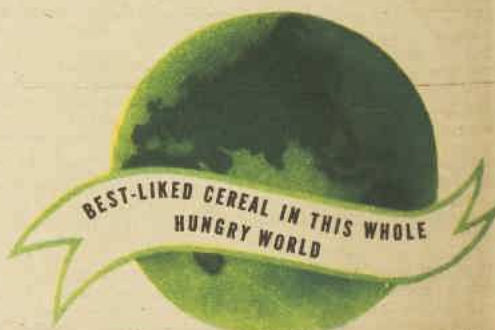
Someday . . . somewhere . . . someone will find a better word than "*delicious*" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it!

... just for *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes



DON'T YOU AGREE? "*Delicious*" just doesn't seem good enough for the taste of Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Those bigger, crisper flakes are so different from all others. They **look** different. More tempting. Even **smell** more appetising! More sustaining, too, because corn stores up more of Nature's goodness than any other grain.

Wish we could find the perfect word! But never mind. You can go right on enjoying your Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the same old wonderful way. Every morning, we hope!



Better-tasting...more sustaining, because *Kellogg's* do wonders with Corn.

*Registered Trade Mark, K85

Looking relieved rather than
 haunted by this fiasco, she got
 up and walked to an open
 window nearby, the window of
 the comfortable spacious room
 in which she and Vance lived
 their scrounging self-con-

Well, this is what happened. The night before last there was this party at the Watsons', a bit of a do for Cathy as she was going home soon to be married. During the evening I came up to me—we were

"She'd actually forged your name, had she?" he asked.

have to relate, but the old man doesn't like living with young people. We pay our way, of course, more or less. You know how it is. It wouldn't suit us to leave here . . . not at all."

"We packed the suit and the dress, and I took them away with me. I had to let her keep the lounging suit because she had the damn thing on. I said I'd pay for it, lend her the price of it till she was married. I had twenty pounds

"Look, Les, if Ernest P. Tulloch was the killer of these two people would he've been the one to uncover the car's position? Now tell me. Wouldn't

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4974850>



THE SPOTS were hand-painted on these underskirts for the lovely red velvet gowns worn by the grisettes with black feather boas. From left: Monica Sheargold, Halinka de Tarcynska, Joyce Hexter, Margheurita Helios, Elizabeth West, Pam Fasso.

The Merry Widow



● "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar's beloved operetta which has played over a million times in most parts of the world, is back on the Australian stage, played by the internationally famous Sadler's Wells Opera Company, with Australian coloratura soprano June Bronhill singing the title role. When its Melbourne season closes on October 1, "The Widow" will move to Sydney's Tivoli Theatre on October 6.

WEARING Pontevedrian national costumes, Joan Carden (left) and Janet Pratt admire some of the jewellery specially made for the show. The costumes were made from felt and hand-painted cotton.



SAUCY costume worn by Deidree Thurlow (above) as Valencienne, wife of the Pontevédrian Ambassador, when she masquerades as a grisette. Spots on the petticoat and the parasol had to be hand-painted.

GLAMOROUS hairstyles and ball-gowns worn by the cast. From left (rear): Pam Fasso, Margherita Helios, Elizabeth West. Front: Monica Sheargold, Halinka de Tarcynska and Joyce Hexter.



SEVERAL hairstyles were tried before these were decided on for star June Bronhill (front) and Deidree Thurlow. June is the best of the modern "Merry Widows."





gave
myself
a **Toni** ... bought
myself a
necklace ..

because I saved a packet of pounds with
this do-it-yourself HOME PERM

NO OTHER PERM — HOME OR BEAUTY SALON — GIVES YOU
A WONDER-WAVE WITH **HIDDEN BODY**

Goodness, why fritter away a fortune
... when you can have the *prettiest*
perm without long waits, tall bills, and
a session under the dryer?

And Toni gives you the most unique
wave, a wonderful wave with "Hidden
Body". It's soft, shape-able — holds any
hair-do curly or smooth. It will sleek

itself into a smooth hair-style, or flip
right into a fluffy pop-up. Set it smooth,
set it curly, set it umpteen ways —
Hidden Body stays. And Hidden Body
is exclusively Toni's. Shampoos, too,
like natural curls — no more setting your
hair every night. Get the Toni habit —
wave and save!



EVEN WAVE TONI WHOLE HEAD KIT — SUPER, REGULAR, GENTLE — 13/6
EVEN WAVE TIP-TONI FOR END CURLS IN THE THREE STRENGTHS — 9/9

Page 58

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ BLACK ORPHEUS

Drama, with Bruno Mello, Marpessa Dawn, Lea Garcia. In color. Savoy, Sydney.

THIS American Academy Award and Cannes Grand Prix-winning French film is a lavish, modern, Brazilian staging of the ancient Greek legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, and their immortal love.

Played by an exciting all-negro cast, only the female lead—Marpessa Dawn (Eurydice)—is a professional entertainer.

The film follows the legend reasonably faithfully. But Orpheus is a tram driver, not the son of King Oeagrus, his lyre is a guitar, and instead of searching Hades for Eurydice after her death, we see him frantically touring the "under-world" of hospital casualty rooms, the Missing Persons Bureau, and the morgue.

The amateur cast was plucked from surprising sources. Handsome six-foot Orpheus, Bruno Mello, is a Brazilian law-student-footballer. The tantalising Serafina, Eurydice's cousin, is stenographer Lea Garcia, and her lusty sailor friend, taxi-driver Waldemar de Souza. Olympic medallist runner Adhemar da Silva portrays Death.

In a word . . . **DYNAMIC.**

★★★ WHITE WILDERNESS

A true-life Walt Disney adventure. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

FOR 70 enthralling minutes, Walt Disney's wizardry turns the theatre into an Arctic wonderland.

A new thrill lumbers, swims, flies, or stalks into view every second.

Oblivious of the cameras, these Arctic and tundra "stars"—polar bears, walrus, seals, lemmings, wolves, caribou—mother their young and battle for life.

Sensational color photography—result of three years' patient work in Alaska and Northern Canada—takes us on a spirited frolic with cuddly bear cubs, sneaks up on a wolf-pup howling lesson, follows the "suicidal" march of the lemmings.

This is another Disney "gold medal." Don't miss it.
In a word . . . **STUNNING.**

★★ PLEASE TURN OVER

Comedy, with Ted Ray, Jean Kent, Leslie Phillips, Julia Lockwood. State, Sydney.

In this breezy British comedy, "Garry On," producer Peter Rogers plucks a bawdy farce out of the doings of a respectable family.

Trying to impress her

father, Ted Ray, Julia Lockwood—a local Francoise Sagan—secretly writes a best-selling novel, painting her mundane family and friends as loose-living women, drunkards, and embezzlers.

But her writing is so vivid that her family sees red and gossiping neighbors read fact into fiction.

In a first-rate cast, Ted Ray—in his excellent staid-accountant-turned-roue role—puts the most bite into the film. But Joan Sims, the family's sceptical maid, and Leslie Phillips, the gay-dog family doctor, draw the most laughs.

Julia Lockwood—Margaret Lockwood's sophisticated teenage daughter—is tremendous.
In a word . . . **FUN.**

★ HEAD OF A TYRANT

Biblical drama, with Massimo Girotti and Isabelle Corey. In color. Capitol, Sydney.

BILLED as "one of the most expensive European films ever made"—lavish costumes, enormous sets, and thousands of extras—"Head of a Tyrant" is also one of the most boring.

Based on the biblical story of Judith and Holofernes, the film tells how Judith (Isabelle Corey) uses her (considerable) physical charms to save her people from being massacred by the merciless Assyrian Army, led by Holofernes (Massimo Girotti).—P.K.
In a word . . . **NO.**

★ BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG

Drama, with Dick Clark, Michael Callan, Tuesday Weld, and Victoria Shaw. Victory, Sydney.

If you've always found something terribly appealing about all young things you'll join the local teenage crush at this one.

Dick Clark is an "understanding" high-school teacher shepherding his "misunderstood" flock through a curriculum offering love as the only course. Majoring in the torrid—or horrid—love studies are two of his blackest sheep, Dick Neil and Tuesday Weld.

Australian Victoria Shaw as cub-mistress of the Wolf Pack has gone all cool and enigmatic and Audrey Hepburnish.—V.A.

In a word . . . **WHEWWW!**

GIGANTIS THE FIRE MONSTER

Horror, with a large Japanese cast. Palace, Sydney.

THIS Japanese film of stylised acting is not for occidental eyes.

Unemotional reciting, punctuated with an occasional "O.K.," tells the story of prehistoric monsters, debilitated by radioactivity, stalking a Lilliput globe.

The film arouses no interest, holds no suspense.
In a word . . . **STARCHED.**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

LOOK WHAT GAS IS DOING NOW!

CARMICHAEL

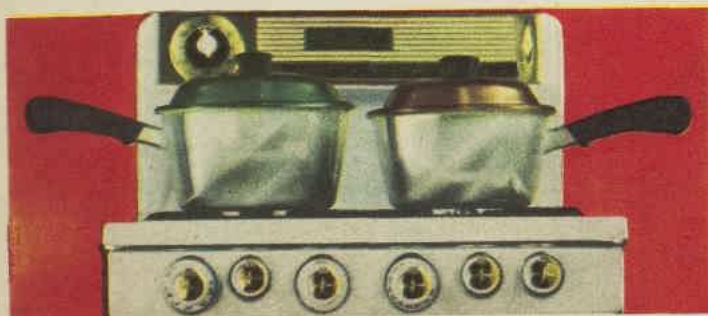
and

PARKINSON

present the

GOLDEN LINE CORONET GAS RANGE

Here's new glamour for your kitchen, new features too!



NEW HOT PLATE SAVES LIFTING

This smooth, one-level cooking area means you can move the pots and pans about easily, they just glide into place. There's no lifting. Specially positioned burner grids give safe, non-slip cooking at all times.



BIGGER-THAN-KING-SIZE GRILLER

Fast, perfect controlled grilling for family-size meals is easy in Coronet's new and larger enclosed griller. High speed, stainless steel grill glows red in seconds and newly designed drip tray makes cleaning easy.



NEW MAGIC EYE TEMPERATURE CONTROL

Every pot and pan becomes automatic! Magic Eye control (optional extra) lowers the flame automatically when the heat you set on the dial is reached. No more boil-overs, scorched pots or spoiled food when Magic Eye is cooking for you. It's a totally new way to easier cooking.



Golden Line Coronet, Width 20½", Height to Hotplate 36".



GOLDEN LINE COUNTESS Elevated Gas Range.


Left-hand or right-hand oven and all the Coronet features plus a large built-in service drawer. Width 40½", Height (with cabinet) 46".

GO MODERN WITH GAS

Gas cooks fastest and Gas cooks best. Gas is the most modern of fuels. It brings you perfect control and new, easier ways to make all your cooking a success. Only Gas gives you instant high-heat on all top-burners, perfect oven control and fast, smokeless cooking for grills. Gas saves money, too . . . there's no wait and no waste with the fast flame heat of Gas.

Every day, more and more people are cooking with GAS.



The flame  is the reason why **GAS** heats best!

NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA.

If you live beyond the Gas main use L.P. (Bottled) Gas and appliances.

1708

ULTIMA

BY REVLON



WHENEVER YOU USE THIS ONE GOSSAMER NUTRIENT CREAM...
IT'S LIKE HAVING THREE DIFFERENT FACIAL TREATMENTS

This distinguished Nutrient Cream works in an exact and scientific way to bring your skin the benefits of three different facial treatments. One... vital stimulation of circulation; Two... intensive moisturizing; Three... deep skin nourishment. 'Ultima' is a complete departure from heavy, greasy creams that tend to remain on the skin surface. It is so light, so gossamer sheer in texture, that even the most delicate skin can absorb it easily, so its unique 3-step sequence of benefits begins almost instantly. And, while we don't promise that 'Ultima' will make you beautiful overnight, we do promise that you will begin to see a healthier, smoother, younger look in a remarkably short time.

Revlon

LIMITED PRESENTATION OFFER:

So every woman can experience the results of this remarkable formula, we are authorised to offer a limited number of Sampler Jars.

15/6



DEDICATED TO THE EXCITING WOMAN WHO SPENDS A LIFETIME LIVING UP TO HER POTENTIAL.

Page 60

SOCIAL

A GAY party preceding the marriage of Nancy Atkinson, of "Calal," Attunga, and Gordon McMaster, of Trangie, will be a barbecue in their honor at Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Thornton's home at Killara on September 17.

It's being given by Elizabeth Gordon, of "Manaree," Gunnedah, Jill Smith, from "Ulindah," Coolah, Pat Butcher, of Melbourne, Margaret Robinson and her brother Bill, of "West Burrabogie," Hay, Robert Boag, of "Spring Valley," Wingello, John Douglas, of "Merwin," Moulamein, and Fergus Fysh, who is coming from "Answer Downs," McKinlay, Queensland.

They're the eightsome who will attend Nancy and Gordon at their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, on September 20.

Nancy is also being feted with a luncheon party given by her bridesmaids at Princes on September 19.

After the wedding she and Gordon will drive up to Queensland to honeymoon on Heron Island.

"We both adore fishing — especially spearfishing," Nancy told me.

★ ★ ★
TO speed up their family reunion, Mr. and Mrs. David Playfair will be met in Honolulu by their small son and daughter, John and Judy, who will fly there with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of "Belltrees," Scone, early in October. The Playfairs, who are at present in Rome, will fly home via New York, after a wonderful seven months abroad.

★ ★ ★
MRS. HERBERT CROSSING is thrilled with a cable from her daughter Elizabeth and son-in-law Douglas Middleton announcing the arrival of a baby son. He's to be named Douglas Mackinley and Elizabeth's brother, Wally Farquhar, of Spring Ridge, will be one of his godparents. The Middletons, who have been married for about six years, live in Illinois, U.S.A. They have a lovely home in the country about fifty miles from Chicago. Douglas commutes daily between his home and Chicago in a fast car.

★ ★ ★
I LIKE the tiny gold-crown, seed-pearl-studded earrings brought home from abroad by Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan for Susan Guthrie, whose engagement was announced to their son, Lieut. James Buchanan, R.A.N., the day after they returned to Sydney. Rear-Admiral Buchanan shopped for the earrings in London.

★ ★ ★
SITTING in the foyer of a hotel in Naples five years ago reading "The Times," Mr. L. E. Cleary made friends with two young Americans who asked if they could share his paper. Later he introduced them to his daughter, Cecilia, who was travelling abroad with him. Cecilia and one of the young men — Joseph Gaylo, jun. — kept in touch with each other by letter until they met again six months ago, when Cecilia was abroad once more, this time nursing in Canada. Now they have just been married in Benton, Arkansas, the groom's home town, and Mr. Cleary was there, too, to give his daughter away. Cecilia, who did her nursing training at St. Vincent's and King George V Hospitals, also nursed at Forbes and Wauchope before going overseas.

★ ★ ★
LOVED the strapless short evening dress of navy linen and the white kid court shoes with needle-point toes and heels worn by fair-haired Rosemary Eilbeck at the party given by John Canfield at his parents' home at Mosman to welcome Rosemary home from abroad. She bought the frock in London and the shoes came from Paris.

★ ★ ★
BEING philosophical about her broken ankle, Mrs. Gregory Roberts, of Rose Bay, is putting her inactivity to good account, sitting at her phone asking friends to get busy making cakes, biscuits, and jams to aid Legacy. She is convener of the "goodies" stall, which Woollahra Torch Bearers are setting up in the foyer of Hoyts Theatre, Double Bay, on the morning of September 21 before their benefit matinee at 1.30 p.m.

Incidentally, Mrs. Roberts wryly states she broke her ankle in her own home, when her foot turned on the stairs. She was wearing sensible golf shoes!

★ ★ ★
THE problem of what to wear to the United Nations Association Auxiliary gala dinner in the ballroom at Chevron Hotel on September 17 was solved by Mrs. Eve Pointing, of Point Piper, shopping in Los Angeles a few weeks ago. She bought a three-piece evening outfit — a black cashmere low-cut blouse, worn with a sweeping white skirt trimmed with black scrolls and gold sequins, and a pale gold, fine-wool, sequin-trimmed coat.

★ ★ ★
I HEAR Alderman and Mrs. Ralph Marks, of Albury, will cruise to Japan in the Oronsay early in October. A highlight of the voyage will be sailing through Japan's Inland Sea. It's dotted with 950 islands and is said to be one of the most beautiful sights in the world.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES



ENGAGEMENT CELEBRATION. Lieut. James Buchanan and his fiancée, Susan Guthrie (couple seated at right), at family dinner party given by Susan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie, at their home at Rose Bay. From left are James' parents, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, and Robert Buchanan. Susan has a lovely sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.



JUST WED. John Murray and his bride, formerly Wendy Simpkins, of Emmaville, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for reception at the Australia Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Simpkins. They will live at Lismore.



AT THE AUSTRALIA. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Peterson, of Wahroonga, and Mrs. Byram Mansell, of Killara (centre), at the buffet dinner which preceded the annual general meeting of the Australian-American Association.

GUST of wind turned the veil worn by Dr. Andrew Ferguson's bride, formerly Marilyn Mould, of Bellevue Hill, into a fantastic headdress as the couple left St. Mark's Church, followed by best man Nick Ferguson and chief bridesmaid Rosanne Mould. The groom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Ferguson, of Newcastle.



OCTOBER wedding is planned by former Olympic horseman Wyatt Thompson and Winsome Headlam, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Headlam, of "Elgleston," Moss Vale. After their marriage they will make their home on Wyatt's property, "Goonamurrah," Eglinton, via Bathurst.



SORE THROAT



TAKE MEGGEZONES

For really effective relief, take Meggezones. At work or at home... at the theatre... or listening to Radio or TV... a cough, a cold, or catarrh embarrasses you and disturbs others. Stop it — with MEGGEZONES. Soothing and antiseptic MEGGEZONES bring quick relief, pleasantly and conveniently, and help to protect you against infection. From your Family Chemist, 2/11 per packet.

Meggezones

THROAT PASTILLES

A quality product by Scott & Bowne

M1.2



I thank
MENTHOIDS
for a bit of heaven

writes

Mrs. D. S. of Geelong

"Suffering acute rheumatism for 18 years, in my shoulder, neck and both legs, I tried many different remedies, ray treatments, massage, even weekly injections, with little success. So I thought I would give Menthoids a trial. I now feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I obtained."

Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work for myself, I thank Menthoids for a bit of heaven. I'm still taking Menthoids and getting great relief." (original letter on file).

FREE FROM RHEUMATIC PAIN

If you suffer rheumatism, lumbago, pains and swelling in muscles and joints, feel tired and listless, have kidney troubles or weaknesses, Mackenzie's Menthoids will give YOU wonderful relief.

Menthoids not only rid the system of the toxins causing your troubles but Menthoids' therapeutic action stimulates your system to recapture the youthful energy, buoyant health and zest for living that are rightfully yours. Don't put up with aches and pains that make life misery. For yourself and your family — start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY.

9/-, 5/-, or economy size 15/- EVERYWHERE



MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

For people who think—
The Observer

Australia's first
fortnightly review.
1/6 from your Newsagent.

Start the Weekend well
with

WEEKEND

1/- from your Newsagent

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

- * Painlessly!
- * Quickly!
- * Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



THE NELSON FAMILY, from left, David, 24; Harriet; Rick, 20; with the head of the house, Ozzie, in the basket chair.

● The Nelsons are that oddity in show business, a real family in a family show. In real life Ozzie and Harriet Nelson are married, and their TV sons, Rick and David, are their real-life sons, Rick and David.

It is no wonder the Nelsons look happy. They are. They all do the work they like best, they all make money hand-over-fist, they're famous, people love them.

Rick, 20, and David, 24, could wear the label "rich young men about town," but although they are, their label is simply "the popular Nelson Boys." Money doesn't enter it, although David is extremely wealthy (he's a fully fledged film star as well as a TV personality) and Rick is a millionaire.

His parents play a big part in Rick's life, about which he says, "I can't imagine a happier life than I'm leading."

But people pester his parents about the boys. "Hasn't success spoiled them?" they ask.

Their father, Ozzie Nelson, says "No."

"Harriet and I aren't worried about our boys. True, we had some bad moments a year or so back when they went in for fast cars and auto-racing, but that proved to be a passing phase. When Rick started as a singer, I'll

admit we took a dim view of that, too. But Rick has educated us—now we realise that rock-n-roll can be genuinely good music if handled tastefully.

"Naturally, like other parents, we worry about the kind of company our boys keep, and hope they won't be involved with the wrong kind of girls. But, like other parents, too, we realise the time has come when we mustn't try to dictate about such things, but must rely on our faith in the boys and the teaching we've given them.

"They've never let us down."

The riverboat is an old lady now

by NAN MUSGROVE

● Once a week when television's riverboat Enterprise takes off down the Mississippi with its cargo of troubles and romance it has viewers glued to their screens.

MANY things keep the viewers there. One of them is "Riverboat's" captain, Grey Holden (Darren McGavin), and the speed of his adventures; another is the "I've met you some place before" feeling they get when the old paddle-wheeler churns up TV's Mississippi.

So many people asked me about the Enterprise that I determined to find out where viewers had met this ship before.

Now I wonder whether I should have. Life is very disillusioning. My first shock came when I found that TV's Mississippi isn't real. It's a 400-yard-long studio "lake," which runs through properly duplicated "genuine" Mississippi scenery.

At one end of the river the Enterprise pulls into a dock that is their destination, be it St. Louis or New Orleans, and about halfway along TV's tame Mississippi is the Enterprise's woodstop, where the steamer stops at least once an episode to refuel.

Embarrassment

Enterprise has caused more red faces in Revue, the studio that produces "Riverboat," than any other series. Because people in America, too, have the feeling of meeting an old, familiar friend when they see her.

Revue bought the studio and the riverboat from Universal International some years ago.

"We found the paddle-wheeler sitting in a sort of dry dock not far from the trenches and village of 'All Quiet On The Western Front,'" a Revue executive said.

"Most of us immediately recognised it as the riverboat in Tyrone Power's old movie, 'Mississippi Gambler.' It never occurred to us that Tyrone's riverboat may have been inherited from another, earlier, movie.

"Eventually we found an excellent use for it when we launched the 'Riverboat' series. Fans who wrote to us about it were always told it was the riverboat from 'Mississippi Gambler.'

"Ever since we've been paying the price of careless reporting.

"Our faces are still red." Enterprise was built back in 1936 for the first Hollywood version of "Showboat."

Remember? She was called Cotton Palace in those days and skipped by lovable roly-poly Charles Winninger. Irene Dunne sang on her, and other

members of the cast were Allan Jones, Helen Morgan, and Paul Robeson, who is to visit Australia in November.

"Showboat" finished and launched on its box-office triumphs, Cotton Palace, which cost 80,000 dollars (about £A40,000), was pushed into a small artificial dock and left.

No one thought about it again until 1953. In the 17 years' lay-off, the dock grew into a jungle, and crab grass crept into every crack in the weathered old ship.

In 1953 someone found it. It was inspected and pronounced seaworthy for a film. Repainted and done up, it sailed the Mississippi again with Tyrone Power in "Mississippi Gambler."

Six years later someone else found the riverboat, added a second storey, or upper deck, wrote a TV script around her, and the "Riverboat" series was afloat.

TV's Enterprise today boasts many modern improvements. She has a modern diesel engine to turn the paddlewheel, and a new steam boiler, alongside a smoke-maker to generate all the steam required to blow the whistle.

A final disillusionment, though, for viewers: the Enterprise has no inside. The interiors of the Enterprise sit on dry land, inside sound stage No. 19 in Hollywood, half a mile away from the "Mississippi."

There, one next to the other, are the pilot-house, the captain's quarters, the decks and



THE RIVERBOAT ENTERPRISE.

There are plenty of laughs, though, from Hancock, laughs mixed with some pathos. They come from situations that could occur in everyone's life.

A recent episode concerned Hancock's trip on a train with an elderly woman, a doctor, a parson, a soldier, and Sydney James, as fellow passengers in the carriage.

All the characters, except Hancock and his friend, James, were people who kept to themselves. They didn't

voice from the spirit world that the unsuspecting clients hear. Another character in the household is a deaf mute, Toby, whom Madame Flora has befriended.

During a seance, however, things become unstuck. An unknown hand touches Madame, who is scared witless—afraid she really has conjured up a spirit, and she takes to the drink and to murder.

It's a good story. To me it would have been entertaining if it had been a straight play without music. But I never enjoy close-ups of people with their mouths wide open, singing. With a prying TV camera you could, if you were minded, count the fillings in the teeth of some members of the cast.

And I never think emotional moments are good when you sing them.

"Don't be so nervous, it is all very simple," one of them sang at me.

I was amused to find that when Madame Flora got really worried a couple of times and took to the bottle, she stopped singing about it and started talking.

KING PETER of Yugoslavia, now visiting Australia, is adding piquancy to my televiewing and reading. He and Channel 9's Roger Climpson are very much alike. Every time I see a picture of King Peter, I think it's Roger Climpson, and I've convinced myself so thoroughly about their resemblance that at present I think King Peter is reading the news on Channel 9.

want any part of the other two, who were trying to organise a folksy, friendly trip.

At some time, everyone has suffered as Hancock's fellow-passengers did. And because they all have suffered from the discomfort of over-friendly strangers, it made extra good watching.

★ ★ ★

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI's opera "The Medium" was a beautifully produced 40 minutes of TV, if you like opera. Some do, some don't. I don't. I think opera and its conventions are completely out-dated and silly in the atomic age.

"The Medium" is the story of Madame Flora, a woman who is a fake. She lives by pretending she can make contact with the spirit world. She plays havoc with the emotions of the suburban circle who consult her.

She is aided and abetted by her daughter Monica, played by Janie Ross, who is the

TELEVISION PARADE

stairways, an inner corridor, and the grand saloon.

As a rule, 90 per cent. of the action on board Enterprise takes place here on stage 19. The open sets, such as the decks, are flanked by special projection screens. On to the screens, during the filming, a moving coastline is projected. The make-believe is perfect.

Which takes me right back to those old-timers Irene Dunne and her Gaylord singing "Only Make Believe" right under the very pilot-house where Captain Darren McGavin now watches out for make-believe sandbars.

★ ★ ★

"HANCOCK'S H A L F-HOUR" is a welcome addition to ABC-TV programmes. I'd got rather tired of the ebullient Bilko, but I was sorry to see him go, because a good laugh is hard to come by on TV.

Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

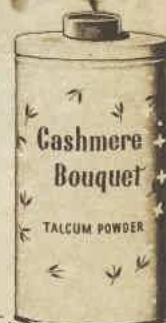
Keeps you *fresher...*
smoother...
daintier...

Surrounds you with romantic fragrance



Make your life a bed of roses

Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always. Regular size: 3/6. Medium size: 2/9.



Here is an extra comfort hint

Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc helps girdles, stockings and shoes slide on smoothly... is so cooling and comforting to hot, chafed skin. Cashmere Bouquet Talc keeps you fresh and lovely always.

A luxury you can afford to use lavishly every day of your life

Buy the Big Regular Size and save money

XT1665



MADE BY:

P. VENCATACHELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA

V-1-22

You Can Taste the Difference

Only Vencatachellum has that full, rich, spicy flavour. The big difference in flavour is worth the little difference in price. Buy only the best—

THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY



"never wear out their welcome"

Grayline
by

Betta

... bringing the
world of fashion
to your feet...

Style 321



Style 316



Style 318



Obtainable in all
fashionable shades...

Featuring the New

Slazenger



B.V. SOLES

★ now at all
good stores...

BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO ST., ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

Continuing...

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 55

it've been to his advantage to let it stay lost for as long as possible."

"Look, Kev, when you get to be that age, you just about can't wait for the kettle to boil before makin' the tea. 'Come on! Hurry up! Time's runnin' out!' See? Could be he just didn't have the patience to wait and have the whole affair cleared up and Frith supposed to be the killer, as he reckoned we'd think."

Not displeased with his own gnomish wisdom, Manning turned and led the way down the path.

At about this time Vance got off the bus at the corner of Craigmont Road and walked slowly up its tree-shaded length. He appeared to be thinking with some concentration. Occasionally his lips would silently half frame a sentence and his head would nod as though in approval of it. He passed the Hambletons' house. No sign of life there: just sharp shadows east on white walls and the blaze of Elaine's spring garden.

He went on and turned in at the Watsons' steep drive.

In the drawing-room, Jess was sitting with some sewing, mending a tear in one of the boys' small shirts. She was alone in the house. Keith hadn't come home yet, and Netta, after lunch, had tied on a sun-hat, taken a trowel and set out to weed and potter, to put right the gardener's misdeeds and omissions. Lucas came for a day a week. He was elderly, enthusiastic, conscientious, but not, according to Netta's findings, scientific.

Jess heard Vance's rap on the door and his whistle. "Come in," she called. "I'm in here." She lifted a hand in greeting as he entered and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, sit down. You couldn't've come at a better moment. I was sitting here and my thoughts were a complete mess... rather like that." She pointed her needle at a jumble of wool and colored silks and oddments that had formed itself into a tangled ball in her work basket.

Vance stooped and picked it up and sat down in the chair. She was pleased to see him, finding him always easy to be with, while he in turn seemed to find this house something of a refuge from his father's. He was quite unambitious, she knew, would never be more than a clerk. He liked an easy life, books, music, and when he had married Bettina their ways seemed to dovetail without any reshaping.

Now they drifted into talk

that couldn't hope to avoid the subject: the tragedy of Cathy's early death, when she had so much to look forward to, beauty, youth, money; of Bettina's distress, knowing each other as they had, he said, since they were schoolgirls; or Roger's violent outburst last night, making everyone feel, Jess said, so guilty; of Cathy's father and how terrible it was for him, his only son a no-good drifter, and now his daughter murdered.

Vance unravelled a thread of blue silk and laid it over the arm of his chair. "And not only murdered," he said with deliberate emphasis. "The revelations that could come to light!"

Needle poised, Jess looked across at him. "You mean what you told us this morning, that she was playing around with Duncan Frith?"

"That's the least of it! We can all forgive the sins of the flesh." A statement not hard to believe of Vance himself when one looked at his weak cleft chin and full pouting lips.

His tone was so pointed that Jess asked: "What do you mean?"

"I mean, that if we don't take good care it'll soon be known that Cathy was quite a little rascal, was capable of the most atrocious double-dealing."

JESS stared. There was a moment's silence in the room while he looked down intently at the bright jumble that was teasing apart, and she looked at his bent head.

"You've something specific to tell me," she said at last.

"To tell you and to show you." He put aside his work and thrust a hand into his pocket, drew out a small object in a piece of tissue paper and held it out to her.

Jess put down her sewing and took the tiny parcel from Vance's outstretched palm. She untwisted it. Lying on the crumpled tissue paper was Cathy's spectacular emerald-and-diamond engagement ring. "Vance!" she said. "Where on earth did you get this?"

"That's what I came to tell you. I got it from Cathy herself. She asked me to pawn it."

"To pawn it? To pawn her engagement ring?"

He gave a short laugh. "Jess, darling, I can see 'pawn' is a dirty word to you, because

you've never had any dealings with pawnbrokers. Cathy hadn't, either. That's why she called me to her aid."

"When?"

"Early yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning? And before she went to town she made me help her search for it! She told me she'd mislaid it." Jess' voice was shrill with outrage.

Sadly he shook his head. "That was just a little bit of play-acting, a try-out of what she meant to tell everyone."

"Impossible!"

"Not a bit of it. She'd rung me at half-past seven. Bett was asleep, and I answered the telephone. She asked me if I could raise some money on her ring, temporarily. I said I was sure I could. Nothing easier! Roger hadn't made a fool of her! She begged me not to breathe a word about it to anyone, even to Bett, and I promised I wouldn't. I haven't, either. She asked me to meet her at eleven at a coffee shop in King Street and said she'd give it to me."

"Well!"

"I met her and got it from her, and took it straight away to my old and proved acquaintance, Bobby Harris. Actually, I was only too glad to have something better to tender him than Bett's battered typewriter or a chromium wristwatch. To take him a valuable ring — as belonging to my wife — gave me a certain amount of prestige, made me feel quite a solid member of society!"

"And you left it with him?"

"I did. He parted up with a hundred and fifty pounds on it. I meant to come round and give her the cash yesterday evening, but after dinner I put on the gramophone and it got a bit late, and then I rang to see what all the cars were doing here... and Keith told me."

Jess threw her sewing aside and lay back in her chair, her long lashes framing eyes that stared incredulously at this revelation of duplicity. The flurry when Cathy was dressing to go out, the room upside down, Cathy's spurring exclamations: "I can't think where I've put it—I've looked here—Try that drawer—It must be somewhere around." When all the time she had it in her bag ready to give to Vance!

Jess got up and did a few aimless things about the room, straightened a picture, pushed wider the curtains, shut a book on the table.

Coming back, she said

To page 67

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



TULIPS and other charming floral designs are included in this week's Embroidery Transfer No. 203. They are perfect to use as decoration on household linens, scarves, blouses, and aprons, etc. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 2/6.

Superbly Styled

TO GO PLACES . . .

IT'S ALWAYS CHEAPER AT
COLES

COLES GLORIOUS "DRIP-DRY" COTTONS

BEST VALUE YOU CAN BUY



SIZES XSSW-OS
37'6
EACH

SIZES 18-22
20'
EACH

SIZES 24-33
30'

SIZES 24-33
20'

SIZES 18-22
16'6
EACH

SIZES XSSW-OS

NEW & EXCITING!
CREASE-RESISTING
SHRINK-RESISTING

- * AMERICAN EVERGLAZE
- * DRIP-DRY POPLINS . .
- * COTTON SATINS
- * DOBBY COTTONS . . .
- * STAINPRUFE COTTONS .

These are but a few of the many charming styles in glorious colour-gay patterns, chosen expressly for YOU . . . See the full range of Ladies' & Girls' Frocks at your nearest Coles Store — NOW!

Crisp and fresh as Spring itself, wrinkle-shy, easy to wash, quick to dry, Coles famous 'Minicare' Cottons are a joy to own.

Guaranteed SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

OBTAINABLE ONLY AT ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

G. J. COLES & COY. LIMITED Incorporated in Victoria

SPECIAL

**AUSTRALIA'S
NO.1 TV STAR
GRAHAM
KENNEDY**



**WRITES AN EXCLUSIVE COLUMN
'KENNEDY'S COLUMN'
BEGINNING TOMORROW IN**

Weekend

"Weekend" does it again with an exclusive column written by the great new star of Australian entertainment—**Graham Kennedy**. His TV ratings are fabulous, his show audience reaches over 1,000,000 per week! . . . And now he writes the kind of column **everyone** will want to read. Start it tomorrow in "WEEKEND"—the all-family Magazine.



**TODAY...
"READ WHAT I
THINK OF
BOB DYER"**

**"CUSTOMERS,
YOU WON'T
BELIEVE
WHAT HE SAYS"**



Weekend
**WHY GRACE KELLY'S
MARRIAGE LASTS**

slowly: "So that was it . . . that was what she wanted the money for."

He looked up at her. "What?"

She sat down again, speaking more to herself than to him. "To pay for those dresses."

"Dresses?" he said sharply. "What do you know about them?"

She told him of the dresses she had missed from Cathy's wardrobe, and that she had informed the inspector about it this morning.

"No!" he said, and leant back, biting at his thumbnail. "Oh, no!"

Surprised at the force of his reaction, she said: "Vance . . . what is all this affair? Do you know where those dresses have got to?"

"Most certainly I do. Back to the shop. And those cops know! Well, I'm damned!" He sat staring out into the empty peace of the afternoon.

She brought him back. "Vance—tell me."

He told her of how Cathy had acquired those longed-for clothes; and of how Bettina—not without a fairly heated wrangle—had forced them from her yesterday afternoon and taken them back to the shop this morning.

Jess listened, dumbfounded. Last night the murder had seemed so undeserved by its victim that one could only think it the act of some prowling maniac. But now, with all these doors popping open on Cathy's real character, the betrayal of Roger with Duncan Frith, the lies about the ring, and lastly forgery!

Silently, she sat, following the maze of her thought down all its crooked paths, meeting a fresh question at every turn.

Suddenly one struck her in all its oddity and made her get up and stand over Vance, bringing him back from the reverie

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 64

into which he, too, seemed to have fallen.

"But, Vance," she said, "listen, what do you make of this? If Cathy knew the ring had been pawned, and that she'd have the money in a few hours to pay for the dresses, why did she consent to Bettina taking them away? I mean, you say she didn't want Bett to know she'd pawned it, but couldn't she just have told her she was going to borrow the money, or get it from her father or something? She'd gone to all these lengths—these really scandalous lengths!—to get these clothes, and to get the means to pay for them, and then she feebly gives them up."

He gave a shrug, shook his head. "Yes, H'm. Why? I can only think that by that time she'd begun to lose her nerve about what she'd got me to do, had begun to think it'd be better to do without the dresses than run the risk of Roger discovering that she hadn't lost his ring but had pawned it."

"How could he discover if you didn't give her away?"

"Easily. Easily. When she didn't wear it he'd ask why, and she'd say, 'lost,' and he might say, 'stolen more likely,' and call in the police, and the first thing they'd do would be snoop around the pawnshops. That's what I think, anyhow. I think that by yesterday afternoon she'd made up her mind to telephone me and tell me to redeem it."

"Yes, that must've been it. That was like Cathy, a fury to have or do something she wanted to and only afterwards begin to reflect."

"Anyhow," he said, "the incident of the ring, that she got me to pawn it and meant

to tell that poor Roger a whopping lie, let's keep that from him and her father. There's no need for anyone else to know a thing about it now, is there?" She looked up quickly.



"Well, well, your dog's smoking! Aren't you afraid it'll stunt his growth?"

"Is there?" he repeated. "Here it is, no harm done. I've redeemed it with the very notes I got for it yesterday." He stood up, stooped, and took the ring from her hand and carried it to the light of the window, setting the emerald and diamonds flashing with green and rosy fire. "Poor kid," he murmured. "How pretty it looked on her hand!"

Jess didn't hear him. Her mind was following the mean-

ing that she sensed behind the almost casual tone of his earlier words.

"If you're suggesting, Vance—" she began.

"I am," he said crisply, closing his hand on the jewel and coming back to stand near her. "That's exactly what I am suggesting."

"Well, you can stop it. Stop it right now."

"You haven't heard me out. Take off your outraged matron look for a moment and listen to me. At first I thought I'd stroll in here and when you were otherwise occupied plant the ring somewhere where it'd just 'turn up'—in a drawer, under a chair—but then I thought if you were to swear you'd already looked in that place the police would more than likely smell something fishy and begin to set inquiries in train."

"They would, of course they would. I told them I'd made a thorough search."

"That's what I say. But with your connivance—"

"I don't give it."

"Some little place that you'd happened to overlook—" he said with winning insinuation.

She didn't fall for it. "No. No. Actually, I don't even agree to its necessity. If you tell the police the facts, why need they pass them on to anyone?"

"They needn't, but they will. You should know their methods by this time, darling. Sounding out everyone to confirm this or that—and then the grapevine gets to work!"

She shook her head, slowly, smoothing the small shirt on her knee, straightening out the neat end.

At last he gave another

shrug. "Well . . . I don't want to persuade you to do anything you don't think is for the best." He sat down again, put the ring on the low table between them and took up the tangle of threads and plucked at it absently. "I just thought it would save a lot of unpleasantness."

So it would, she thought, so it would . . . save a lot of unpleasantness. Everyone mousing over Cathy's behaviour, Netta harsh and disapproving, Keith so sorry, Elaine and Percy contemptuous, her father utterly ashamed, and Roger—! Roger never able to think of her again except as a little cheat who had tricked and fooled him. Yes, she'd gladly spare them that. And heaven knew she didn't want, for all their sakes, to present the police with anything more to nag and nag about. But—

"I'm sorry, Vance," she said slowly. "I suppose I agree with you, in a way. But looking at Cathy's behaviour for the few weeks she was here . . . it's been extremely devious, to say the least, hasn't it? This affair with Duncan Frith, apparently in love with him and telling him she was only marrying Roger for his money. Then forging Bett's name and pawning her engagement ring."

"I'm not sitting in judgment on her . . . at least I hope I'm not . . . but it does give one a bit of a sickener, doesn't it? . . . even of the little everyday lies that we toss off so lightly, the headache to get out of going somewhere, the flat tyre that delayed us. You begin to be a lot less tolerant of them when the cloak's ripped away from somebody else's deceptions."

Vance nodded, said, yes, he agreed with all that, teased a pink thread loose from the ball and laid it beside the blue one, let the silence grow, then gently reminded her that maybe in certain cases it could

be more "noble" to sacrifice one's own principles to save others pain. The persuasive brown eyes looked up at her, and she met them with her own worried glance.

As she took up her needle again—a movement that closed the subject as finally as did her silence and the repeated shake of her head—a step sounded outside, and glancing through the two open doors she saw the inspector standing on the porch.

At sight of Grogan, Jess' face showed all the strain and anxiety she was feeling. She felt she was hurrying along a road that one part of her had no wish to take. Partly convinced by Vance's arguments, she was yet unable to give way to them.

She half rose, but telling her not to disturb herself, Grogan stepped inside, crossed the hall and came into the drawing-room.

Vance got up and made a show of leaving—a still better show of staying!—and sat down again on Grogan's assurance that there was nothing specially private in what he'd come to say.

He'd come, he said, to ask Mrs. Watson about a little matter he'd been turning over in his mind since this morning when he'd dropped in on them at breakfast, a bit of a contradiction, you might say, in something she'd let fall.

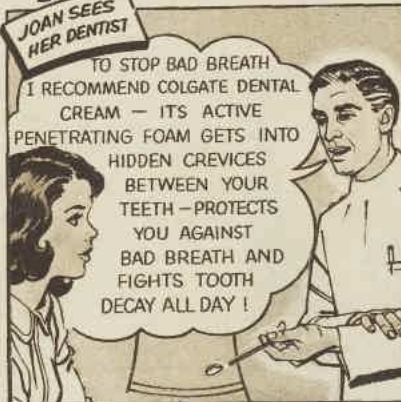
"Really?" Jess said nervously. "What could that be, I wonder?"

"Mind, I could've read you wrong," he said, smoothness and geniality well to the fore. "It's just one of those little points where a policeman gets a hunch about something, though nine times out of ten he can be wrong."

"I might begin to know what you're referring to," she said slowly. She looked up at

To page 68

Bet I Know Why You Lost Your Guy!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and

tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH . . . MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

- Just one brushing with COLGATE
- ✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

him and saw the zest written on his face for the job he was doing, and she thought, 'It's a pity I didn't get in first!'

"Might you, now? Let's hear what it is."

"You tell me." She clasped her hands behind her head, a nervous smile on her face. How could he have guessed?

"All right, I'll tell you. This morning you gave me two letters for the deceased that'd come by the morning's mail."

She nodded. "Yes."

"When you mentioned them, before you went out to fetch them, you used the word 'some.' You said there were some letters for her, but when you came back into the room you only had two. Now 'some' usually means more than two, doesn't it? 'Some' usually means 'several.' I'd say at least three. So I reckoned, when I thought it over afterwards, that if you'd only taken two out of the box for her you'd have said—instinctive, like—a couple' or 'one or two.' See? Then there was the way you looked when you were standing there turning them over in your hands. There was a sort of puzzled frown on your face, like someone that's had a trick played on them."

She gave a little laugh. "You're very adept at reading people's faces, inspector!"

He laughed, too. "My word, I have to be! If I wasn't I wouldn't be eating. Not on the C.I.B. anyhow! This time I was right, was I?"

"You were. Quite right. I wasn't sure, but I was under the impression that just before breakfast when I brought in the letters there'd been three for

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 67

Cathy. I was slightly mystified at finding only two when I went to get them, and I began to think that I must've been mistaken. I hadn't taken any very careful note, I must say. Later, I mentioned it to my husband, and he said I must tell you what I thought, and I meant to, of course."

"Of course," he repeated cheerfully, and thought. Of course! They were always going to tell you—when found out!

"But all this tragedy of Duncan Frith's death put it right out of my mind."

"I see. Yes. And as you say, you could've been mistaken. I inquired at the post office but the man that delivers here says he couldn't call to mind at all how many letters he'd left for her today, not having heard of her death that early on."

So the subject was threshed out, with the inspector inviting speculations from both her and Vance as to the possible meaning of a possibly missing letter: When? How? Why?

And all the time, though it was hidden from Grogan's sight by a pot of white cyclamen on the table, the ring lay shining, a green eye on Jess, waiting its turn in the talk.

At last she leant forward and picked it up. She said: "Well, anyhow, inspector, one mystery solved."

He stepped nearer and put out a hand and took it from

her. "The lost engagement ring, eh?"

"Yes."

But before she could add another word to her brief affirmative, she heard, with stupefaction, Vance's voice break in brightly: "Cleverly found by me just now when I was helpfully tidying Mrs. Watson's sewing basket here."



Jess drew in her breath sharply and sat up. She stared across at him. His eyes widened at her, narrowed, told her to keep quiet. A denial rose to her lips, but remained unspoken. It was just more than she could do to give him the lie, to utter a flat denial of what he had told with so much assurance. Speak now or never, the thought flashed to her.

Every moment that passed made it more and more difficult for her to speak that word of contradiction.

She subsided, indignant yet hypnotised into silence, only relieved, since she hadn't contradicted Vance, that the inspector wasn't looking at her, had turned aside, his head bent over the ring, and wasn't able this time to read her expression.

Into the chaos of her thoughts, Vance's voice came again, as cool as before: "Mrs. Watson says that Cathy ran into her room yesterday morning to borrow a reel of silk. The ring must've been a bit loose and slipped off into the basket then without her noticing."

This couldn't be allowed to go on, Jess thought. But it was going on. Why couldn't she now—even now—break in, say, "Nonsense, Vance. That isn't the truth. You can't hope to save Cathy's reputation that way, or Roger's feelings, or her father's."

She didn't however. Later, she'd get Vance alone and force him back on to the strait and narrow path, which Keith maintained it was dangerous, as well as immoral, to step aside from when the police were in your house.

Grogan came back and put the ring on the table again. "A real nice piece of jewellery," he said. "Just as well it turned up without any more bother." That was a fact, he decided. No more need to worry along the line that the ring had had something to do with her killing.

When Grogan was leaving, Vance got up quickly, saying that he must be off, too, that Bettina would be expecting him home. The glance that Jess shot him said as plainly as words, "You don't dare to stay and hear what I think of your performance, the way you forced my hand"; and his almost gay glance back at her admitted the fact with equal plainness.

She strolled up the drive with the two men.

At the top, farther along where the Watsons' property joined the Hambledons', Netta

was gardening, or, rather, secateurs in hand, was standing talking to Bettina. Bettina's wasp-like figure was in sharp contrast with Netta's stocky build. Bettina's olive skin never changed color. Netta's face was red with exercise and animation.

An everyday scene. Two women in all neighborliness idly chatting on an empty late afternoon. They might have

flapping hand, "I didn't. I wouldn't be much good at that sort of thing. And, anyhow, she didn't need anyone to help her choose what to wear. She knew. She knew better than anyone."

He looked down, nodding, remembering. His lips curled back from the dryness of too many cigarettes. He took one more deep breath of the smoke, then dropped the cigarette on the road and put his heel on it.

Looking up, he said: "Anything you're particularly getting at? Anything you think I can tell you? Because I can't. I'm waiting for some of you slick experts to tell me."

"Yes," Grogan said, showing no reaction to the other's offensive tone. "Yes, there is one small matter I'd like you to explain."

"Which is?"

"You may remember that last night when you came bursting in, talking like you wanted to blame all the folk for what'd happened, you said, 'Why didn't the heavy embroidery on her jacket stop the knife going in?'"

"Well? Well? Shouldn't it have done so? Mightn't it have?"

"Quite right, certainly it might've, seeing it was only a fragile little silver fruit-knife. As it happened, of course, the knife missed the jacket and went in through the thin silk blouse. But that's not the point, Mr. Clements. The point is, how did you know she was wearing this outfit when she was killed?"

Grogan's underlining of the words made Roger glare back stupidly. "Eh?"

"You hadn't seen her or communicated with her since lunchtime that day, so you said. And I don't reckon you'd claim Mr. Watson brought up the subject of her attire when he broke the news to you in the hall. That was the first

time she'd worn them, so everyone testifies. So how do you explain your words?"

The implication of this question seemed to be penetrating Roger's mind slowly, slowly. He looked about him, up the road, at the car standing nearby, then back at the inspector.

"I—I thought she'd be wearing them," he said.

"Oh? How do you mean you thought so? If you'd never seen them, hadn't been with her when she bought them? You had a very clear picture in your mind's eye of where that 'heavy embroidery' came?"

Roger's face flamed and his eyes suddenly glittered. "Blast you and your damn insinuations!" he burst out. "She told me at lunch what she'd been buying. She described that suit exactly. You didn't know her, you didn't know her. Clothes meant a lot to her. Sometimes she'd chatter away about what she meant to buy, not only what she'd bought. She—she loved them, and I didn't mind. I was always ready to listen."

"Doesn't quite answer the question, does it?" Grogan pressed him: "How you knew she had it on last night?"

"She told me she was going to wear it. She said she was sorry I was going back up home and wouldn't be there to see her in it." A spasm of undecipherable emotion broke up the solid planes of his face. He turned away and took a step towards the drive.

Grogan said after him: "Just a minute, Mr. Clements. Have you got your car here in Sydney?"

"My car? No, I haven't. I flew down, I'm flying back. Do you want to see my plane ticket?"

"No. No. That's all right. I'll take your word for it."

Released, Roger charged

To page 70



Your table can be so attractive . . .

with **Rodd**

PATTERNED TABLE SILVER

Nemesia

An exquisite RODD pattern, in 44-piece services and a full range of matching pieces.



Three more RODD patterns are illustrated above, CAMILLE, BROCADE and BERKELEY. There are others, just as beautiful, to please every taste and suit every home. All RODD Table Silver is finest A1 quality yet not expensive, full 44-piece services costing from as little as £28/18/0.



Write for FREE leaflet illustrating all Rodd patterns, to RODD (AUST.) LTD., P.O. Box 117, St. Kilda, Vic.

GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS



money can buy SKIN BEAUTY

Soft, glowing skin isn't a matter of luck. It is a matter of taking care of your skin, right now, to protect it against the dry effect of age, sun and wind. Herco Olivol Skin Lotion is a special combination of olive oil and lanolin; two famous beauty ingredients with soothing, moisturising properties which will help to improve your skin and preserve its soft, youthful look. Herco Olivol Skin Lotion is perfect for all the family. For you, for your hands and body. For men, before and after shaving. For babies' sensitive skin, too. Herco Olivol Skin Lotion from all chemists and stores.

USE HERCO FROM THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD TO THE TIPS OF YOUR TOES.

HERCO

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 14, 1960

F5905. — Charming short wedding dress has full skirt, optional lace panel, and lace bodice. Sizes 12 to 18. Requires 2½yds. 36in. lace and 1½yds. 36in. tulle, or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 545 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart; New Zealand orders to Box 634, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5833. — Split-level skirt is a feature of this elegant frock for summer. Sizes 12 to 18. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 3½yds. 36in. lace. Price 4/9.

F5906. — Unusual dress is perfect for dinner-dates. Sizes 12 to 18. Requires 2½yds. 36in. embroidered material and 3yds. 36in. plain material, or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.
F5919. — Glamorous wedding gown has full skirt with train, either long or short sleeves. Sizes 12 to 18. Short-sleeved style takes 10yds. 48in. material, long-sleeved style takes 10½yds. 48in. material. Both styles require 1½yds. 2in. guipure edging. Price 8/6.



F5887. — Pretty negligee and nightie are very feminine, with masses of lace and ribbon. Sizes 12 to 18. Set requires 8yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. lace, 5yds. 2in. ribbon. Price 4/9.

F5866. — Cute sun-top and shorts for ages four to eight. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material, and ¾yd. edging. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 331—GIRL'S SUNFROCK

Simple button-through style for a little girl is available cut out ready to make in check gingham. Colors are pink, blue, green, yellow, and lilac, all with white. Sizes 2 and 4 years 21/6, 6 and 8 years 23/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 332—GIRL'S SHORTS AND BLOUSE

Smart outfit of shorts and blouse is available cut out ready to sew. Blouse is in green-and-white, red-and-white, navy-and-white, and pink-and-white houndstooth check cotton, and the shorts are of white poplin. Sizes 6 and 8 years 39/11 per set, 10 and 12 years 41/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 333—WAIST APRON

Useful waist apron is available cut out ready to make in check gingham. Colors are pink, lemon, green, red, lilac, blue, all with white. Rick-rack braid is not supplied. Price is 12/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 334—HOUSE FROCK

Simple to make, this house frock is available cut out ready to sew. It is in a pretty basket-design cotton, with grey baskets on blue, pink, coffee, and green background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/11, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage 3/- extra.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning September 12



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, orange.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in playing safe.

★ You may be tempted to dabble in troubled waters, with the best of intentions. Interfering with what does not concern you can be a risky business. People of a different type from those familiar to you may be attractive because of their novelty, but they may have more glitter than substance. Stick to routine, ordinary activities this week.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck through youth.

★ If you are a teen or twenty you'll be in great social demand, have a chance to star in more than one field with lustre. If a young married there could be an addition to the family, or success to a son or daughter in competition with other children. If a voluntary worker dealing with youth, new ideas could produce much happiness.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck under your hand.

★ Don't go off in search of a thrill. Plenty of them are all around you. Resurrect that old piece of furniture; your ingenious mind will find a way to turn it into a smart asset. Look through your boxes for forgotten ornaments that can be remodelled. If a gardener, have you investigated new possibilities? There is the joy of discovery.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in intelligent talk.

★ When you meet friends, does talk rise above the level of mild gossip, exchanges of personal news, chit-chat? Do you come away feeling you have learned something vital, important? Have you thought of leading small talk to the point of inspiring others to discuss their hobbies or books? Try it and see what a popular hostess you have become.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in ambition.

★ Keep your eye on the target and aim to hit the bull's-eye. Then set yourself another target. If dissatisfied with your job, study to qualify for a higher post. If you want to reach a higher standard in some sport or hobby, practice is the answer. Don't accept limitations blindly. You can do something about most of them.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a decision.

★ Many of you have now reached a turning point in your life. Much may depend on what you do now. If leaving school at the end of the year, start thinking about your future career. If young and eligible, you may have to decide whether a friendship should end in a life partnership. If older, the matter of matrimony could be the big question.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky colors for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in widening horizons.

★ Some of you may now have an experience which opens your eyes to a greater understanding of life. This will make you more sympathetic to the sufferings of others, particularly if you are young. Out of sadness you can turn to the brighter side and help those who are depressed. An enriched personality will be your reward.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck through friends.

★ You may be asked to an informal party at the house of a friend, and meet there the future partner of your joys and sorrows. A group of friends may be busy arranging a holiday camp, and you are asked to join. You yourself may plan a record session at your home, or a weekend expedition which turns into a spectacular success.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, rose.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in responsibility.

★ Your sign is inclined to be happy-go-lucky, living from day to day, but you have a strong sense of obligation to perform what you have promised, and this week solid responsibility may be laid on your shoulders. Conserve your strength, delegate tasks to others wherever possible, but you must keep the reins in your own hands.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in going step by step.

★ Don't wear yourself out attempting the impossible. Accomplish a little every day on those pet schemes, and you'll soon report progress. There's the danger of a glorious beginning and a fading ending unless you work to a timetable. When you have grown tired of a job and attention wanders, turn to something different.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in the unexpected.

★ Finding a sum of money or an article of value on a quiet footpath could give you a thrill. There may be a reward attached to it. You yourself could lose a glove, or an earring, and have it returned. You might win a raffle. An old flame could turn up where least expected and renew a friendship which has lapsed through job or travel.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a romantic adventure.

★ Whether young in years or young in heart, a small adventure will make you glow with excitement. You may attend a party and the hero of the evening singles you out, or as the result of an accident you find yourself in the arms of an attractive stranger. You may lose your way, explore unfamiliar scenes, meet extraordinary people.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

down the drive, and Grogan got into his car.

A few minutes later the Hambletons came out of their house and along the road towards the Watsons', following a fairly time-honored practice of exchanging before-dinner drinks in each other's house two or three times a week. The conversation between them was always free and plentiful, since those who meet frequently far from exhausting topics of talk, multiply them.

Strolling together, Percy and Elaine were not talking. Their slow steps matched, but their expressions greatly differed, his being inward, hers already outgoing to the meeting ahead of her. With her closest friends Elaine never talked Percy over, nor, with his, did he ever criticise her. He went further than that: he never mentioned her name.

They reached Netta's stooping figure. She was hot and weary, as could be seen by the way she furiously attacked the fronds of bracken, uncurling their tips among the stones, delicate green fingers of fern that looked too innocent to deserve Netta's onslaught.

"You've found yourself a job there, Miss Palfreyman," Percy said, drawing up. "Rather an unnecessary one, though. We call that the bush."

Netta stood up, looking irritated, whether at Percy's words or the stubbornly rooted fern wasn't clear.

"You can call it that if you like," she retorted. "I call it the result of the gardener's laziness. Four pounds ten a day, and he leaves that sort of stuff to choke things."

"Old Lucas? Not a bit of it. I won't hear a word against him. He looks after our place splendidly. We've never been so free of weeds as we have since he's been coming."

"Indeed? I'd like to draw your attention to the fact that this—" she indicated the encroaching bracken with the toe of her shoe, "—is spreading through from your place."

"But as I told you," he said patiently, as though addressing someone of weak intellect, "this part of our gardens up here is the native scrub which we do not attempt to cultivate."

"I heard you the first time," Mr. Hambleton, she said tartly. "It isn't a complicated statement and I managed to follow you."

"Sorry, Miss Palfreyman. I seem to have put a foot wrong somewhere. I'd no intention of doing so."

"No conscious intention, I'm sure. Maybe an unconscious wish, though, to get back on me."

Percy's face lengthened. "Get back on you? What should I want to do that for?"

Very slowly, after only a moment's hesitation, Netta said: "For telling the police last night that the fruit-knife was yours."

"Really? Well, I'm bothered! I didn't know it was you who told them. And I can't see why you should think it would worry me in the smallest degree, since I was able to explain that I'd given it to the poor child yesterday morning. You don't think the upset of this tragedy," he drawled, "has thrown you a little off balance, Miss Palfreyman?"

"Now, Percy!" Elaine touched his arm. "Netta's hot and tired. She wants a drink. And so do we. Come along." Generous herself with displays of temperance, Elaine didn't care for them in others.

She drew away before Netta

from page 68

could answer, and as they walked on they heard the clatter of Netta's trowel thrown down on the rock.

Percy's expression was still steely when he entered the drawing-room. So much so that Jess sent him a glance of inquiry. In the past twenty-four hours people had grown uncommonly sensitive to any passing change of expression on another's face, or new inflection in his voice.

Percy didn't remain long unexplained. He strolled over to where Jess sat by the open door on to the terrace, a glass of sherry in her hand. He said: "Do you mind if I drop a word in your ear?"

"No. What?"

"Your estimable house guest."

"Netta? What about her?"

"I think, for her own sake, it might be a good idea if you encouraged her to go home."

Jess put down her glass on the table nearby and looked at him in some surprise. "What makes you say that?"

● "Mother" is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.
— Thackeray

"Well, I think—and I told her so—that this tragedy is making her a little unbalanced, suspecting offence where it was never meant."

"That certainly wouldn't be calculated to improve her temper, would it?" she commented dryly.

"Oh, long before that she flared up at some trifling thing I said."

"Yes, I know. She's touchy and a little difficult. Don't you be difficult, too, though Percy! I can't stand a lot more." She clutched and rumpled back her short dark hair in an excess of desperation.

PERCY gave her a sidelong look. "People's characters certainly don't show up at all well in a crisis like this," he observed stiffly.

"No, quite true. It isn't an occasion that calls up heroism, or altruism, or any of the nobler virtues. In one short day the police have trained us to be as nasty and suspicious as they are themselves."

The subject of these few words came in herself just then. She rejected Keith's offer of a drink, saying that she must shower and change and leave.

"Are you going out to dinner, Netta?" he asked.

"Only round to the Brown-lows'. I promised some days ago."

So, later, when the Hambletons had left, Jess and Keith dined alone together for the first time in weeks. But it wasn't the pleasurable occasion they had looked forward to. Keith was depressed and Jess worried. Once or twice she opened her mouth to tell him about Vance's performance with the ring but shut it again. She knew Keith would be mad with them both, and she didn't feel inclined to listen to that from him tonight.

Wearily, she leant her head on her hand and looked down, stirring her coffee. This day had held quite enough . . . enough! Don't let there be anything more, she prayed.

As they got up from dinner she said: "Did you look for letters this afternoon?"

"No, I didn't think of it. I will." He went out to the box. Coming back he took one let-

ter from the bunch in his hand and threw it on to the table. "Miss Catherine Simpson. It's grim isn't it?"

It was a bank envelope, from Cathy's home town, from Cathy's father. Jess put it aside to give to the inspector when next she saw him. Instead, Keith, taking a stroll before going to bed, dropped it into the pillarbox at the end of the road.

In his office at Headquarters about eight-thirty next morning, Grogan, working through the pile of letters on his desk, came upon this one. It was enclosed in an envelope with a covering note from Keith telling him that it had arrived by the afternoon's post.

Well, that was the first misstatement about this letter, Grogan reflected. He had already had a report from the postman who delivered the Watsons' letters that there had been none for Miss Simpson in yesterday's second delivery.

So someone — from inside, from outside the house?—had snatched this one, kept it all day, and then dropped it back into the letter box to be found with the afternoon mail. Nothing very surprising these days in a letter arriving one delivery late, they'd calculated, and perhaps hoped that Mrs. Watson hadn't noticed how many there were in the morning.

Before opening it, Grogan examined the flap with his glass, and had small difficulty in deciding that it had been steamed open and resealed.

The letter itself, when he came to read it, seemed an innocuous enough document, one which could hold, you'd've thought, little interest for anyone.

"Dear Cathy," her father began, and gave a few items of local news. After which he went on to remind her that she'd been away quite long enough and that he thought she should return home. With her wedding so close, he felt he was owed a few weeks of her company. Soon enough she'd be gone for good. He was going to miss her very much and greatly looked forward to seeing her again, and he remained her affectionate father.

Well, according to Mrs. Watson she'd already planned to go home on the coming Friday, in spite of never having received this letter.

Tilting back in his chair, Grogan sat for a while, staring at the letter on his desk. He was so engaged when Sergeant Manning came in.

"About that engagement ring, Kev," Manning began. Grogan's hand flapped him down. "Give it away, old son, it has been found."

"Go on!" Manning's tone was overly pleased. "You don't say? Where?"

Grogan looked up cautiously. He didn't often find the sergeant so mellow at this hour of the morning. "In Mrs. Watson's sewing-basket," he said falteringly.

"Planted," Manning announced with relish. "Planted."

"Eh?"

"It spent the night before last in Bobby Harris' safe."

"Don't know him. Who's he?"

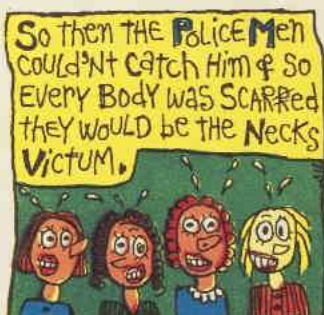
"A quite respectable pawnbroker down near Central Station. Pawned for a hundred-and-fifty quid, it was."

"Well, well! Don't tell me who by. See if I can guess. Young Mr. Vance Tulloch?"

"That's right. He took it in at twelve noon on the day she was killed and redeemed it yesterday afternoon."

To be continued

JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

PROUD

OF MYSELF!



I'm proud I finally made up my mind—and joined the millions of smart young moderns who choose Tampax!

That one wonderful decision gave me a whole new joyous outlook toward "problem days"! Brought me such freedom of mind and movement that now I can all but forget about differences in days of the month! No more struggling with pads and belts... No more chafing... No more odour!

Tampax internal sanitary protection is invisible and unfelt when in place. It's so simple to insert, change, dispose of. "Spares" tuck away inconspicuously. Know for yourself the glorious difference Tampax makes—in poise, in confidence!

Make up your mind—as I did—to change to Tampax! Proved by millions to be the better way—the modern way! Available at chemists and stores everywhere. In two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet your personal needs.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

FACIAL HAIRS

Home Treatment

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "VANIX." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "VANIX" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

"VANIX"

Is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson and Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne, Geelong and Ballarat; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 9/-, including postage from above, or direct from THE VANIX CO. (Dept. W4), Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review. 1/6 from your Newsagent.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and Princess Narda and Lothar are on an expedition in the foothills of Mt. Arat. Narda is intrigued by the natives' camera-shyness, and Mandrake explains that it is based on a fear that they will lose their spirit in the

camera. Meanwhile, a travelling photographer visits the headman of a nearby village and asks permission to photograph him. He agrees, to prove that the fears are unfounded. Seconds after his photo is taken he becomes petrified. NOW READ ON:

IN A REMOTE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE—A STRANGE PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES A PICTURE OF THE HEADMAN—



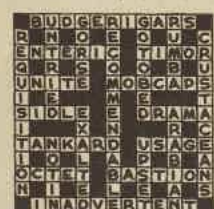
DON'T MOVE! HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! HIS SPIRIT IS IN THIS CAN. LOOK—AND LISTEN—



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

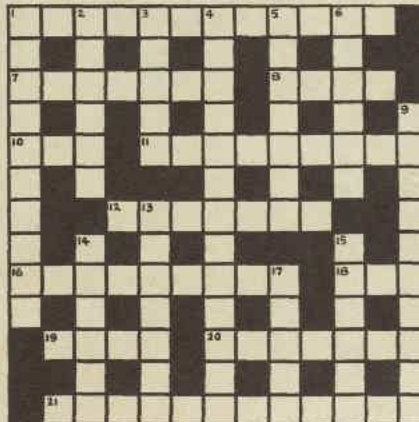
ACROSS

- In spite of the name it won't cure the soul (6, 6).
- Recover hope concerning a tapering structure (7).
- Learned person with senility (arch.) (4).
- Confused help is a woman's name (3).
- Offering to a deity an upturned coniferous tree lying between a pouch and a frozen confection (9).
- Chaucer's friar knew them all in every town (7).
- Only King Arthur could wield it (9).
- Decay of the protector (3).
- I hurried to Persia (4).
- Was the capital of a Near Eastern empire on the Euphrates (7).
- Showy, not only in an aviary (4, 8).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Such man always takes the long view (3-7).
- Stage of development in a heavenly body (6).
- Controls of resin (5).
- It was printed in Geneva 1560 and the aprons of the Genesis were replaced by another word (8, 5).
- A Lion M.P. (Anagr., 7).
- Norfolk and Suffolk were once the East one (6).
- In one word they are on



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Not short in beer attached to a bill of exchange (Fr. 7).
- Tax levied at some European towns by breaking a small bed on a French king (6).
- Young salmon sounds as broiled steaks (6).
- A rodent and a high degree to make this town in Morocco (5).
- graves—in two in foundations (10 or 4-6).



Vita-Weat

Join the Vita-Weat Slim-O-Rama and get in trim for the warmer weather! It's so easy, so enjoyable to "eat and keep slim with Vita-Weat." Made from 100% wholewheat, it's the low-calorie crispbread that really satisfies.

EAT AND KEEP SLIM

WITH VITA-WEAT

Write for the new Vita-Weat Diet Chart

Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Ashfield, N.S.W. Please send me a copy of your new VITA-WEAT Diet Chart.

NAME

ADDRESS

NOTHING EQUALS warmray's amazing efficiency!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!
• TRIPLE PURPOSE • SLOW COMBUSTION
• AIR CONDITIONING HOME HEATER
THE "H.D." STANDARD has over 7,000 cu. ft. heating capacity. Equipped with non-jamming shaker grate. Burns any solid fuel. Ceramic Grey, Hawaiian Cream, or Mahogany porcelain enamel.

warmray



The secret of Warmray's efficiency is the patented heating tubes (shown here), which are built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even, overall warmth.

Sold by Stores, Builders' Suppliers and Hardware Merchants Everywhere

WARMRAY PTY. LTD.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors

Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney • 25 2216

If obtainable locally, please, write or call for illustrated Brochure and name of nearest Agent.

Away Go CORNS

Pain Stops in SECONDS

No Other Method like Dr. Scholl's

Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads speedily relieve corns, sore toes and tender spots. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions, 3-pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Start the weekend well with

Weekend



1/- from your newsagent

SCHOOL
DRIVE
SLOWLY



Children, when going to school or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers of three generations have safeguarded their children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits in the school lunch.



There is no Substitute for Quality